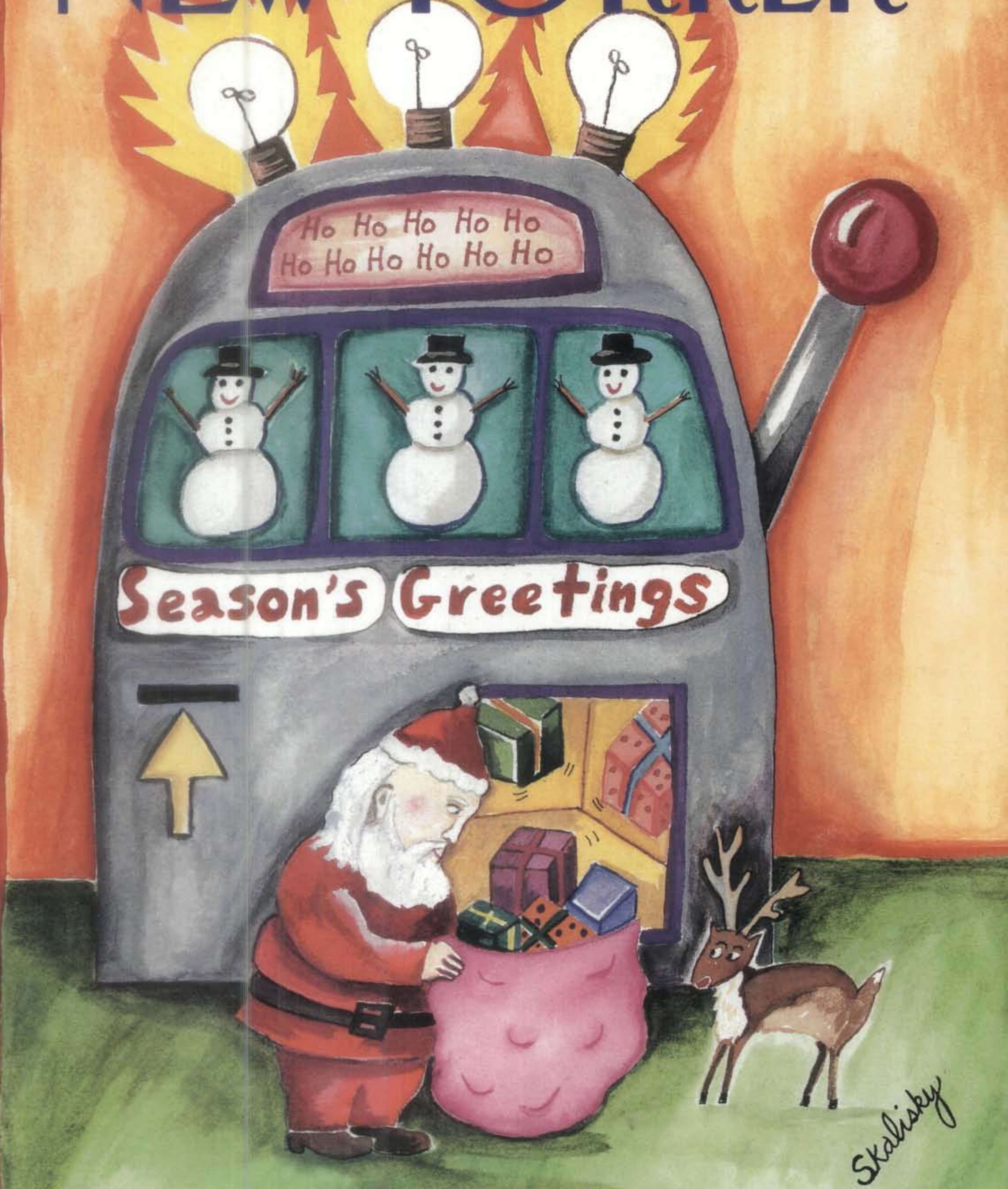
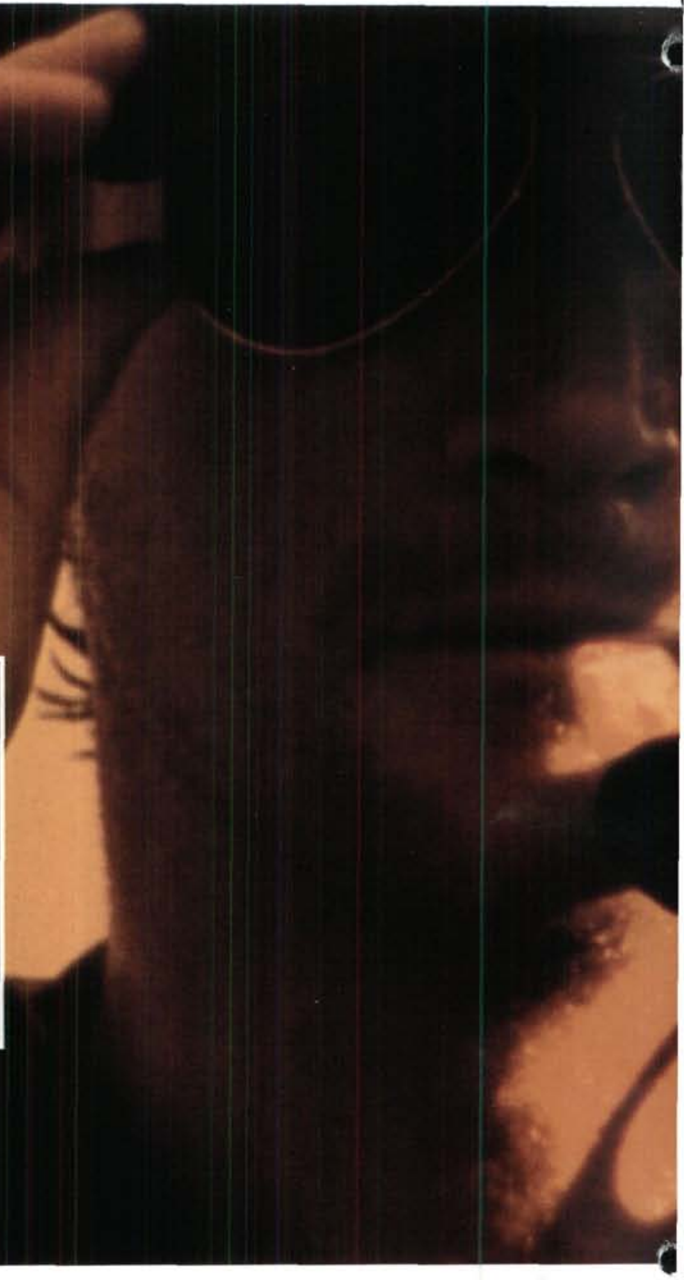
Dec. 23, 1991

THE NEW YORKER

Price $1.75


Ho Ho Ho Ho Ho
Ho Ho Ho Ho Ho Ho
Season's Greetings
Skalisky

There's a passion that drives th
more quality in



Six years ago, the people of General Motors embarked on a mission to build quality cars and trucks that rival the best in the world.

And we're doing it with a *passion.*

Engine Endurance

That's how Chevrolet broke a 14-year-old Mercedes endurance record by pushing a stock GM engine for 28 straight hours and averaging over 173 miles an hour.

It's why a 118-degree day in a Mesa, Arizona desert became a welcomed opportunity to prove the reliability of GM's 3800 engine in Oldsmobile, to make it one of the most trouble-free V-6s in America.

It's why we punish engines in Cadillacs with choking clouds of sand and snow to deliver a V-8 so tough that after five years no luxury car made in America is more reliable.

Reliable Braking

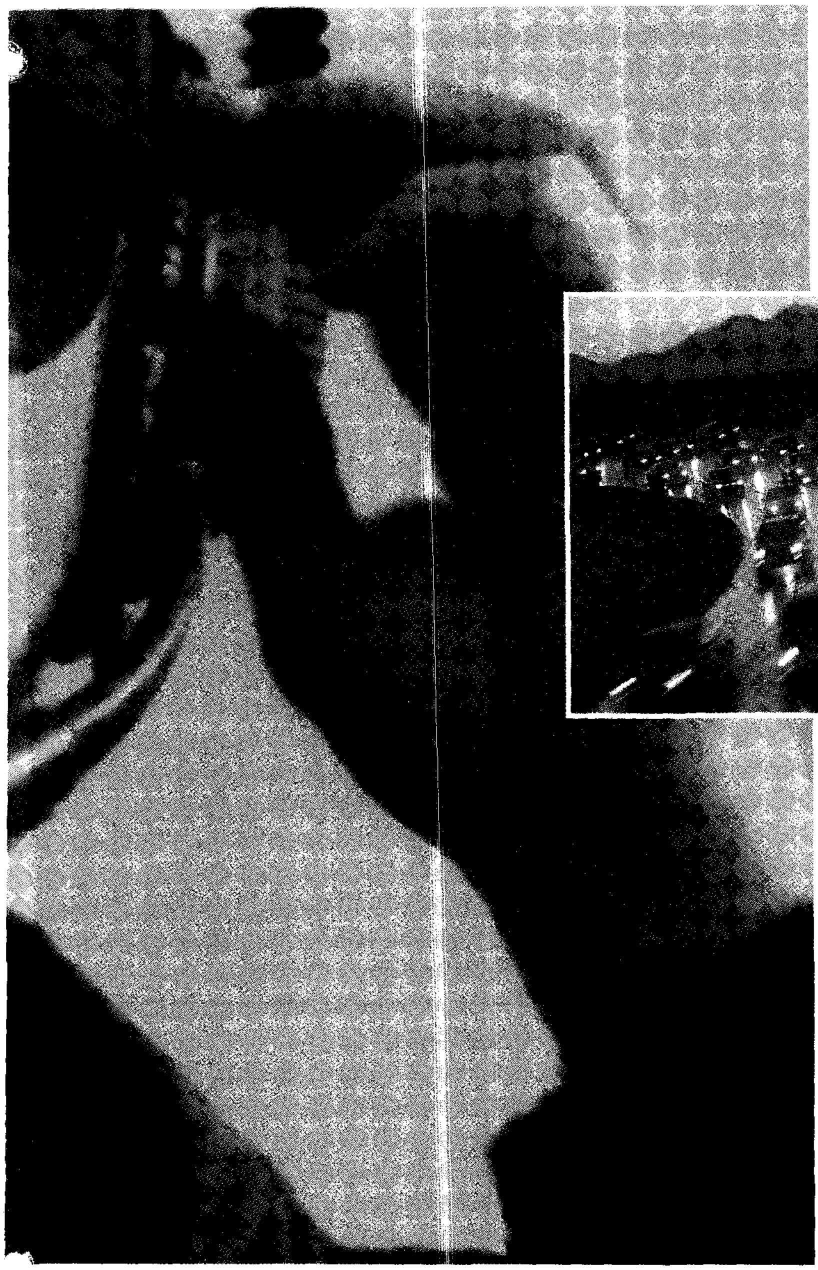
It's why we superheat Pontiac's brakes to the very edge of endurance on a 24-mile descent from Pikes Peak—another reason the brakes on 1991 GM cars are rated the highest in satisfaction of all domestics.

Smoother Transmissions

It's why we crammed over six million miles of combined engineering experience into the electronic transmissions in Buicks with 3800 V-6s, to be sure the deliver quick, smooth, trouble-free performance.

CHEVROLET PONTIAC OLDSMOBILE

ople of GM to build more and ery car and truck.



95% Would Recommend

These are just a few of the ordeals the people of GM endure in our passion to deliver on our commitment to quality.

In the past six years, the people of GM have redesigned and engineered 99 new car and truck models to improve quality.

So we're pleased to report that after driving thousands of miles, 95 percent of our new owners would recommend a new Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick, Cadillac or GMC Truck to a friend.

UAW URW IUE
GM'S PARTNERS IN QUALITY

See for yourself at a GM dealer.

© 1991 General Motors Corporation.

Resale Value

And it's why we plow GM four-wheel-drive systems ough tons of mud to stress them to the limit. It's one son why GMC Trucks and Chevy Trucks have delivered her resale value than any truck over the past 12 years.

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

PUTTING QUALITY ON THE ROAD

BUICK CADILLAC GMC TRUCK

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

USA Agent:
MODA & COMPANY

745 Fifth Ave. Suite 604
New York, N.Y. 10151
Tel. 212 223 3223

MOSCHINO

THE NEW YORKER

TABLE OF CONTENTS

DECEMBER 23, 1991

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN 4

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 27

"A STATE OF AFFAIRS" . . . . *Mavis Gallant* 33

"READING THE SUNDAY COMICS, SUMMER, 1963" (POEM) . . . *Nicholas Christopher* 36

ANNALS OF PLACE (PALERMO) . . . . *Fernanda Eberstadt* 41

"A DOG LOVER'S CONFESSION" (POEM) . . . . *Mona Van Duyn* 42

"FUNERAL HOME" (POEM) . . . . *Marianne Burke* 62

POPULAR MUSIC . . . . *Elizabeth Wurtzel* 86

THE THEATRE . . . . *Edith Oliver, Mimi Kramer* 94

MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Andrew Porter* 96

BOOKS . . . . *Edward Hirsch* 100
  BRIEFLY NOTED 107

COVER: *Stephanie Skalisky*

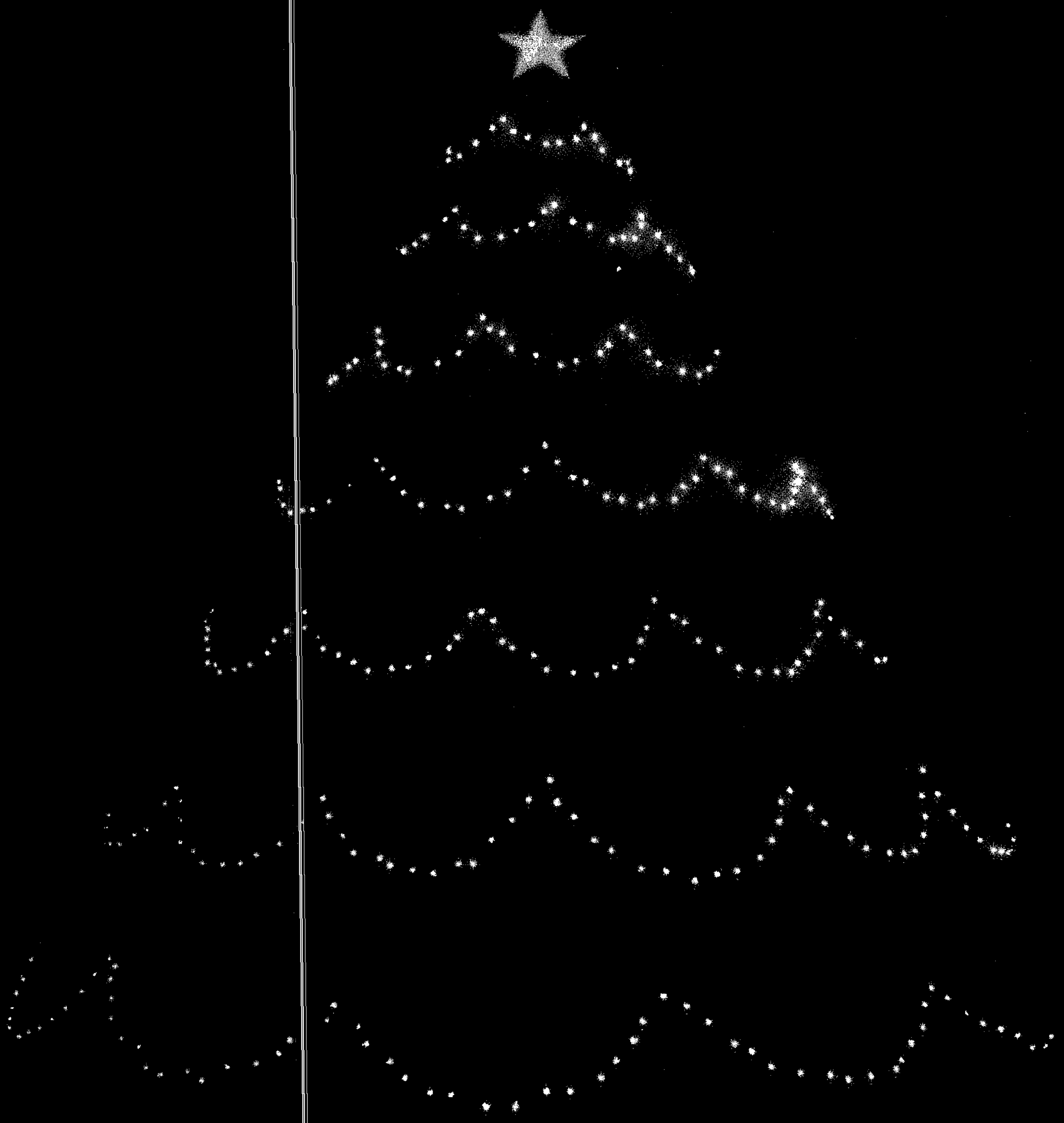
DRAWINGS: *Mort Gerberg, Charles Barsotti, Dana Fradon, Charles Addams, George Booth, Danny Shanahan, Al Ross, Ed Fisher, Alicia Czechowski, Lee Lorenz, William Hamilton, Michael Crawford, Michael Maslin, Frank Modell, Jack Ziegler, Robert Weber, William Steig, Leo Cullum, Glen Baxter*

THE NEW YORKER
20 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
(212) 840-3800

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE

To inquire about a subscription or to change an address, please write to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322, or telephone 1-800 825-2510 (in Colorado 303 447-9330). For a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine Inc., 20 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Steven T. Florio, president and chief executive officer; Ruth A. Diem, vice-president and human resources director; Frank Mustacato, vice-president and circulation director; Virginia L. Jespersen, vice-president and general manager/cfo; Lynn Guthrie Heiler, vice-president and associate publisher; Matthew D. Roberts, vice-president and marketing director; Pamela H. Older, vice-president and director of manufacturing; Martha Kaplan, vice-president. Branch advertising office: 111 East Wacker Drive Chicago, Ill. 60601; 41 Osgood Place, San Francisco, Calif. 94133; Suite 1460, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; 1-11 Hay Hill, London, W1X7LF. Penn Brown & Associates, Inc.; 175 Derby St., No. 36, Hingham, Mass. 02043; Metropolitan Publishers Representatives: 3017 Piedmont Road, NE, Atlanta, Ga. 30305; 2500 So. Dixie Highway, Miami, Fla. 33133; 3016 Mason Place, Tampa, Fla. 33629; 3 Church St., Suite 503 Toronto, Canada, M5E 1M2. Carol Orr & Co., Publishers Representative: 3300 Oak Lawn, Suite 500, Dallas, Tx. 75219. Vol. LXVII, No. 44, December 23, 1991. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. Canadian goods and services tax registration number R123242885. © 1991 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. THE MAGAZINE'S NAME AND LOGO AND THE VARIOUS TITLES AND HEADINGS HEREIN ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF ADVANCE MAGAZINE PUBLISHERS, INC. PUBLISHED THROUGH ITS DIVISION THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $32.00; two years, $52.00. In Canada, one year, $56.00. Other foreign, one year, $66.00, payable in advance. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322.


Black brings out the brilliance of the holidays.

Johnnie Walker
BLACK LABEL
AGED 12 YEARS
Ultimately, there's Black.™

Send a gift of Johnnie Walker® Black Label® anywhere in the U.S.A. Call 1-800-238-4373. Void where prohibited.
© 1991 SCHIEFFELIN & SOMERSET CO., N.Y., N.Y. JOHNNIE WALKER® BLACK LABEL® BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 40% Alc/Vol (80°).

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

EVERY season has its revival sweepstakes. Last year, the classic of choice nationwide was "The Three Sisters." This year, the nod goes to "Hamlet." The Roundabout promises a staging in March, and a David Mamet-directed version has been mentioned for production outside New York in the spring. To ease into things, we hied up to the American Repertory Theatre, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where Mark Rylance is currently playing the Shakespearean role. Mr. Rylance was born in England and has English parents, but he was reared in this country, a fact that helped him get the requisite papers with minimal fuss. He grew up for the most part in Milwaukee, where his Mum and Dad taught at University School and where he had his first go at the melancholy Prince. Since then, the thirty-one-year-old actor has been busy (chiefly in London, often with the Royal Shakespeare Company) playing parts well suited to his manner, which is alternately ethereal, romantic, and wise. Sometimes the three qualities are divided among a single play's characters: he's been Ariel with the R.S.C., Ferdinand in the recent film "Prospero's Books," and Prospero himself with his own small company, the Phoebus Cart. As Hamlet, Mr. Rylance is a profoundly heart-searching soul—but he isn't afraid to let everything rip. He pads around in jammies. He apes Elvis and Dick Nixon. He solos with his back deliberately turned, as if he were the Miles Davis of the Danes.

He has other jazzman quirks. For example, he thinks that Americans, at least those participating in "Hamlet" here, as compared to his colleagues at the R.S.C., where this production originated, say the poetry better. "There's no phony tradition about all that in America," he maintains. Mr. Rylance's biggest break from orthodoxy may be the hand he had in moving the "To be or not to be" soliloquy and the subsequent "Get thee to a nunnery" scene from Act III to Act II—where they appear in the play's earliest text, the "bad" quarto of 1603. The actor and his director, Ron Daniels, had plenty of dramaturgical reasons for the transposition. Still, they didn't act without counsel. "Ron called up John Barton and asked him why the change had been made in the first place. The dean of Shakespearean verse-speaking had no reason to speak of."

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25			

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

AS YOU LIKE IT—Joanne Camp is Rosalind in this production of Shakespeare's play, directed by Anthony Cornish. Previews Dec. 17-19. Opens Dec. 20 at 8, and runs through Jan. 25. (Pearl, 125 W. 22nd St. 645-7708.)

BIG NOISE OF '92—A musical variety show, with Neilan Tyree, Mink Stole, and the Kit McClure All-Girl Orchestra. Opens Dec. 16 at 8. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020.)

A CHRISTMAS CAROL—Patrick Stewart performs a solo version of the Dickens classic. Previews Dec. 17-18. Opens Dec. 19 at 6:45, and runs through Dec. 29. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 239-6200.)

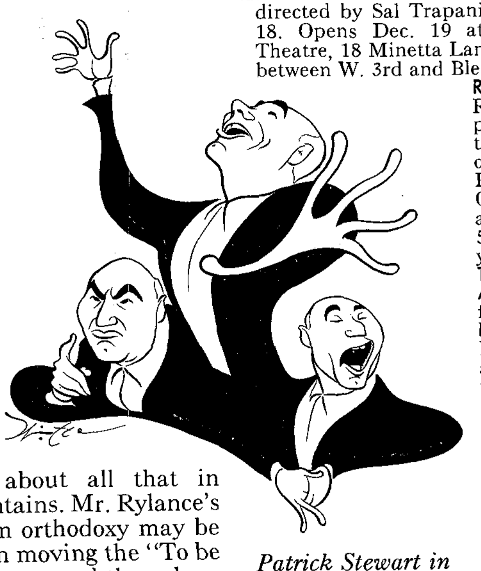
CINDERELLA—The Riverside Shakespeare Company presents an English pantomime version of the fairy tale. Preview on Dec. 18. Opens Dec. 19 at 8. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000.)

CIRCLE REPERTORY COMPANY—Mason Adams, Joan Copeland, Larry Keith, and Ruby Holbrook star in **THE ROSE QUARTET**, a play by Tom Cumella. Opens Dec. 17 at 8, and runs through Dec. 29. (99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100.)

DEARLY DEPARTED—A new play by David Bottrell and Jessie Jones. The cast includes Dylan Baker, Mary Fogarty, and Sloane Shelton. Previews through Dec. 22. Opens Dec. 23 at 8. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103.)

THE DON JUAN AND THE NON DON JUAN—A new musical by Neil Radisch, James Milton, and David Goldstein, which is based on two novels by Marvin Cohen. With Joseph Adams, Monica Carr, Vicki Lewis, Karen Mason, and Polly Pen. Previews through Dec. 22 at 3. Opens Dec. 22 at 7:30. (Vineyard Theatre, 309 E. 26th St. 353-3874.)

RAFT OF THE MEDUSA—A new play by Joe Pintauro; directed by Sal Trapani. Previews Dec. 17-18. Opens Dec. 19 at 7. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.)



Patrick Stewart in "A Christmas Carol"

RENO ONCE REMOVED—Reno, comedienne/performance artist/teller of tales, in a one-woman show. Previews Dec. 18-20. Opens Dec. 22 at 8, and runs through Jan. 5. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

TWO SHAKESPEAREAN ACTORS—Brian Bedford and Victor Garber star in Richard Nelson's comic drama about the rivalry between the nineteenth-century actors William Macready (a Brit) and Edwin Forrest (a Yank). Jack O'Brien directed. The show originated in England. In previews. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

OPENED RECENTLY

BEAU JEST—A comedy by James Sherman. (Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

BLUEBEARD—The Ridiculous Theatrical Company revives Charles Ludlam's 1970 play. (Charles Ludlam, 1 Sheridan Sq. 691-2271.)

BREAKING LEGS—The Mafia meets Off Broadway. Philip Bosco and Vincent Gardenia play a pair of mobsters who back a new play in order to win a young dramatist for Gardenia's daughter. Tom Dulack wrote the comedy; John Tillinger directed it. With Larry Storch, Ronald Maccone, Nick Wyman, and, above all, Susan Giosa as the daughter who spins the plot. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/3/91.) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

CATSKILLS ON BROADWAY—A comedic tribute to the Borscht Belt, starring Freddie Roman, Marilyn Michaels, Mal Z. Lawrence, and Dick Capri. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 307-4100.)

COLE AND COWARD: JULIE WILSON WITH WILLIAM ROY—Porter and Noël, by the singer and her accompanist. (Kaufman, 534 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Closes Dec. 31.)

THE CRUCIBLE—The National Actors Theatre (founded by Tony Randall) débuts with a revival of the Arthur Miller play. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

DANCING AT LUGHNASA—How you respond to Brian Friel's wistful autobiographical play depends a good deal on your personality and preoccupations. Either you will find it lovely and lyrical or it will strike you as the memory play from Hell. (11/4/91) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

THE DROPPER—A play by Ron McLarty. (INTAR, 420 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.)

FINKEL'S FOLLIES—A show billed as "a new American musical vaudeville," conceived by and starring Fyvush Finkel. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.)

FREE SPEECH IN AMERICA—Essayist Roger Rosenblatt in a one-man show. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 840-3074. Closes Dec. 29.)

FROM THE MISSISSIPPI DELTA—In eleven scenes, Endesha Ida Mae Holland dramatizes her own rise (and journey) from the Delta (where she had been a teen-age prostitute) to the University of Minnesota and triumph in academia. The leading character, though, is her mother, a midwife called Aint Baby, who is very well portrayed by Cheryl Lynn Bruce. The role of the author is split between Ms. Bruce, Sybil Walker, and Jacqueline Williams, and the result is a lively and merry evening. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330.)

HEATHEN VALLEY—A production of Romulus Linney's play, directed by James Houghton and the playwright himself. Presented by the Signature Theatre Company. (Kampo Cultural Center, 31 Bond St. Closes Dec. 22. For reservations, call 262-1647.)

I WON'T DANCE: STEVE ROSS SINGS FRED ASTAIRE—Mr. Ross in an "all-singing, all-playing, non-dancing" tribute. (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. For information about tickets, call 688-7253.)

JEAN COCTEAU REPERTORY—Presenting three plays in rotating repertory: Thornton Wilder's **SKIN OF OUR TEETH**, George Bernard Shaw's **GENEVA**, and Bertolt Brecht's **GALILEO**. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. 677-0060.)

LIPS TOGETHER, TEETH APART—Two couples share a beach house on Fire Island over the Fourth of July weekend, in Terrence McNally's very funny play about a number of serious matters. With Hillary Bailey Smith, Jonathan Hadary, Roxanne Hart, and Anthony Heald; directed by John Tillinger. (7/8/91) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

MAD FOREST—A 1990 play by Caryl Churchill, presented by New York Theatre Workshop. Directed by Mark Wing-Davey. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 302-6989.)

MARVIN'S ROOM—A play about dying, suffering, and sacrifice in one family, written in a style so frisky as to set the teeth permanently on edge. There is a fine performance by Mark Rosenthal as a smoldering young man. Also with Alice Drummond, Laura Esterman, and Tim Monsion. Scott McPherson is the dramatist, David Petrarca the director. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

MISS SAIGON—Oh, the horror! The horror! (4/29/91) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.)

NAKED RIGHTS—An evening of works concerning human rights, by Jon Robin Baitz, Ariel Dorfman, Craig Lucas, and Pippin Parker, among others. (Naked Angels, 114 W. 17th St. 727-0020. Closes Dec. 21.)

NO CURE FOR CANCER—Denis Leary's one-man show, which received its première at last summer's Edinburgh Festival. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226. Closes Jan. 5.)

ON BORROWED TIME—A first-rate revival of Paul Osborn's charming fantasy, which was origi-

© 1979 Clinique Laboratories, Inc.

M
lotion
CLINIQUE
SKIN SU
FOR

In just a few drops, this man's skin is going to feel better.

His skin will get the amount of lubrication it needs to feel fit, fine, comfortable. Irritations—from shaving, from dryness—will be noticeably soothed.

All because his skin was treated to a few drops of what it takes to keep any skin in good working condition: Clinique M Lotion.

M Lotion helps skin keep its moisture. Renews essential oils. Discourages tired-looking lines under eyes. Delivers a fresher, healthier look. Find it—along with a fast, free skin analysis—at any Clinique counter.

M Lotion is non-greasy. Unscented. Makes no fuss. Simply goes to work on skin. Helps it feel better.

CLINIQUE
SKIN SUPPLIES FOR MEN

nally done here in 1938. George C. Scott is Gramps; Teresa Wright is his wife; Matthew Porac is his little grandson; and Nathan Lane is Death, whom he traps in an apple tree. All of them are splendid. Mr. Scott directed. (10/21/91) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.)

Pageant—A musical spoof of beauty contests. Book and lyrics by Bill Russell and Frank Kelly and music by Albert Evans. Conceived and directed by Robert Longbottom. (Blue Angel, 321 W. 44th St. 262-3333.)

Park Your Car in Harvard Yard—Jason Robards, white-bearded and padded to portliness, plays a retired teacher, and Judith Ivey is a former student who gets a job as his housekeeper, in Israel Horovitz's very funny, touching play, which is set in Gloucester, Massachusetts, over a year's time. Under Zoe Caldwell's expert direction, the performances are as near to perfection as makes no matter. (11/18/91) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Penn & Teller Rot in Hell—The dynamic duo are performing their repertoire of tricks Off Broadway. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.)

Pericles, Prince of Tyre—Michael Greif's lively, inventive staging of this problematic and rarely performed piece (and we've lost count of where this comes in the Shakespeare Marathon) really blew us away—mostly because the acting is so good; and in this case, good acting really means good casting. The stage is filled with interesting, capable actors whose grasp and love of the material are palpable and contagious. Chief among them is a startler named Byron Jennings, whom we had not seen before but hope to see again—many, many times. (12/9/91) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Closes Dec. 22.)

William Fichtner, David Louden, Cliff Weissman, and Bruce McCarty in "Raft of the Medusa"

Peter Pan—A return engagement of the production led by Cathy Rigby. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 307-4100. Closes Jan. 5.)

Rags—Ann Crumb, Philip Hoffman, and Crista Moore star in this revised version of the 1986 musical by Charles Strouse, Stephen Schwartz, and Joseph Stein. Presented by the American Jewish Theatre. (Susan Bloch, 307 W. 26th St. 633-9797. Closes Dec. 29.)

The Real Live Brady Bunch—Episodes from the acclaimed TV series, reënacted by the Annoyance Theatre, of Chicago. Something called "The Real Live Game Show" comes first. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120.)

Return to the Forbidden Planet—Gabriel Barré, Julee Cruise, Robert McCormick, and Louis Tucci are all adorable in this light-minded entertainment, a London import that won the Laurence Olivier Award for best musical in a year when it might have gone to "Miss Saigon" (whose producer's subsequent indignation led to the creation of a new award category). The show—a patchwork of beloved pop songs stitched together with Shakespeareana—has almost nothing to do with the cult movie it is based on, and still less to do with "The Tempest." Written and directed by Bob Carlton, it is more than anything else an occasion to laugh a bit and rock out a lot. (Variety Arts, Third Ave. at 14th St. 239-6200.)

The Secret Garden—This lovely musical adaptation of the classic children's story by Frances Hodgson Burnett isn't just a kiddie show. Subtle, charming, intelligent, and wholly literary in its approach to adaptation, it manages both to be faithful to the spirit of the book and to comment on the particular moment in time that produced it. (5/13/91) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Sexual Perversity in Chicago—A revival of David Mamet's play, presented by the Common Ground Stage and Film Company. (Atlantic, 336 W. 20th St. 645-8755. Closes Dec. 21.)

Song of Singapore—A musical with a promising concept: turn a Polish veterans' hall into a Singapore night club, circa 1941, and spill murder and mayhem onto the premises. Unfortunately, the lavish settings (by John Lee Beatty) and the musical talent cannot conceal a very thin story and a host of excruciatingly bad jokes. Another problem: on a busy night the seating arrangements here can be extremely cramped. (17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 228-0844.)

Tubes—A work by Blue Man Group. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370.)

What About Luv?—Austin Pendleton, David Green, and Judy Kaye star in a revival of the musical version of Murray Schisgal's play "Luv." The book is by Jeffrey Sweet, the lyrics are by Susan Birkenhead, and the music is by Howard Marren. (York, 2 E. 90th St. 534-5366.)

Willie & Esther—Hugh Dane and Bern Nadette Stanis in a two-character play by James Graham Bronson. The work was first done in Los Angeles, earlier this year. (47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 307-4100.)

The Will Rogers Follies—The sets by Tony Walton, the direction and choreography by Tommy Tune, the costumes by Willa Kim, and the row upon row of Ziegfeld girls make a feast for the eyes, but the funny bone and heart are neglected. Keith Carradine makes an engaging Rogers, but that is not enough, despite Cy Coleman's pleasant score. (5/13/91) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 730-8200.)

LONG RUNS

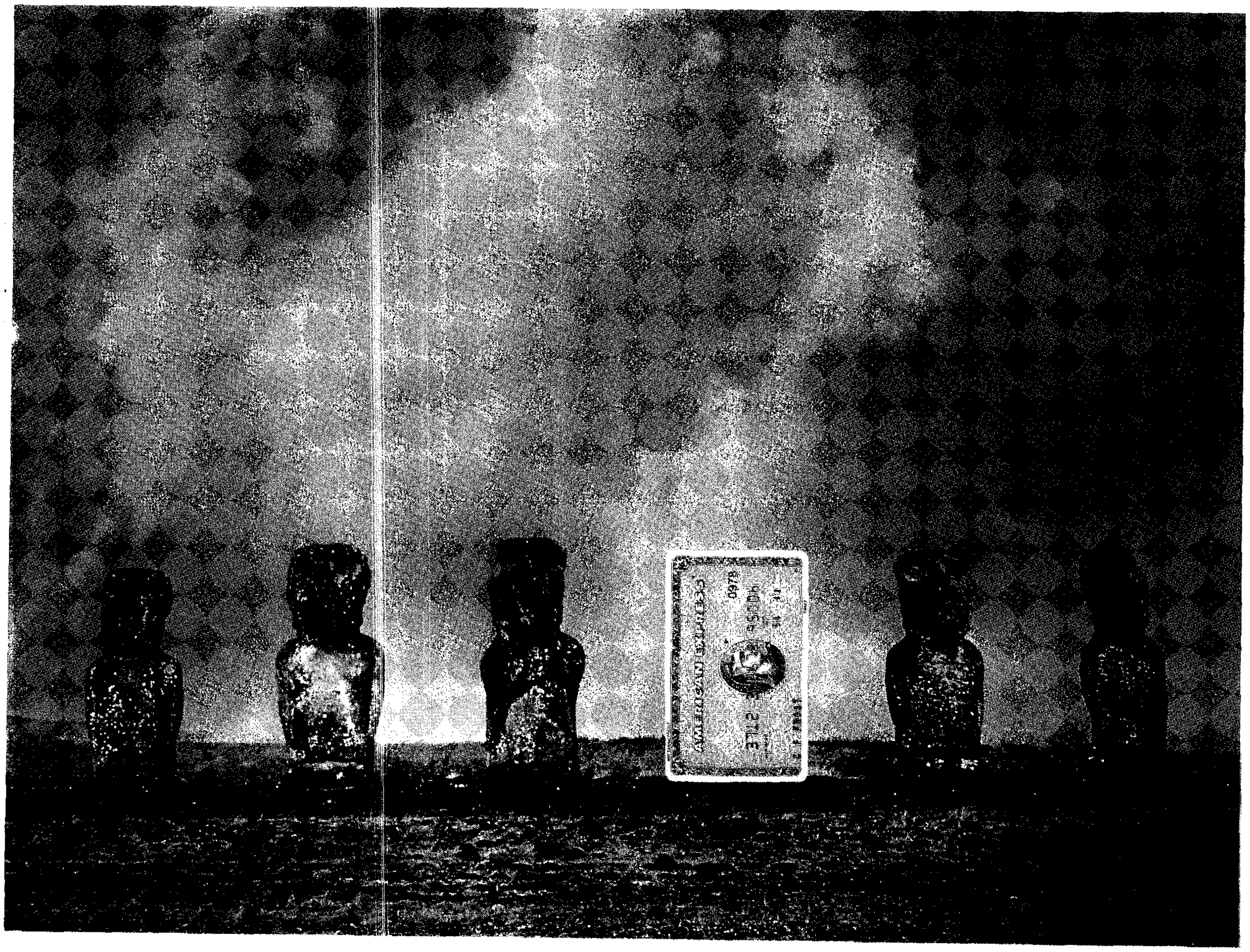
AND THE WORLD GOES 'ROUND: THE KANDER & EBB MUSICAL: A musical revue, with Karen Ziémba, Joel Blum, Terry Burrell, Marcus Lovett, and Marin Mazzie. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.). . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.). . . **CITY OF ANGELS:** Larry Gelbart, dramatist; Cy Coleman, composer; Billy Byers, arranger; and Michael Blakemore, director, are all in top form in this sharp, jokey musical satire about Hollywood in the forties. (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** The longest-running long run turned thirty-one in May. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.). . . **FORBIDDEN BROADWAY:** This revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it, and wrote the barbed lyrics. A holiday edition, "Forbidden Christmas," runs through Jan. 5. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.). . . **FOREVER PLAID:** Stuart Ross's loving tongue-in-cheek salute to the "guy groups" of the fifties is a real treat. Bring your mom. Hell, bring the whole family. (Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400.). . . **GRAND HOTEL:** The dazzling imagination of Tommy Tune's direction and choreography and the dazzling scenery by Tony Walton almost make up for the inner vacancy of this show, but not quite. The story and characters are skimpy and the music is undistinguished. Nevertheless, there isn't a boring moment. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200.). . . **LOST IN YONKERS:** There's not one glimmer of honesty or authenticity in this family melodrama by Neil Simon. Set in Yonkers during the Second World War, it's about what happens when a cowering, pathetic man has to leave his two adolescent sons with his intimidating mother for the better part of a year. (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211.). . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.). . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.). . . **PERFECT CRIME:** A murder mystery by Warren Manzi. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 695-3401.). . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** This much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets, everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.). . . **SIX DEGREES OF SEPARATION:** You're best off knowing nothing about the John Guare play other than that it represents a perfect meeting of the playwright, the director Jerry Zaks, and the actress Stockard Channing. Out of a true story—one apparently about celebrity and Good Samaritanism—Guare has fashioned a wistful comedy about race, class, money, imagination, collective conscience, the individual psyche, and the impulse toward art. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Closes Jan. 5.)

DANCE

WHERE men and women are habitually brought together, etiquette results. During the nineteenth century, there were few places where they were brought together more pressingly than in the ballroom, so the dancing manners of the period could be quite complex. For example, if you bit the tips of your gloves you were telling your partner "I wish to be rid of you very soon." If you put your handkerchief back in your pocket you were signalling "No more love at present." At least that's what a book called "Secrets of Life Unveiled," published in 1877, advises. We learned about these codes of flirtation in a new anthology called "From the Ballroom to Hell: Grace and Folly in Nineteenth-Century Dance" (Northwestern), edited by the social-dance scholar Elizabeth Aldrich. The volume contains an array of delightful and instructive excerpts from etiquette manuals our great-grandparents might have read. Below are some of our favorite passages.

•"It Is the Correct Thing: For a gentleman when he asks a young lady to dance with him, to do so in a definite and polite way. It Is Not the Correct Thing: For a gentleman to say to a lady, 'Are you engaged for the polka?' This is a very impolite form of invitation." (From "The Correct Thing in Good Society," ca. 1888.)

•"In America we have the foundation of good manners, in the great chivalry of the men. No men have so profound a respect for women; and this is the beginning of the best etiquette. Politeness, which Sidney Smith said was one of the Christian graces, should flow from the heart, and a tenderness and protection, extending from the weaker to the stronger, is the corner-stone of good manners. From the captain of a western steamboat to the roughest mines in California, from north, south, east and west, we hear but one voice. Women are to be protected, respected, supported, and petted. There is no such paradise for women as the United States of America." (From "The



You know where you stand. Your finances are under control.
With no revolving credit on bankcards. No more interest charge "surprises."
You take a different view. You're happy.

THE CARD.
THE AMERICAN EXPRESS® CARD.

American Code of Manners," 1880.)

•"The P. G. feels that the ballroom is not the place to let off epigrams, discuss agnosticism, or exercise one's art as a 'raconteur.' He is there with business in hand, to wit: to dance with the partners whom his hostess may provide for him, to aid her with all his strength of body and mind in preventing the growth of that genus of plant, yelept [sic: yclept] 'wall flower.' " (From "The P. G. or Perfect Gentleman," 1887.)

New York City Ballet—Presenting "The Nutcracker," through Jan. 5. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Dec. 17-19 at 6; Dec. 20 at 8; Dec. 21 at 2 and 8; Dec. 22 at 1 and 5; and Dec. 23 at 2 and 6. The season continues through Feb. 23.)

Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre—Dec. 17 at 8: "Blues Suite," "Cry," "Masekela Langage," and "Revelations."... ¶ Dec. 18 at 8: "Streams," "Pas de Duke," "Hidden Rites," and "Memoria."... ¶ Dec. 19 at 8: "Games," "Solo," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "District Storyville."... ¶ Dec. 20 at 8: "Shards," "Episodes," and "Revelations."... ¶ Dec. 21 at 2: "Games," "Solo," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "District Storyville."... ¶ Dec. 21 at 8: "Pas de Duke," "Cry," "Masekela Langage," and "Revelations."... ¶ Dec. 22 at 3: "Streams," "Hermit Songs," "Episodes," and "Escargot."... ¶ Dec. 22 at 8: "Pas de Duke," "Cry," "Forgotten Time," and "District Storyville."... ¶ Dec. 25 at 8: "District Storyville," "Escargot," and "Revelations." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907. Through Dec. 29.)

Momix—Opening performances of a three-week engagement. Dec. 17 and Dec. 23 at 8; Dec. 21 at 2 and 8; and Dec. 22 at 2 and 7:30: "Passion," a *full-length work (première)*.... ¶ Dec. 18-20 at 8: "Pre Face to Previews," "Medusa," "Brain Waving," "Kiss Off Spider Woman," "Bird in My Dreams," "Venus Envy," "Spawning," "Momix," "When We're Alone," "Skiva," "Natural Endowment for the Arts" (New York première), "White Widow" (New York première), "Circle Walker," and "E.C." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Through Jan. 5.)

Muntu Dance Theatre—A ten-member troupe from Chicago in a program of traditional African dances, as well as adaptations of them. Presented by the Danspace Project. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Dec. 19 and Dec. 21 at 8:30. For reservations, call 529-2318.)

Shelley Lee Dance Company—Presenting "Extended Metal." (Merce Cunningham Studio, 55 Bethune St., 11th floor. Dec. 19-22 at 9. For information about tickets, call 877-3399.)

New York Theatre Ballet—A one-hour version of "The Nutcracker." (Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. 355-6160. Dec. 21-23 at 1 and 3:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

A YEAR or so too late, we finally made it to our first lambada party. This occurred by accident: we happened to be in the theatre district the other night and decided to stop in at Indigo Blues. The club, in the basement of the Edison Hotel, is ostensibly a jazz venue; it opened auspiciously a few years back with such talent as Betty Carter and Max Roach but then gradually devolved into a room-for-hire offering a patchwork of entertainments, musical and otherwise. Not having been to the club in quite a while, we thought it was time to check in.

If you were under the impression that devotees of the lambada had long ago either found a new way to express themselves or packed their bags and moved to Rio, you were mostly right. This was prime time on a Saturday night, and attendance was feeble. On one side of the room, a film projector pointing toward a bare wall silently screened clips from the recent New York Marathon and various PBS nature documentaries. In the rear, a handful of overdressed couples sat at the bar, while a few other patrons picked at chicken wings from a banquet table. The action on the dance floor was much livelier. Here mostly young couples, wearing tight-fitting fabrics of an unidentified nature, were dancing in a manner that, had this been a Rodney Dangerfield movie, would have caused the hero to loosen his tie, mop his brow, and say "Hot in here, isn't it?" As anyone familiar with last year's spate of lambada movies is sure to know, "the forbidden dance" is a simultaneous expression of gracefulness, athleticism, and raging hormones. The lambada's local popularity has waned, but in pockets throughout the city, forlorn though they may be, dirty dancing lives.

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.... ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—The singer and actress **ANDREA MARCOVICCI** is currently at work in the woody nook known as the Oak Room. Her program, titled "Home for the Holidays," marks the singer's fifth anniversary at the Algonquin, and has been described as "a love letter to New York City." Saturday nights at eleven-thirty, Ms. Marcovicci is offering a set titled "I'll Be Seeing You: The Love Songs of World War II." Shows at nine-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—It's everything a cabaret should be: sleek, elegant, intimate, and slighty decadent. It also offers something that other cabarets do not: tapas, which come from the Spanish restaurant adjoining the club. The **WISEGUYS** are currently in residence. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine, Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven-fifteen.

Birdland, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—Many musicians who visit this jazz house are honored—if that's the word—by having their portraits done, "in concert," by the house artist. These impressionistic renderings round out a glossy décor that includes flying-saucer light fixtures, burgundy velvet drapes, and some neon wading birds. The **RONNIE CUBER** quartet is here Dec. 20-21; the **ED NEUMEISTER** quintet appears on Dec. 22; and the **LOU GRASSI** quintet comes in on Dec. 23. Music from nine. Dining.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—This blue-on-blue club is the place to find big-league jazz artists; it's an institution and it knows it: how many other clubs sell their own belt buckles? R. & B. singer and Broadway denizen **RUTH BROWN**, whose career stretches back to the fifties, when she earned the sobriquet Miss Rhythm, can be seen here Dec. 17-22. The **MONTY ALEXANDER** trio, with **FREDDY COLE** and **JAMES MOODY**, commences work on Dec. 24. Music from nine. Dining.

Blue Willow, 644 Broadway, at Bleecker St. (673-6480)—This room is oddly Victorian for lower Broadway, a region almost exclusively devoted to the celebration of youth culture. You won't find any funky murals or drinks with funny names here, just marble walls, antique furnishings, and a ceiling that would be hard to hit with a baseball. It's an agreeable place for conversation, which is probably why the small jazz combos that set up here nightly often get relegated to being background music. Music from seven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and from nine on weekends. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—This big, airy folk-and-rock club tends to be the site of a lot of music-industry bashes. If you have trouble getting tickets to the early show, it's usually because some record company has bought the place out. As a result, the atmosphere here can be a bit weird: the record company types have to have fun, because their own artists are onstage, but they can't have too much fun, because their bosses are watching. The quirky folk sisters known as the **ROCHES** will offer a Christmas show Dec. 20-21, at seven-thirty and ten-thirty. Maggie, Terre, and Suzzy Roche write songs that are heartfelt / deadpan dispatches on romantic sabotage and middle-of-the-night honesty. The sisters comment on and joke about each other's stories, and make it all transcendent with ethereal, genetically tuned harmonies. This appearance will no doubt find them drawing heavily on their Christmas album, "We Three Kings." Some of the Roches' Christmas covers are beautiful and straight-faced and some of them are a little off-the-wall. Burgers, fries, and other things to make your heart beat faster. Closed Dec. 23-27.

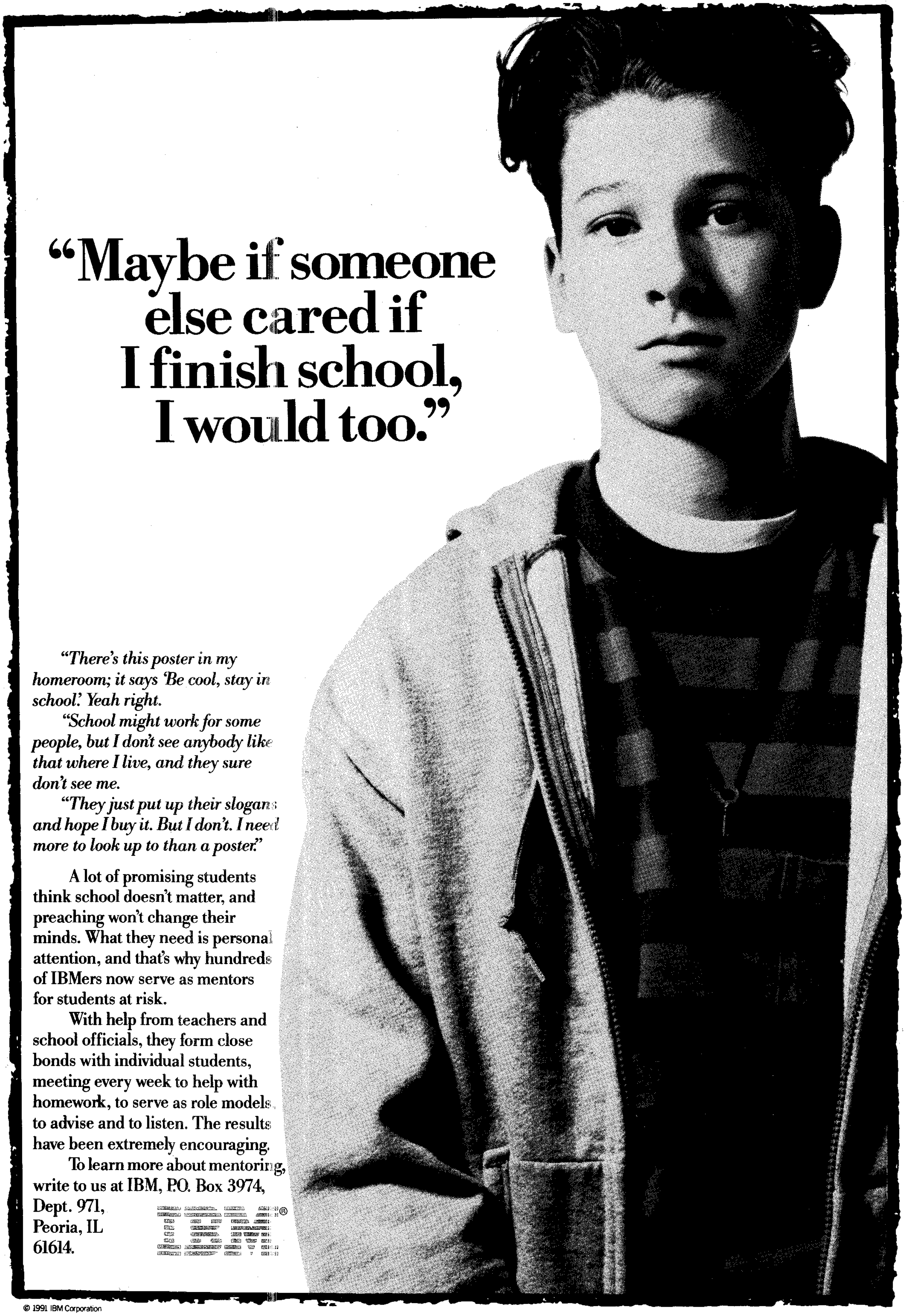
Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Next door, there's a bustling, garishly lit market. Within the narrow walls of this venerable piano-and-bass preserve, however, everything is easy on the eyes and ears. Pianist **JOHN HICKS**, who'll be leading groups here through Dec. 21, has been remarkably productive in the last year or so. Aside from releasing his first solo album, Hicks can be heard on new albums by Gary Bartz, David Murray, Roy Hargrove, and Peter Leitch. The fine young saxophonist **ANTONIO HART** performs on Dec. 22, and pianist **KIRK LIGHTSEY** leads a trio as of Dec. 23. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The pastel uptown spa known as the Café Carlyle is home to **BOBBY SHORT** Tuesdays through Saturdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty.... ¶ Across the hall, surrounded by the murals of Bemelmans' Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** presides at the piano from nine-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The city's most famed rock club a dark, narrow cave with neon-beer-sign stalactites and ancestral graffiti, is part sacred burial ground and part historic landmark, but it hasn't succumbed to nostalgia: new and used bands of every stripe continue to pass through nightly. Music from eight-thirty Sundays through Thursdays and from nine-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays.

Delta 88, 332 Eighth Ave., at 26th St. (924-3499)—Feels like home—not your home, but somebody's. The restaurant-and-bar is a giant junk shop of a place, where the walls are filled with redneck iconography, where the waiters and waitresses scurry around with such things as chicken-fried steak, and where some jumpy young band or other is always stomping around onstage.

Duplex, 61 Christopher St., at Seventh Ave. (255-5438)—A two-floor entertainment center. The bright, clean, wedge-shaped down-



"Maybe if someone else cared if I finish school, I would too."

"There's this poster in my homeroom; it says 'Be cool, stay in school.' Yeah right.

"School might work for some people, but I don't see anybody like that where I live, and they sure don't see me.

"They just put up their slogans and hope I buy it. But I don't. I need more to look up to than a poster."

A lot of promising students think school doesn't matter, and preaching won't change their minds. What they need is personal attention, and that's why hundreds of IBMers now serve as mentors for students at risk.

With help from teachers and school officials, they form close bonds with individual students, meeting every week to help with homework, to serve as role models, to advise and to listen. The results have been extremely encouraging.

To learn more about mentoring, write to us at IBM, P.O. Box 3974,
Dept. 971,
Peoria, IL
61614.

IBM®

© 1991 IBM Corporation

stairs bar has French windows giving on to the bustle of Seventh Avenue, but the clamor indoors is far greater. Everyone is a star here—the pianist, the bartender, and the waitresses sing/shout pop standards with risqué lyrics and fire off wisecracks across the room; patrons are encouraged to take the mike, too. Upstairs there's a quieter bar and a cabaret, where you'll find a variety of performers nightly.

Exspo, 565 W. 23rd St. (229-1123)—Like stores where you can buy groceries, rent videos, send faxes, and book a trip to Bermuda, this place tries to offer something for everyone. It's a night club, it's a restaurant, it's an art gallery. The space has an elegant, turn-of-the-century décor; the clientele is rock, metal, and glam. Live rock and roll on Mondays, swing and big bands on Fridays and Saturdays. Music starts at eleven.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Through the iffy-looking side door, down the famous fun-house tunnel that's lined with mirrors and corrugated tin, and down a short flight of stairs, you'll find this softly lit, low-ceilinged, roughly Manhattan-shaped jazz preserve. Saxophonist **SCOTT HAMILTON** heads up a quintet through Dec. 22. Guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL**, the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio every Monday, and this week expands his schedule to include Dec. 23-24. Closed Christmas Day. Music from eight. Dining.

Indigo Blues, 221 W. 46th St. (221-0033)—A modernist night spot in the basement of the Hotel Edison. There's a glass-brick reception area, an oval blond-wood bar, and other interior-design novelties. The lighting—blue neon, in laserlike strips and wide halos—works on the eyes like a long day in front of the PC. Music after nine.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—A frat house for the avant-garde. In some ways, the Knitting Factory doesn't really belong in New York: the cover charge is too reasonable, the management is too laid-back, the audiences are too polite. It's a slice of post-collegiate counterculture that somehow landed on Houston Street. Dec. 19 belongs to the **WAYNE HORVITZ** quartet, among other performers. The fine pop-rock vocalist **SYD STRAW**, a former member of the Golden Palominos, is slated for Dec. 20. Music after nine.

Lone Star Roadhouse, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—Spiffed-up theatre patrons walk by this club's façade—a Silver Eagle bus, with tires you can kick—and scratch their heads. Inside, big bearded guys with cowboy hats rub elbows at the bar while newcomers study the Texas memorabilia and, upstairs, the display of vintage Gibson guitars. The dining room, where bands hold sway, features a Wright Brothers-era airplane suspended from the ceiling, a dance floor where you can kick up some dust, and a balcony for quiet types. Guitarist **BO DIDDLEY** performs on Dec. 19. The Virginia-born **HOLMES BROTHERS**, who appear here on Dec. 20, at ten-thirty, had been toiling in obscurity until a few years ago, when critics and record-company scouts began to take notice of their propulsive blend of backwater blues, roadhouse R. & B., and gospel. The brothers have several decades of club experience under their belt, and their shows are muscular, foot-stirring displays of solid musicianship. The Holmes Brothers recently released a new record, titled "Where It's At." Music usually starts at nine. Dining.

Manny's Car Wash, 1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369-2583)—A bright spot on the little-heralded Upper East Side club scene. Don't go expecting to be sprayed with soapy water and massaged by large brushes: the fluorescent sign outside is the only car-wash reference. Inside, the place looks like an adman's idea of a blues bar. The guitarist and singer **JOHNNY CLYDE COPELAND**, who'll perform here on Dec. 19, is a powerful presence. A short, barrel-chested man with extraterrestrial eyes, Copeland is part blues shouter, part soul crooner, and he sings with a fervor that can blow other musicians off the stage. Sets from nine-fifteen, except Sundays, when they begin at eight-forty-five.

Marquee, 547 W. 21st St. (929-3257)—If the hero of a movie walked down this creepy, semi-deserted block, the audience would be throwing things at the screen and shouting "Turn back! Turn back!" Thanks to this fine alternative-music club, though, there's usually a fairly steady flow of traffic through these parts. This week, intrepid young New Yorkers will be coming to see **WARREN ZEVON**, Dec. 17-18; Murphy's Law, Dec. 19; and Bad Religion and the Vandals, Dec. 20.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25			

RED-LIGHT DISTRICT

People are acting funny in Grand Central—squinting, smiling, shaking their head, and then talking to strangers. On the balcony where the Kodak billboard used to be there's now a ten-foot-tall rod of red light, which looks as if it had escaped from Times Square. Just when you look away and write it off as an ultra-minimalist Christmas decoration—a really skinny Santa, say—then a snowflake, a penny, or a toy train catches the corner of your eye. Look again and it's gone. The harder you try, the less you'll see. It's a matter of not *thinking, and that's what Bill Bell wants. Bell is the artist who invented the device, which he calls a Lightstick.*

The Lightstick (on view through January 5) is made up of sixty-four light units that switch on and off at the rate of five thousand times a second. That's so fast you can't see them blinking. But when your eye makes a quick jerk known as a saccadic movement (it makes about a hundred thousand a day), the scrunched-up image is isolated and reassembled. The eye's own brief memory registers the image in the interval before it rests on the next object, and it might trick you into thinking that the image is being projected onto someone's coat or even into thin air.

Mr. Bell worked on computers for military submarines and aircraft before switching to traffic-control systems; in 1984, he patented the Lightstick. His ultimate Lightstick would be one that's a hundred feet tall and located in a cityscape—for instance, on a smokestack on the other side of the East River. Technology doesn't limit the complexity of the images, he says, but the human brain can register only so much detail in any saccadic moment. When it came to programming the Lightstick, he picked simple images with the holidays in mind, he says. "And I decided to add an elephant just to tease people at the bar across the way—so they'd think they'd been drinking too much."

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—There's more to Michael's Pub than Woody Allen, whose occasional Monday-night Dixieland binges have given the place a little star cachet. Non-filmmakers can usually be found onstage here the rest of the week, in a main dining room that strives for the appearance of a British pub but looks more like a good old American family restaurant. Still, there's a real nice red telephone booth when you walk in the door. **LA VERN BAKER** will be performing here through the beginning of January. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Closed Christmas Day.

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—Not to be confused with its richer cousin, the Rainbow Room, which is just down the hall. There, you'll find expansive Art Deco glitter; here, intimate nineties glitter. The performers, with their backs to the window, have to compete with a view of the Hudson, the George Washington Bridge, and beyond. **LORNA LUFT**, who comes from what can safely be called a musical family and whose shows are a mix of pop songs, standards, and reminiscences, is holding forth here for the next few weeks. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine. Sundays are given over to a variety show aptly titled "Varieties." Dining. Closed Mondays.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—The closest thing in Manhattan to a rain forest, this venerable club has many selling points: tropical drinks, Brazilian food, faux palm trees, a thatch-roofed bar. The live music is primarily from Africa, Brazil, and the Caribbean, and the dance floor is usually hopping. Dec. 18 belongs to **WILLIE COLON**, and Dec. 20 to Tabou Combo. Monday nights throughout December are given over to "Spanish reggae" acts. Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from ten Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays and on Christmas Day.

Tramps, 45 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—Thanks to low lighting, muralled pillars, ironwork, and a beautifully restored old tin ceiling, this loft space manages to feel homey. The sound system can be overwhelming, but the place is big enough to accommodate both those who want to lose their hearing and those who don't. Zydeco, soul, blues, and rock are the main order of business here. On Dec. 18, the stage belongs to **MACEO PARKER, MO' ROOTS** (with Fred Wesley and Pee Wee Ellis). The Cajun group **BEAUSOLEIL** performs Dec. 19-20. Sets at eight and eleven weeknights, eight-thirty and eleven-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—For the next month, the New York Swing Dance Society is holding its dances in the downstairs room here. The Widespread Jazz Orchestra provides the tunes on Dec. 22, from eight until midnight. . . . ¶ One flight up, in the Terrace Bar, pianist Kenny Werner, bassist Scott Colley, and drummer Bill Stewart play Dec. 18-22. Music from ten.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—This windowless, wedge-shaped basement has an illustrious history that embraces everyone from Judy Holliday to Lenny Bruce, from Pete Seeger and Leadbelly to Miles Davis and Sonny Rollins. The décor is homey and a little faded, like an attic full of memorabilia. An extraordinary jazz outfit consisting of **DAVID MURRAY, GERI ALLEN, RICHARD DAVIS,** and **ANDREW CYRILLE** is holding forth through Dec. 22; the young, highly touted trumpeter **ROY HARGROVE** leads a quintet as of Dec. 24. Mondays are reserved for the **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA.** Music after nine-thirty.

Wetlands, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—Two floors of no-nuke veggie entertainment and consciousness-raising. Listen to bands play in the Summer of Love-muralled back room; buy a tie-dyed T-shirt at the Volkswagen-bus curio shop; catch up on current events at the bulletin board and community calendar; or crash out in the basement hippie love pad. Music at eight.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A rarity among jazz clubs: somewhere you'd go to eat even if there were no music. The food is Italian, the atmosphere is pastels and soft lights, and the musicians, who set up in a room between the bar and the dining room, are first-rate. Bassist **JAY LEONHART** and guitarist **JOE BECK** are on the premises through Dec. 21; pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and bassist **MARTY RIVERA** hold forth Dec. 23-24. Music from eight. Closed Christmas Day.

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

Canned goods have a longer shelf life than most clubs, since the former start out in a vacuum while many of the latter wind up operating in one. The rare night spot that lasts long enough to make it into a GaultMillau guide usually does so after radical shifts in its clientele—the formerly ignored becoming the bar total's main contributors. Nell's (246 West 14th Street) is certainly an example of this phenomenon. Its longevity may be the ultimate revenge of the herds.

Though Nell's *everyone*-coughs-up-six-smackers-for-admission policy was a naïve attempt by club co-founder Keith McNally (Odeon/Café Luxembourg) to be ecumenical, it lasted no longer than it took to check four minks and three chesterfield coats on the first night. Now, five years after its opening, the space has finally gained in mix what it's lost in cachet. This explains why you can actually have some fun here. Nell's saving grace has always been the sexy juxtaposition of its Masterpiece Theatre-cozy interior with some great roll-in-the-dirt-wearing-your-Sunday-best R. & B. and a machete-sharp sound system. Since the sons and daughters of Mortimer's gone-a-slumming crowd vacated for uptown quarters closer to home there have been more than just vest pockets of appreciation. A few finishing-school incompletes daring to "get it down" (as one deb at the bar recently confessed was her motive for coming here) still pop up here and there, but you're more likely to be dancing next to a young woman in ripped jeans and black camisole standing on her head or doing nasties with a pillar. Sundays and Thursdays are the best nights, but, as one guy dancing so close behind his girl he was almost in front of her said, "Any night I'm here is the best night," which just goes to show that if you wait at a velvet rope long enough. . .

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

Big Apple Circus—Performances under the little big top run through Jan. 5, in Lincoln Center's Damrosch Park. For ticket and schedule information, call 874-8990.

"The Christmas Spectacular"—Radio City Music Hall's annual Yuletide dancearama—with the Rockettes, of course—runs through Jan. 7. (Sixth Ave. at 50th St. For information about show times and tickets, call 247-4777.)

Hand Puppets—Performances by the Hsiao Hsi Yuan Puppet Troupe, from China, include live percussion: gongs and drums, mostly. (Taipei Theatre, Rockefeller Center, 1221 Avenue of the Americas, Concourse Level 2. 373-1800. Dec. 16-21 at 7:30.)

Smorgasbord—Five free evenings of performance art, with appearances by Jessie Allen, Lenora Champagne, Dan Froot, Lisa Kron, the Mettawee River Company, Richard Allen, and many others. (Downtown Art Co., 64 E. 4th St. Dec. 17-21 at 7:30. For reservations, which are required, call 732-1227.)

"The Watchtower"—An opera-oratorio by Andy Kirshner, which is based on television news. With a chamber orchestra, vocal soloists, and a small chorus. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Dec. 17-21 at 8 and Dec. 22 at 3.)

"Nosferatu: A Symphony of Darkness"—Stills from the classic film will be projected onto a screen and accompanied by music, dance, and lighting effects. Created by Ping Chong, with a cast of six that includes Roger Babb and Jeannie Hutchins. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Dec. 18-22 at 7:30.)

Annie Sprinkle—Whose motto is "Let there be pleasure, and let it begin with me," in a reading and a talk. With Katherine Liepe-Levinson. (Dixon Place, 258 Bowery, near Houston St. 219-3088. Dec. 19 at 8.)

Christmas Party at La Mama—Hosted by none other than Diana Vreeland (as impersonated by John Heys). Evening dress welcome. (74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Dec. 19-21 at 10.)

"Victor Frankenstein"—An adaptation, by Terry O'Reilly, of the Mary Shelley tale. (Sideshows by the Seashore, Coney Island Boardwalk, at W. 12th St., Brooklyn. 1-718 372-5159. Dec. 21-22 at 2 and 6. Through Jan. 5.)

Jackie Torrence—Also known as the Story Lady, tells tales to a family audience. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Dec. 21 at 2:30.)

P.S. 122—Dec. 19-22 at 8: Judith Jackson and the Thunderthigh Revue in a new performance piece. . . . ¶ Dec. 19-22 at 9: Lisa Nelson and Cathy Weis in a performance that involves "videopuppets.". . . ¶ Dec. 20-21 at 11: Tim Miller in "Sex/Love/Stories." (150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.)

ART

If, while wandering around the Met at Christmastime—following a swing, say, through the Renaissance rooms and down to the big tree—you find yourself longing for something abstract, perhaps something non-Western and yet visually intense, get thee past the Greek and Roman galleries on the first floor to the exhibition of East Asian lacquer from the collection of Florence and Herbert Irving. It may be the most impeccably installed show we've seen all year. The slaty shades of gray on the walls, for instance, recessive without being cold, and the pin-spot lights positioned above the vitrines brilliantly set off the already vivid array of red and black objects, some of which are inlaid with pearly abalone and gold. There is no fuss here, just punch.

These lacquered boxes, lap desks, *sake* bottles, and such are primarily luxury items, products of great traditional craft centers in China, Japan, and, to a much lesser extent, Korea. Though authentic lacquerware continues to be widely produced today, especially in Japan, the works on view here date from the fourteenth century through the eighteenth. Real lacquer, we learn, is made from the sap of a particular sumac, *Rhus verniciflua*, which is native to Central and Southern China and Japan, and has nothing to do with the various varnishes that in the West often go by that name. It may be applied in as few as two coats, or in as many as two hundred or more. In China, thick lacquer was often carved with astonishing elaboration—an analogy to the decorative arts of seventeenth-century Italy, or of eighteenth-century France and Germany, often seems germane. In Japan, old lacquer is appreciated for its distressed beauty, for the pentimenti that come with age. And the strong, simple forms of many of the Japanese objects are reminiscent of the Shaker aesthetic. We were bowled over by sixteenth- and seventeenth-century undecorated red Negoro works in particular—but here *all* shopping exists only in the realm of the senses.

IT SLEEPS ALONE

A FRUGAL AND ANONYMOUS SCOT, LONG YEARS AGO, observed that the oaken casks which had been used for bringing sherry, port, or madeira into the country, might be employed thereafter to *mature malt whisky*.

A PRIME NOTION IT TURNED OUT TO BE. The casks (particularly those that had contained sherry) imparted both a lustrous golden colour and a beguiling hint of redolence to the malt.

SO SUCCESSFUL WAS THE PRACTICE, in fact, that soon all the malt whiskies (among them The Macallan) were matured in this way. But time passed.

SHERRY CASKS ONCE TO BE HAD FOR A FEW PENCE NOW COST SCORES OF POUNDS. And first one and then another *faint-heart* settled for more expedient alternatives, with the result that today The Macallan is the last malt whisky to be *exclusively* so matured. However...

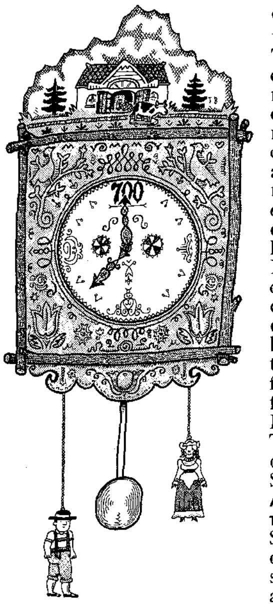
A PROFUSION OF OPTIMUM RATINGS IN SUNDRY 'BLIND' TASTINGS of top malts has convinced us of the wisdom of our solitary course. Putting it another way, you might say *our virtue is your reward.*

**THE MACALLAN.
THE SINGLE MALT SCOTCH.**

*Sole U.S.A. Distributor, Remy Amerique, Inc., NY, NY
Scotch Whisky 86 Proof, 43% Alc./Vol © 1991*

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A retrospective of the works of Stuart Davis (1892-1964), including a hundred and seventy-five paintings, murals, watercolors, and drawings. Through Feb. 16. . . . ¶ "Seurat." A crisply efficient and compartmentalized exhibition of paintings by the short-lived Neo-Impressionist, on the centenary of his death. Through Jan. 12. . . . ¶ "Neo-Impressionism: The Friends and Followers of Georges Seurat," best taken as a kind of appetizer before the main course, consists of eighty-eight paintings, drawings, and watercolors, by Paul Signac, Camille Pissarro, Henri Matisse, and many others. Through Jan. 12. . . . ¶ The redesigned and renovated Arms and Armor galleries are open, and jammed to the hilt. The central Equestrian Court is still here, regally appointed, and it is now surrounded by eight new displays of Japanese, European, Islamic, and American weaponry and armor. . . . ¶ "The Lotus Transcendent." The Eilenberg collection, from which this show has been selected, is not particularly comprehensive nor focussed on grand masterpieces, but it does sparkle in many unexpected ways. From India come plenty of treasures, such as a prancing mythical "leogryph"; from a southern province of Thailand comes an early and glorious carving of Avalokiteshvara; and from Indonesia comes a group of bronze sculptures that many consider to be the finest privately assembled collection of such material in the world. . . . ¶ Nearly two hundred examples of Chinese, Japanese, and Korean lacquer works, dating from the fourteenth century through the eighteenth. Through Feb. 23. . . . ¶ Candelabras, snuff boxes, and hotel façades are just some of the subject matters depicted in a show of eighteenth-century French drawings. Through March 15. . . . ¶ "Resplendence of the Spanish Monarchy" is a breathtaking exhibition of sixteenth-century works that centers on eleven very large tapestries of beautifully intricate detail, made by the most respected Flemish craftsmen, and also includes some of the finest armor ever forged, from Augsburg, in present-day Germany. Through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ "The Spanish Guitar." Thirty-five specimens, ranging in date from the sixteenth century to the mid-twentieth. Through Jan. 5. . . . **note:** The Christmas tree and eighteenth-century crèche can be seen through Jan. 12. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, except Christmas, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)



"Swiss Folk Art" at the Museum of American Folk Art

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibition of works by Art Spiegelman, including the original pages and auxiliary material for "Maus" and "Maus II," his cartoon-strip books about his father's experience of the Holocaust. Part of the museum's "Projects" series. Starts Dec. 19. . . . ¶ "*Dis*locations" comprises seven commissioned installations, by Louise Bourgeois, Chris Burden, Sophie Calle, David Hammons, Ilya Kabakov, Bruce Nauman, and Adrian Piper. The show is a collective reproof of racial, sexual, and class stereotypes, as well as of nationalism, governments, bureaucracies, and war. Through Jan. 7. . . . ¶ "Word 2 My Mother," a video installation by Tony Cokes. Through Jan. 19. . . . ¶ "Pleasures and Terrors of Domestic Comfort" explores the contemporary photographer's preoccupation with the life of the home, in more than a hundred and fifty works. Through Dec. 31. . . . ¶ An exhibition of drawings, photographs, scale models, and a video related to projects by Tadao Ando, one of Japan's leading architects. Through Dec. 31. . . . ¶ The annual "New Photography" series presents recent work by Eberhard Grames, Sheron Rupp, and Stephen A. Scheer. Through Jan. 7. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The museum is closed for renovation until May, 1992.

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Seventy multimedia works, from 1971 to the present, by Alexis Smith. Through March 1. . . . ¶ "Variations on Themes," a show of serial works in various graphic mediums, by, among others, Terry Winters, Dennis Adams, Kiki Smith, and Jasper Johns. Through March 15. . . . ¶ Fifty mobiles, stabiles, works on paper, tapestries, and other objects by Alexander Calder (1898-1976). . . . ¶ "American Life in American Art." Through Jan. 5. (Open Tuesdays, 1 to 8; Wednesdays, except Christmas, through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Biomorphicism and Organic Abstraction in Twentieth-Century Decorative Arts.". . . ¶ A mid-career retrospective of the works of Sigmar Polke. Through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ "Objects of Myth and Memory." A fascinating exhibition of two hundred and fifty of the museum's nine thousand Native American objects. The most engaging items are not the treasures, of which there are a number, but the objects of daily life: games, clothes, pots, baskets, belt buckles, rattles, and hats. Through Dec. 29. . . . ¶ A companion show of contemporary Native American works, including ceramics, elk-horn carvings, and Pomo baskets. Through Jan. 27. . . . ¶ A thirty-foot-long platform of forged-iron sculptures is the fifteenth installment in Alain Kirili's "Commandment" series. Through Jan. 5. (Open Wednesdays, except Christmas, through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Chiefly Feasts: The Enduring Kwakiutl Potlatch" presents elaborately decorated plates and bowls, masks, and other objects used in the British Columbian tribe's lavish rituals of hospitality and wealth. Through Feb. 23. . . . **note:** The annual holiday origami tree can be seen through Jan. 5. (Open daily, except Christmas, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Alternative Museum, 594 Broadway—"Artists of Conscience: 16 Years of Social and Political Commentary" presents works by seventy artists, including Nancy Spero, Hannah Wilke, David Hammons, and Gran Fury. Through Jan. 25. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Dec. 24 and Christmas, 11 to 6.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—"Frank Lloyd Wright: Preserving an Architectural Heritage" is a show of more than seventy pieces of furniture, art-glass windows, lights, and other decorative objects spanning sixty years of the architect's career. Through Jan. 19. . . . ¶ Two site-specific installations, one by Sam Gilliam, the other by Robert Kushner. (Open daily, except Mondays and Christmas, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings, except Dec. 24, until 8. Closes at 5 on Dec. 24.)

Dia Center for the Arts, 548 W. 22nd St.—The six large paintings that are the centerpiece of Brice Marden's show of works inspired by the Tang-dynasty poet Cold Mountain are truly sophisticated: delicate yet grand in scale and unerringly structured by an almost impromptu line. The works on paper are, in contrast, awkward and pale, especially when compared with the Chinese calligraphy that they seem to mimic, halfheartedly. . . . ¶ For those unfamiliar with the Conceptual and graphic work of Lawrence Weiner, this exhibition, titled "Displacement," is a good primer. While the artist is known for creating exquisite artistic moments in the sparest situations, the current show is sort of the inverse. The wittiest piece, expressing a double-edged ambivalence, is on the Center's bathroom doors, which are labelled "Us" and "Them.". . . ¶ On the roof, which offers a view of the Hudson River, Dan Graham has created a fine urban park with glass walls, a floor of spongy asphalt tiles, and a squat glass cylinder at its center. The park is elevated above the roof as if it were afloat, and it is very pleasant to spend time up there, especially in the nearby coffee bar/video lounge. (Open Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Fraunces Tavern Museum, 54 Pearl St.—"Come All You Gallant Heroes" chronicles—through objects and firsthand accounts—the lives of Continental Army and state-militia soldiers during the Revolutionary War. (Open Mondays through Fridays, except Dec. 24 and Christmas, 10 to 4.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—Twenty-eight paintings and fourteen drawings by the French rococo master Nicolas Lancret (1690-1743). Through Jan. 12. (Open daily, except Mondays, Dec. 24, and Christmas, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, at the New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"From Expressionism to Resistance: Art in Germany, 1909-36" is a selection of a hundred and ninety paintings, sculptures, and works on paper from the Marvin and Janet Fishman collection. Artists on view include George Grosz, Erich Heckel, Conrad Felixmüller, and Otto Dix. Through Jan. 26. . . . ¶ "The Sigmund Freud Antiquities: Fragments from a Buried Past" displays eighty-six objects from the psychoanalyst's personal collection, including Egyptian, Greek, Near Eastern, and Asian works. Another twenty works from London's Freud Museum and the Library of Congress supplement the exhibition, which was inspired by Edmund Engelman's 1938 photographs of Freud's Vienna study. Eight of those works are also on view. Through Feb. 18. (Open Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Sundays, except Dec. 24 and Christmas, 11 to 5; Thursdays, 11 to 8; Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—The permanent collection has been given three new gallery spaces and is shown off in "Masterpieces of the Morgan Library." Through Jan. 5. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Dec. 24 and Christmas, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, Columbus Ave. at 65th St.—"Swiss Folk Art," coinciding with the septcentenary of Switzerland, consists of nearly two hundred works, including utilitarian and decorative objects, religious and ceremonial works, and American pieces inspired by Swiss design. Through Jan. 1. (Open daily, except Christmas, 11:30 to 7:30.)

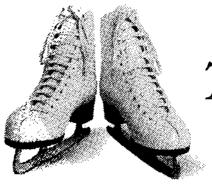
National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Hallowed Haunts," a show of seventy-three drawings and watercolors by Charles Addams (1912-88), most of which first appeared in these pages. Through Jan. 12. . . . ¶ An exhibition of paintings, drawings, manuscripts, and published works by Samuel F. B. Morse (1791-1872), the Academy's founder. Through March 12. (Open Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays, except Christmas, through Sundays, noon to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"Imagining the New World," a shipload of paintings, drawings, maps, and other Columbian iconography drawn from museums and libraries in Italy, France, and Germany. Through Jan. 26. . . . ¶ "While They Fought: The Homefront in New York City" includes many posters, photographs (one shows Kate Smith surrounded by sailors), and artifacts from the Second World War. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, except Dec. 24 and Christmas, 11 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A large selection of manuscripts, letters, photographs, and other objects that shed light on the life of Edna St. Vincent Millay (1892-1950). Through Feb. 29. (Berg Collection.). . . ¶ Merlin, Mordred, Gawain, and Galahad leap off the pages and prints of "King Arthur: Looking at the Legend." Through Feb. 22. (Gottesman Exhibition Hall.). . . ¶ A hundred and fifty German Expressionist prints and books by Ernst Ludwig Kirchner, Käthe Kollwitz, Wassily Kandinsky, George Grosz, and others. Through Jan. 4. (Third Floor Gallery.) (Open Tuesdays and Wednesdays, except Dec. 24 and Christmas, 11 to 6; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

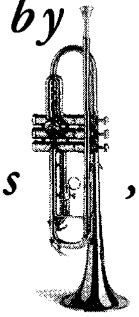
Queens Museum of Art, Flushing Meadow Park—"Closet No. 9," by Kenny Scharf, is one of the artist's surreal Day-Glo environments, incorporating paintings, customized appliances, and industrial materials. Through Dec. 20. . . . ¶ Seventeen drawings and sculptures by Mel Chin. Through Feb. 2. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, except Dec. 24 and Christmas, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5. Closes at 1 on Dec. 24.)

Only one TV series brings you skating by



Torvill and Dean

, music by



Kathleen Battle

and Wynton Marsalis ,

choreography by Bill T. Jones , Chicano

comedians

telling it like it is,

and the silver anniversary celebration of the

Metropolitan Opera House.

BLADERUNNERS WITH TORVILL AND DEAN. *England's greatest ice dancers.* Wed., January 1

KATHLEEN BATTLE AND WYNTON MARSALIS. *From jazz to baroque.* Fri., February 7

DANCE IN AMERICA: BILL T. JONES / ARNIE ZANE & COMPANY. *Exploring contemporary issues via dance.* Wed., February 12

A BOWL OF BEINGS. *Social perspectives from the Chicano comedy group Culture Clash.* Wed., March 4

THE SILVER ANNIVERSARY GALA FROM THE METROPOLITAN OPERA. *Celebrate with some of the greatest opera singers.* Mid-March

ENCORE PERFORMANCES:	THE ORCHESTRA Wed., January 15	MICHAEL MOSCHEN Fri., February 21	BOB FOSSE: STEAM HEAT Fri., March 6

If it's worth watching, it's on Great Performances.

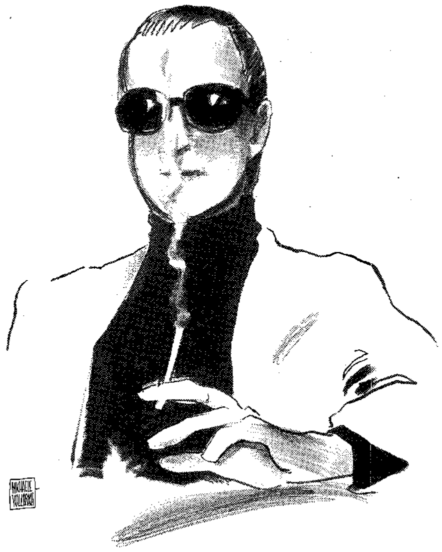
Catch all these
Great Performances
on PBS.

TEXACO

Funded by Texaco,
The Corporation for Public Broadcasting,
The National Endowment for the Arts,
and Public Television Stations.

Consult local listings for time and channel.
Schedule subject to change.

A national presentation of Thirteen/WNET in New York.



"Halston: Absolute Modernism"

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—Thirty paintings and sculptures by this year's artists-in-residence: Ada Pilar Cruz, Leonardo Drew, and Eve Sandler. Through March 1. . . . ¶ "Africa and the Diaspora," a selection of nearly a hundred works from the museum's collection, dating from the fifth century to the present. (Open Wednesdays, except Christmas, through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Christmas.)

Jörg Immendorff—Paintings from 1965 and 1966, when the artist was a student of Joseph Beuys' at the Düsseldorf Academy of Art, and works in various mediums made between 1967 and 1970, under the LIDL rubric: a Dadaist parallel universe involving urban design (for instance, streets laid out according to the wanderings of turtles), baby-power symbols, and props relating to anti-authoritarian political actions of great humor and flamboyance. This show is extremely interesting and charming, and is a must for anyone interested in Beuys, early-eighties German painting, Western Europe's 1968 cult, Godardian Maoism, agitprop, etc. Through Dec. 21. (Werner, 21 E. 67th St.)

Philip Taaffe—Mostly large, abstract paintings that are sumptuously ornamental while being both technically and intellectually rigorous. Though they register effortlessly upon the mind and the eye, they are in fact as complex as the ancient Byzantine-Levantine cultures that have provided the artist with many of his motifs. Taaffe's colors, opulent and sometimes weathered yet without the facile decorator's touch of so much recent antiquing in art, may make you yearn for travel and adventure, poetry and pleasure. Through Jan. 11. (Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Dec. 24.)

"Six American Modernists"—A generous selection of paintings, sculptures, and drawings, by Marsden Hartley, Gaston Lachaise, Elie Nadelman, Georgia O'Keeffe, Charles Sheeler, and John Storrs. Through Jan. 4. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St. Closed Dec. 24.)

Short List—STUART DAVIS and **GRAHAM NICKSON,** Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (open Mondays, through Dec. 21); **HERBERT FERBER,** Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (closed Dec. 24, through Jan. 2).

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Jake Berthot—Berthot was one of the more penetrating of a group of New York abstract painters prominent in the seventies. In these recent works, which are modest in scale and somewhat academic in format, the artist uses a visual language appropriate to analytical Cubism to examine post-Cubist space. The fields of muted ochre, blue, and brown are accented with splashes of bright yellow, red, and blue. Berthot's use of color per se is not at all interesting. He's more successful with a group of works on paper which forgo the accents of brightness and simply explore space, which is what he seems to do best. Through Dec. 24. (McKee, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Joan Nelson—New paintings; no news. Tiny landscapes. Antique looking. Very pretty. The nicest of all are almost empty: just sky, for instance, and a shrub or the top of a branch. Through Jan. 4. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. Closes at 1 on Dec. 24.)

Daniel Spoerri—Very funny figurative assemblages made up of kitschy German landscape paintings, animal heads, battered but gracefully posed mannequins, various scythelike farm implements, and occasional shells and animal horns set bawdily in all the wrong places. Through Dec. 31. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Short List—LOTHAR BAUMGARTEN, Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through Jan. 18); **WILLIAM BECKMAN,** Stiebel, 32 E. 57th St. (through Jan. 11); **CLAUDIO BRAVO,** Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through Jan. 4); **WILLIAM DUNLAP,** French, 24 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through Jan. 4); **DUNCAN HANNAH,** Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St. (closes at noon on Dec. 24, through Dec. 28); **EDWARD KOREN,** Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St. (through Dec. 21); **ROBERT M. KULICKE,** Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St. (through Dec. 21); **AGNES MARTIN,** Pace, 32 E. 57th St. (closes at 2 on Dec. 24, through Jan. 4); **ANA MENDIETA,** Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (through Jan. 11); **BEVERLY PEPPER,** Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (through Jan. 4); **THEODOROS STAMOS,** ACA, 41 E. 57th St. (closed Dec. 23-24, through Jan. 18); **BILL TRAYLOR,** Ross, 50 W. 57th St. (closed Dec. 24, through Jan. 11).

GALLERIES—SoHo

Alan Belcher / Laura Baird—Belcher spent most of October working for the World Food Programme in Liberia, a country which has been torn by civil war for two years now. While innocently taking photographs he was imprisoned by Charles Taylor, the rebel leader, on suspicion of being a spy. The error was eventually discovered and Belcher was released. The result of this harrowing trip full of unexpected turns is a series of arresting portraits of unnamed Liberians, black-and-white photographs that the artist has strapped onto corrugated-metal mounts. Most of the works are simply propped against the gallery's columns and walls; they are Belcher's bluntest pieces yet. They contrast the permanence of portraits with the transience of the world from which they come. / An exhibition consisting of a needlepoint "Jonestown Carpet," designed like a traditional rug. The central panel, based on a news photo of the mass suicide, depicts the field of the dead; it's surrounded by a decorative border filled with a hodgepodge of modern icons—everything from a television set to a barber pole, from a shopping cart to a Bible. The modest-sized rug is hypnotic and says more about death than have certain recent large-scale exhibitions that have attempted to explore the theme. Atop the rug, which lies on the floor, is a disturbing violation in the form of the rocking chair in which the artist sat while making it. The ultimate perverseness of the work is that it is a carpet, something that is walked upon. This maniacally obsessive work has occupied ten years of the artist's life, and is a fascinating and hopeless act of purification. Through Dec. 28. (Baer, 476 Broome St. Closed Dec. 24.)

David Cabrera / Lauren Szold—A modest, oddly affecting installation of different types of work, each of an impermanent character. On the walls, in groups, are photographs of fall foliage and watercolors in monochrome green, yellow, and opalescent white. On the floor are two blobs of cement, and hanging from the ceiling is a pink ribbon. These innocuously scaled works seem directed at breaking down the phallocentric, neo-expressionistic order. / In the back office, the like-minded Szold has poured pools of a pancake-like flour-and-water mixture on the floor and tinted them with a few splashes of food coloring and egg yolk. Intentionally or not, the work can be seen as a domesticized, finger-waving corrective to Lynda Benglis's AbEx poured process paintings of the late sixties. Through Dec. 21. (303 Gallery, 89 Greene St.)

Hans Coper (1920-81) / **Dan Flavin**—Beautiful, sophisticated ceramic vessels that are strong in form and delicate in execution. They suggest everything from Cycladic statuary to modern sculpture. / A group of dramatic new fluorescent- and ultraviolet-light sculptures that combine Albers-like austerity with baroque excess. Through Dec. 20. (Rubin-Spangle, 395 West Broadway.)

Gloria Friedmann—Well-crafted but not especially interesting minimalistic objects made primarily of natural materials. The works include, for example, a section of a weathered tree stump and a topiary cone of dried grass. A huge convex disk of grain is particularly attractive. Through Dec. 21. (Marcus, 568 Broadway.)

Michael Jenkins—Large, adamantly yellow sculptures with boyhood references—camp showers and the like. A blackboard-size abacus with large yellow balls is quite resonant, although the artist's sentiments seem better expressed in his drawings, which are more metaphoric. Through Dec. 21. (Gorney, 100 Greene St.)

Ronald Jones—Jones' new sculptures combine what appear to be personality-altering drugs, wreckage from the Lockerbie bombing, images lifted from Bosch and Dali, and much more. The individual components seem to have been selected for their capacity to embody contradictions and falsehoods. The issues that animate Jones may be on the mark, but the obscurity of his references deprives the viewer of almost all access to them. Recognizing this, the artist has saddled each work with a lengthy text panel explaining, in museum-label prose, what you are looking at. But these texts are so loopy and tedious that once you've read one you never want to read another. What the viewer is left with, then, are large assemblages of seemingly unrelated elements joined in aesthetically satisfying formal balancing acts. Through Dec. 21. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

Jeff Koons—This overanticipated instant scapegoat of a show is actually very useful, as it clearly illuminates Koons' strengths and limitations—what he can and can't pull off, what he does and doesn't grasp about material presence and the visual dynamics of art. He doesn't, for instance, seem to understand anything at all about what makes a painting work. The dozen or so large, photo-and-performance-based paintings in which we find this sometime ceramist and his picaresque wife, the porcelain-skinned Cicciolina, in flagrante, may be brave or perhaps foolhardy gestures, and worthy of some respect for that, but they are total duds as two-dimensional constructs. Intended—quite sincerely, it seems—as a paean to conjugal love between two self-styled legends of the metaculture, these works are strangely immaterial. The visible production values, Koons' specialty, are here flatly mid-level—neither the Disney- or Fellini-esque extravaganzas one might have expected nor what could have been an interesting shift toward intensively low-rent porn-verité genres. Through Dec. 21. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Andrew Masullo—This reworker of dime-store paintings has expanded his repertoire a bit with a series of benignly bland paint-by-number panels of cats and dogs. Through Dec. 21. (Fiction-Nonfiction, 21 Mercer St.)

George Moore—Accomplished paintings of farmed and inhabited landscapes. Some of these imaginary aerial views have names evoking past art—the Precisionist "River Rouge," the Abstract Expressionist "Number One Landscape," and the sculptural "Torso." "Flevoland," which depicts a part of the Netherlands built on landfill, is a landscape with particularly sinuous pathways. The relationship between settlement and farm in the painting seems metaphoric and suggests a laboratory experiment. In this sense, the work recalls the maps and floor plans of the Argentine painter Guillermo Kuitca. Through Dec. 21. (Plumb, 81 Greene St.)

Peter Schmersal—Fine painter's paintings, done in a fractured style with a medium-width brush. Schmersal's rocky coasts recall Monet's, while his arrangements of dead fish bring Hartley to mind. Through Jan. 18. (Thorp, 103 Prince St. Closed Dec. 24.)

Bernar Venet—The artist has scattered throughout the gallery bent lengths of rusted steel—the fashionably muscular minimalist material. Collectively titled "Random Combinations of Undetermined Lines," the pieces are neither random nor undetermined, but they are far more appealing than Venet's standard arcs and curves, even though the issues they examine have already been brilliantly explored earlier in this century by Arp. In the most interesting section of the show, many of these rusted "lines" have been piled up into a collapsed heap of artistic ennui. Through Jan. 4. (Baghoomian, 555 Broadway. Closed Dec. 24.)

"DIE KÜNSTLER AUS GUGGING"—Gugging, the State Institution for Psychiatry, in Austria, encourages patients to make art works. This exhibition includes drawings and paintings by ten of those artists, all of whom work in distinctive styles that should be familiar to fans of outsider art. The influence of such artists on mainstream modernism is well known, and this show offers a fascinating opportunity to reverse historical perspectives by reconsidering the source. Johann Garber's ink drawings, for example, suggest the Hundertwasserian roots of Haring. Philipp Schöpke's trembling drawings of people with penislike noses seem much more interiorized and disturbed, and they have an uncanny relationship to early Dubuffet, the artist who popularized the term Art Brut. But, even without reference to mainstream art, the work from Gugging is thoroughly fascinating. Through Jan. 8. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

"1969"—A show that includes some daring and possibly landmark works of this tumultuous year but that also manages to trivialize that time. The taste here, appropriately, is for the agitated and transient. Included is Dan Graham's "Income (Outflow) Piece," consisting of an offer by the artist to sell stock in himself in order to receive an "average American" salary and to produce dividends. The work brilliantly expresses the commodification of the individual and the consequent surrender of self, and should inspire a reëxamination of all post-Warhol commodity art. Along related lines there is Doug Huebler's "wanted" poster offering a reward to the reader, but not to the buyer. On Kawara's date painting is also similar in spirit, though it's more existential. Through Dec. 21. (Newburg, 580 Broadway.)

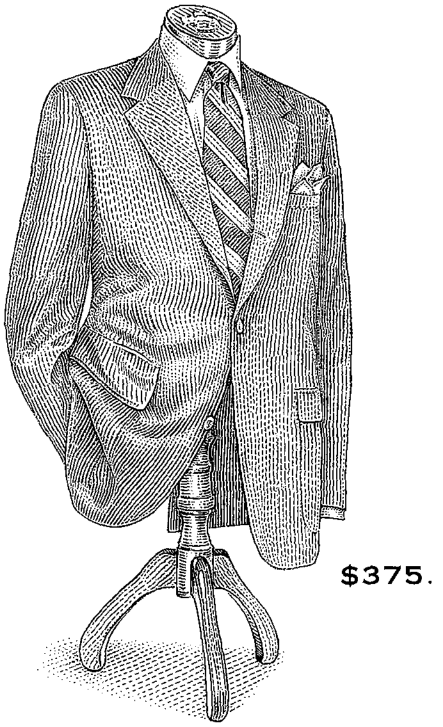
GROUP SHOW—New works by four young artists who deal to varyingly bland degrees with issues of sexual harassment. Dara Silverman presents two autobiographical photo-and-text works consisting of narcissistic, ordinary typewritten accounts of the mildest sort of "harassment," in the overused tone of the Sophie Calle school of confessional art. Zizi Raymond's "Bend Over Baby, I'll Drive"—a sculpture of an old rotary lawnmower devouring a pair of men's pants—is a sophomoric critique of male domination. It is surprising and not a little depressing that, after several waves of feminist artists, from Miriam Schapiro to Sherrie Levine and Barbara Kruger, we are back to such simplistic and disempowered expressions of rage. Through Dec. 21. (P.P.O.W, 532 Broadway.)

SHORT LIST—**VINCENZO AGNETTI**, Ala, 560 Broadway (closed Dec. 24, through Dec. 28); **DANIEL BUREN**, Weber, 142 Greene St. (through Dec. 21); **ELLEN DRISCOLL**, Esman, 575 Broadway (closed Dec. 24, through Jan. 4); **LAUREN EWING**, Brown, 23 Watts St. (through Jan. 8); **ANN HAMILTON**, Louver, 130 Prince St. (through Jan. 4); **MICHAEL HURSON**, Cooper, 155 Wooster St. (through Dec. 21); **IMI KNOEBEL**, Gladstone, 99 Greene St. (closed Dec. 24, through Jan. 11); **JAMES NARES**, Kasmin, 580 Broadway (through Dec. 21); **DAVID NYZIO**, Postmasters, 80 Greene St. (through Dec. 21); **ATTILIO SALEMME**, Nahan, 381 West Broadway (through Jan. 4); **WILLIAM WEGMAN**, Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (closes at 2 on Dec. 24, through Jan. 4).

OTHER GALLERIES

"HALSTON: ABSOLUTE MODERNISM"—Ultrasuede and cashmere are the predominant mediums in this comprehensive show of garments, patterns, and drawings by the luxurious fashion designer. Through Jan. 11. (Fashion Institute of Technology, Shirley Goodman Resource Center, Seventh Ave. at 27th St. Open Tuesdays through Fridays, except Dec. 24 and Christmas, noon to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

SHORT LIST—**MIKE HOWARD**, Baby Doll Lounge, 34 White St. (open Mondays through Saturdays, noon to 4 A.M.; through Jan. 3); **DENNIS OPPENHEIM**, P.S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City (opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays, through Feb. 9); **ARTHUR RACKHAM**, Butler Library, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. (open Mondays through Fridays, except Dec. 24 and Christmas, 9 to 4:45; through Feb. 19).


$375.

THE BROOKS BROTHERS
NAVY BLUE BLAZER.

[TRUE BLUE.] It's been the backbone of your wardrobe since you've been old enough to wear a tie. It's survived fads and fashions. Automation. Imitation. Even the test of time.

Still crafted from the finest mid-weight worsted in the world.

Still cut to our own standards of style.

And still, after generations of subtle refinements, appreciated for everything that has come before.

PURE WOOL ®

The sewn-in Woolmark label is your assurance of quality-tested fabrics made of the world's best...Pure Wool.

Brooks Brothers

MADISON AVENUE CHICAGO BOSTON WASHINGTON
PHILADELPHIA LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO ATLANTA

PHOTOGRAPHY

EVELYN HOFER'S show at the Witkin gallery (415 West Broadway; through January 18) features two kinds of work by this highly competent photographer: portraits and interiors. The black-and-white portraits—titled "The People of Soglio," and taken in a Swiss village in the area where Hofer grew up and later spent her summers—are uniformly stolid. A flyer available at the gallery quotes the painter Richard Lindner comparing, in 1977, Hofer's portraits and those of August Sander, a photographer active earlier in the century. The comparison still holds as far as surface goes, but not when it comes to depth. The portraits in this new exhibition do not offer the sense of individual character which makes Sander's work transcend his categorization of individuals by profession. Hofer also emphasizes her subjects' profession: most of the people here are farmers. But even though this type of information is interesting, the pictures themselves are ultimately boring.

Hofer's interiors differ from her portraits in many ways. They're in color; they're about beauty and sophistication; and there's much about the images which makes them exemplary within this genre. Here Hofer's control comes in handy; her adeptness at composition allows the viewer to get a sense of the rich atmosphere of the rooms she has photographed, be they rooms in the Villa Medici, in Rome, rooms in the Maison de Verre, in Paris, or the glamorous ladies' room at Radio City Music Hall. Still, there's a bit too much arranging going on. The bouquets in some of the images underline unnecessarily the fact that we are looking at still-lifes.

On the other hand, there is Hofer's shot of Balthus's atelier, where his unfinished painting "Cat with Mirror II" sits on an easel. In this photograph the slight disorder is a relief, and the sense of process that comes from the painting gives Hofer's perfectly lit image a lovely balance. Here art and life meet.

DIANE ARBUS (1923-71)—Photographs of patients from New Jersey psychiatric hospitals, from a series that Arbus did in 1970-71. The prints were made by Neil Selkirk, under the auspices of the Arbus estate, and many of these photographs have never been published. Through Jan. 4. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. Closes at 1 on Dec. 24.)

O. WINSTON LINK / ELLIOTT ERWITT—Photographs, taken between 1955 and 1960, of the steam engines of the Norfolk and Western railroad. / A selection of work from the artist's new book, titled "On the Beach." Erwitt is such a modest, clever photographer that even his pictures of things that are usually very dull in photographs have wit. Through Dec. 21. (Danziger, 415 West Broadway.)

"THE LEGACY OF W. EUGENE SMITH"—Sixty vintage prints by Smith and fifteen works each by the twelve past recipients of the W. Eugene Smith Grant in Humanistic Photography. Through Feb. 16. (International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St. Open daily, except Mondays and Christmas, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings, except Dec. 24, until 8. Closes at 5 on Dec. 24.)

SHORT LIST—**ZEKE BERMAN**, Lieberman & Saul, 155 Spring St. (closed Dec. 24, through Jan. 11); **HARRY CALLAHAN** and **DOUG AND MIKE STARN**, Pace-MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (closes at 2 on Dec. 24, through Jan. 11); **MACDUFF EVERTON**, Borden, 560 Broadway (closed Dec. 24, through Jan. 4); **EVELYN HOFER**, Witkin, 415 West Broadway (closed Dec. 24, through Jan. 18); **HORST**, Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (closed Dec. 24, through Jan. 25); **MICHAEL KENNA**, Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway (through Dec. 21); **DAVID LA CHAPELLE**, Liguori, 93 Grand St. (through Dec. 21); **SALLY LARSEN** and **LOUIS DE CLERCQ**, Lowinsky, 575 Broadway (closed Dec. 24, through Jan. 18); **SHEILA METZNER** and **BRADFORD WASHBURN**, International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (open daily, except Mondays and Christmas, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings, except Dec. 24, until 8; closes at 5 on Dec. 24; through Feb. 2); **YASUMASA MORIMURA**, Luhring Augustine, 130 Prince St. (through Dec. 21); **PATRICK NAGATANI**, Baum, 588 Broadway (through Dec. 28); **YASUZO NOJIMA**, Grey Art Gallery, New York University, 33 Washington Pl. (closed Dec. 24, through Jan. 11); **RUTH THORNE-THOMSEN** and **AARON SISKIND**, Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St. (through Dec. 28); **NICK WAPLINGTON**, Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. (through Jan. 7); **GEORGE WOODMAN**, Toll, 146 Greene St. (closed Dec. 24, through Jan. 11).

MUSIC

THE event most on the minds of musical New Yorkers these days is, of course, the Metropolitan Opera's first dalliance in a quarter century with new music (well, not strictly the first, if you count the brief "mini-Met" experiment of the nineteen-seventies): the première of "The Ghosts of Versailles," by John Corigliano. But it makes us nervous to keep our mind on this event for long. (Why should the Met be considered so important, as though the future of opera hung on whether this one piece can manage to survive its freighted birth?) After the opening, on December 19, come fiasco or furore, we think we'll take in one of the remaining two nights of the Philharmonic's subscription program, where Erich Leinsdorf is at it again. Mr. Leinsdorf's delight is to put together programs with a theme, and we like the mix he has devised this time. Apollo, who loved Daphne; Daphne, who loved chastity (or, depending on your mythographer, loved Leucippus); Jupiter, who heard the nymph's plea and turned her into a laurel: composers have long loved this story.

The item on the program that tempts us most is the final scene of Richard Strauss's "Daphne," sung by Carol Vaness. The future composer of the "Metamorphosen" did not in this instance turn to Ovid, who presents the transformation as more or less purely an escape from erotic pursuit; instead, Strauss and his librettist, Joseph Gregor, gave their heroine a vocally rich, psychologically subtle love-metamorphosis, which ends "Apollo, brother! Take my branches! Wind! Play with my leaves! . . . Mortals, friends, take me as symbol of undying love!" Mr. Leinsdorf is a knowing hand with Strauss (who was, in turn, a knowing hand with the soprano voice), and we imagine that Ms. Vaness's voice will soar here. The Philharmonic's Apollo will be Stravinsky's; and its Jupiter will be Mozart's—or rather, the Jupiter of the commentator who first heard Olympian strains in Mozart's last symphony.

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Avery Fisher Hall 875-5030; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for the Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949.)

CHRISTMAS MUSIC

NEW YORK CHORAL SOCIETY CHAMBER SINGERS—John Daly Goodwin directs the eighteen-voice ensemble in Christmas selections and Brahms' "Liebeslieder Waltzes," Op. 52 (with pianists Penna Rose and Paul Epstein); and Ms. Rose directs Poulenc's "Quatre Motets pour le Temps de Noël." (St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 50th St. Dec. 18 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

NEW YORK CITY GAY MEN'S CHORUS—Gary Miller directs works of a holiday orientation, including recent pieces by Conrad Susa and Robert Seeley. Also on the program is a work called "The Long Christmas Dinner: A Cantata for Two Gay Men, an Evangelist, and Male Chorus." "Evangelist" here refers not to a denizen of revival tents or airwaves, but rather to the narrator of Bach's Passions; and the cantata, as it turns out, consists of selections from Bach's choral masterpieces fitted with new words that tell the tale of Steven, who accompanies his lover, Roger, home for Christmas dinner, during which surprising discoveries are made. (Carnegie Hall. Dec. 18-19 at 8.)

AULOS ENSEMBLE—At the Medieval Sculpture Hall, Metropolitan Museum. Dec. 19 at 6:30 and 8:30: The period-instrument quintet presents Christmas concertos by Vivaldi and Michel Corrette and, with soprano Julianne Baird, a cantata by Alessandro Scarlatti, several Bach arias, and carols of the season. . . . ¶ Dec. 22 at 6:30 and 8:30: Performing chamber works by Telemann and Vivaldi. Members of the Riverside Choir (directed by John Walker) perform Bach's motet "Singet dem Herrn" and (with harpist Lynne Aspnes) Britten's "A Ceremony of Carols."

CATHEDRAL SINGERS OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE—Performing Gregorian chants, liturgical works, and traditional holiday favorites. (Winter Garden, World Financial Center, Battery Park City. Dec. 21 at 6:30. No tickets necessary.)

METROPOLITAN SINGERS/GREEK CHORAL SOCIETY—Dino Anagnost directs the choirs and the Little Orchestra Society in a candlelight concert that will include the American première of Mendelssohn's cantata "Von Himmel Hoch," a work which, after it was composed, in 1831, lay unnoticed until seven years ago, when it was unearthed in Berlin. Also on the program are works by Vivaldi (his "Winter" concerto from Op. 8, featuring violinist Juliette Kang), excerpts from Berlioz' "L'Enfance du Christ," and a "Suite on Byzantine Nativity Hymns" by Mr. Anagnost. (Holy Trinity Cathedral, 319 E. 74th St. Dec. 21 at 7. For information about tickets, call 704-2100.)

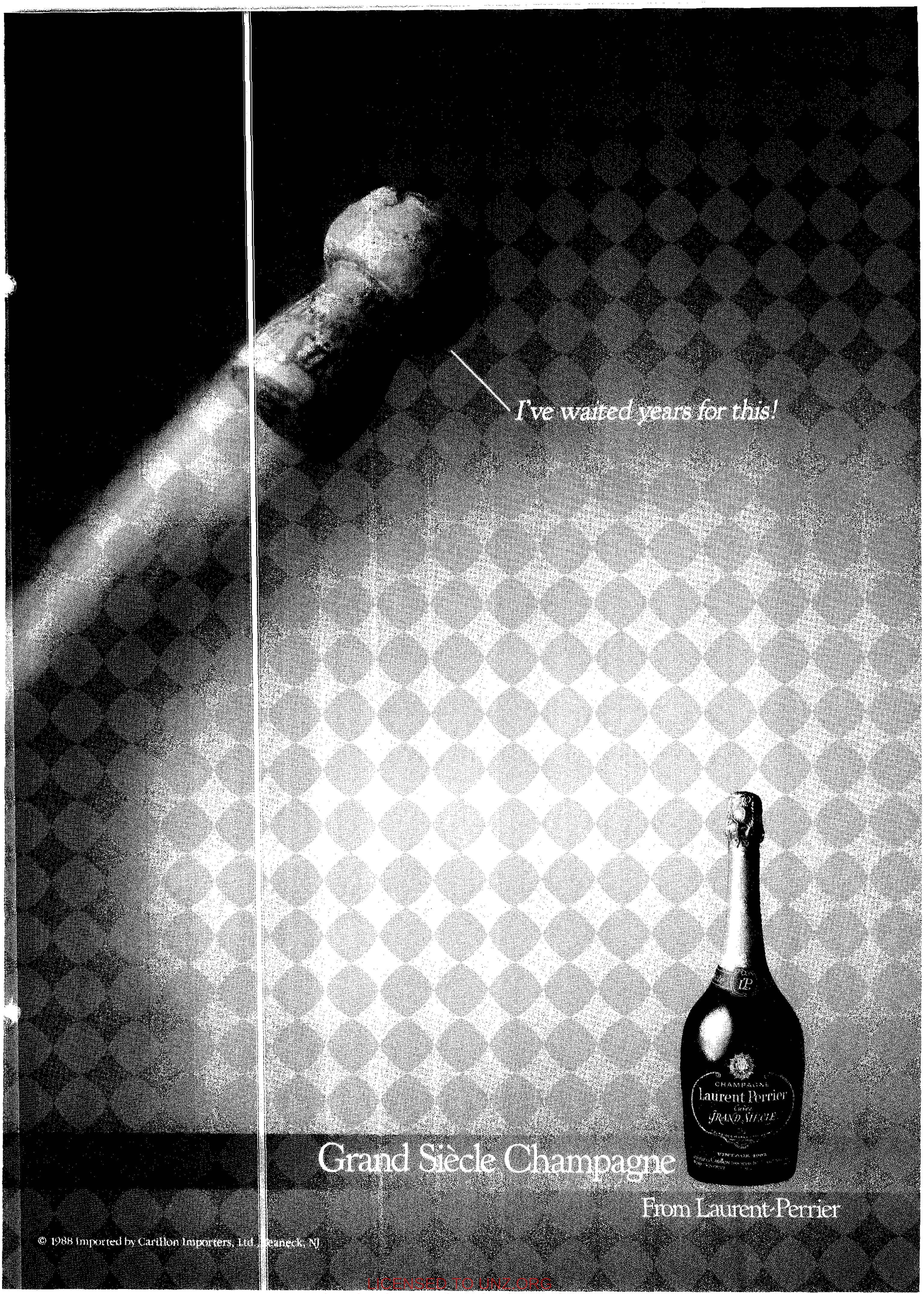
"AMAHL AND THE NIGHT VISITORS"—Dino Anagnost directs the Little Orchestra Society in a semi-staged presentation of Menotti's opera about the first Christmas. (Winter Garden, World Financial Center, Battery Park City. Dec. 22 at 3. No tickets necessary.)

BENEFIT STREET CHAMBER PLAYERS—Soprano Ellen Hargis joins the period-instrument quartet (which takes its name from the Rhode Island School of Design location where it first performed) in presenting seventeenth-century compositions—many on Advent and Christmas themes—by Monteverdi, Frescobaldi, Francesca Caccini, Buxtehude, Johann Rosenmüller, Johann Caspar Kerll, and others. Presented by Music Before 1800. (Corpus Christi Church, W. 121st St., just east of Broadway. 666-0675. Dec. 22 at 4.)

CHOIR OF THE CHURCH OF ST. LUKE IN-THE-FIELDS—David Shuler directs Britten's "A Ceremony of Carols" (with harpist Regina Christianson), Poulenc's "Quatre Motets pour le Temps de Noël," and (with the Fairfield Orchestra, playing period instruments) Marc-Antoine Charpentier's "Midnight Mass for Christmas Eve." (Church of St. Luke in-the-Fields, 487 Hudson St., at Grove St. 633-2167. Dec. 22 at 4.)

POMERIUM MUSICES AND THE BALTIMORE CONSORT—The singers and players, directed by Alexander Blachly, perform Christmas music from the Renaissance. (Medieval Sculpture Hall, Metropolitan Museum. Dec. 23 at 6:30 and 8:30.)

HANDEL'S "MESSIAH"—**WEST VILLAGE CHORALE:** Gwen Gould directs a sing-in. (Church of St. Luke


I've waited years for this!
CHAMPAGNE
Laurent Perrier
Cuvée
GRAND SIÈCLE
Grand Siècle Champagne
From Laurent-Perrier

© 1988 Imported by Carillon Importers, Ltd., Teaneck, NJ

MUSIC—Cont'd

in-the-Fields, 487 Hudson St., at Grove St. Dec. 16 at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.). . . **MUSICA VIVA:** Walter Klauss directs the chorus, orchestra, and audience in a sing-in. (All Souls Unitarian Church, Lexington Ave. at 80th St. Dec. 17 at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.). . . **MUSICA SACRA:** Directed by Richard Westenburg, with Jeanne Ommerlé (soprano), Derek Lee Ragin (countertenor), Vinson Cole (tenor), and David Arnold (baritone). (Carnegie Hall. Dec. 17 and Dec. 23 at 8.). . . **MASTERWORK CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA:** David Randolph directing, with various soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Dec. 21 at 2:30 and 8, and Dec. 22 at 2:30.)

CAROLLING—DICAPO OPERA THEATRE: Familiar carols as well as excerpts from Britten's "Saint Nicholas." (St. Jean Baptiste Church, Lexington Ave. at 76th St. Dec. 18 at 7. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.). . . **WEST VILLAGE CHORALE,** plus you (dressed warmly). Kazoos will be provided for adamant non-singers. (Leaving from the Church of St. Luke in-the-Fields, 487 Hudson St., at Grove St. Dec. 20 at 7. No tickets necessary.). . . **NEW ENGLAND SYMPHONIC ENSEMBLE** and **ATLANTIC UNION COLLEGIATE CHOIR:** John Rutter directs the ensembles and audience in his own carol arrangements. (St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 50th St. Dec. 20 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.). . . **CHORISTERS OF THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE:** In addition to an audience sing-in, Johnson Flucker directs the youth choir in concert settings of seasonal carols. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Dec. 22 at 3:30. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—AIDA, with Priscilla Baskerville, Stefania Toczyska, Lando Bartolini, and James Morris; conducted by Rico Saccani. (Dec. 16 at 8.). . .With Leona Mitchell, Stefania Toczyska, Lando Bartolini, and James Morris; Rico Saccani. (Dec. 20 at 8 and Dec. 24 at 7.). . . **IDOMENEO,** with Carol Vaness, Dawn Upshaw, Susanne Mentzer, Ben Heppner, and Peter Kazaras; James Levine. (Dec. 17 at 8 and Dec. 21 at 1.). . . **DIE ENTFÜHRUNG AUS DEM SERAIL,** with Marilyn Mims, Barbara Kilduff, Richard Croft, Anthony Laciura, and Matti Salminen; Richard Woitach. (Dec. 18 and Dec. 21 at 8.). . . **THE GHOSTS OF VERSAILLES,** the première of the first new American opera to be presented by the company in twenty-five years; with music by John Corigliano and a libretto by William M. Hoffman. The large cast includes Teresa Stratas, Marilyn Horne, Graham Clark, Gino Quilico, Håkan Hagegård, Tracy Dahl, Renée Fleming, Neil Rosenshein, and Peter Kazaras; James Levine. (Dec. 19 and Dec. 23 at 8.) (Metropolitan Opera House.)

AMATO OPERA COMPANY—Presenting "La Bohème." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Dec. 20-21 at 7:30.)

AMERICAN CHAMBER OPERA COMPANY—Douglas Anderson conducts a staged double-bill of Menotti's "The Medium" and "The Telephone." (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. Dec. 20-21 at 8 and Dec. 22 at 3.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Erich Leinsdorf conducts Mozart's Symphony No. 41 (the "Jupiter") and Six German Dances (K. 509), Stravinsky's "Apollo" (the 1947 revision of his "Apollon Musagète," which had appeared twenty years before), and scenes from Strauss's "Daphne," featuring soprano Carol Vaness. (Avery Fisher Hall. Dec. 19-21 at 8.)

MANHATTAN CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Richard Auldon Clark conducts Sibelius's Second Symphony, Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" (with pianist Eric Weg), and a new work by Jeffrey Baker. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Dec. 18 at 8.)

NEW YORK CHAMBER SYMPHONY—Gerard Schwarz conducts Mendelssohn's Symphony No. 4 and an arrangement by Britten of the second movement of Mahler's Third Symphony. Itzhak Perlman is the soloist in Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto and in the première of "Three American Pieces," by Lukas Foss. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. Dec. 18-19 at 8.)

ST. CECILIA CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA—David Randolph directs Handel's "Dixit Dominus" and Haydn's "St. Cecilia Mass." (Carnegie Hall. Dec. 20 at 8.)

Jazz bassist Israel (Cachao) Lopez

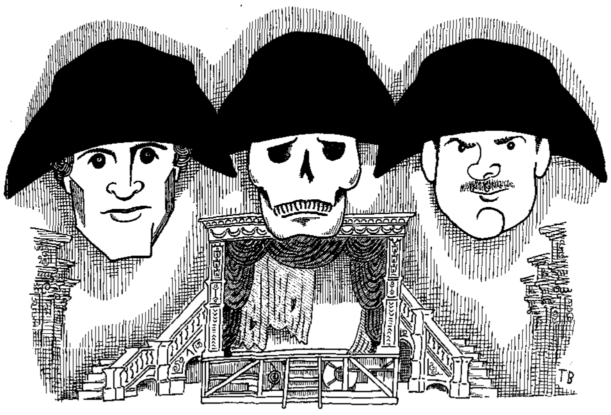
NEW YORK STRING ORCHESTRA—Alexander Schneider conducts a Christmas Eve concert consisting of Bach's Third "Brandenburg" Concerto, Johann Strauss's "Emperor" Waltz, and a reconstruction of Mozart's Symphonie Concertante for Solo Flute, Oboe, Bassoon, and Horn (K. Anh. 9). (Carnegie Hall. Dec. 24 at midnight.)

RECITALS

ANDRÉ WATTS—The pianist performs works by Mozart, Schubert, Chopin, Liszt (his "Csárdás Macabre" and "Vier Kleine Klavierstücke"), and Debussy (his "Children's Corner" suite), as well as Beethoven's "Thirty-two Variations in C Minor," WoO 80. (Carnegie Hall. Dec. 16 at 8.)

HAROLD STOVER—To mark the end of his twenty-four-year tenure at Second Presbyterian Church, the organist performs works by Bach, Jean-François Dandrieu, Brahms, and Widor, as well as his own "Five Preludes on American Folk Hymns." (6 W. 96th St. Dec. 16 at 8. Admission by contribution.)

LAUREN WAGNER—Soprano, assisted by pianist Frederick Weldy, performs songs by Brahms, Wolf, Ives, Paul Bowles, and others (including the première of "Metropolitan Tower," a setting by Lori Laitman of a poem by Sara Teasdale). Presented by Joy in Singing. (Merkin Concert Hall. Dec. 16 at 8.)



John Corigliano and William M. Hoffman, composer and librettist of "The Ghosts of Versailles," at the Met

SEMYON FRIDMAN—Cellist, performing chamber music by (among others) Chopin, Kodály, and Menotti (his Suite for Two Cellos and Piano); with pianist Jon Klibonoff, violinist Mitchell Stern, and cellist Evan Drachman. (Merkin Concert Hall. Dec. 17 at 2.)

TISCH CENTER FOR THE ARTS CELEBRATION—To toast the endowment and renaming of its arts center, the 92nd Street Y presents an inter-arts program that includes the Kalichstein-Laredo-Robinson Trio playing the last four movements from Dvořák's "Dumky" Trio, the Modern Jazz Quartet performing jazz classics, soprano Maureen McGovern singing songs of Gershwin, and actress Irene Worth reading works by writers who have appeared at the Y's Poetry Center in the course of its fifty-two-year history. A benefit concert. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. Dec. 17 at 7:30.)

CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER—The ensemble presents works by Johann Friedrich Fasch, Vivaldi, Bach, Mozart, Debussy, and Strauss; with soprano Lisa Saffer. (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. Dec. 17 at 7:30.)

EUGENIA ZUCKERMAN, BEVERLY HOCH, AND ANTHONY NEWMAN—The flutist, the soprano, and the harpsichordist perform works by Bach and Handel. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Dec. 18 at 6. For information about tickets, call 930-0571.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY IN ROME CONCERTS—Featuring works by Elliott Carter, David Diamond, and Richard Trythall, who will all be present to discuss their works. (Paul Recital Hall, Juilliard School, 60 Lincoln Center Plaza. Dec. 18 at 8. For information about tickets, call 517-4200.)

BARGEMUSIC—A traversal of Bach's six "Brandenburg" Concertos, mostly with one player per part, has become an annual two-week festival at New York's floating concert hall. This installment features the first, second, and fourth of the set. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. Dec. 19 and Dec. 24 at 7:30.)

MENDELSSOHN STRING QUARTET—Performing Tchaikovsky's Quartet No. 1, Ginastera's Quartet No. 2, and Joaquín Turina's "La Oración del Torero." (Merkin Concert Hall. Dec. 19 at 8.)

SCOTT ST. JOHN—Violinist, performing a "cookies-and-tea concert" that includes music by Bach and Grieg (his Third Violin Sonata); with pianist Robert Koenig. (Hotel Wales, 1295 Madison Ave., at 92nd St. Dec. 20 at 5. No tickets necessary.)

RUTH LAREDO—The pianist plays and discusses music by Tchaikovsky; assisted by violinist Carmit Zori and cellist Julia Lichten. (Metropolitan Museum. Dec. 20 at 7.)

DOUBLE EDGE—The piano duo of Nurit Tilles and Edmund Niemann performs "The Decertified Highway of Dreams" (written for them earlier this year by Blue Gene Tyranny), "Tonk" (transcribed from the 1940 recording of the piece's collaborative creation by Duke Ellington and Billy Strayhorn), and works by Messiaen and Steve Reich. Also on the program is Brahms' Sonata in F-Minor, for two pianos (Op. 34b), the original version of the work that would enter the repertoire in the composer's expanded version, for piano quintet. (Steinway Hall, 109 W. 57th St. Dec. 21 at 5. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 246-1100.)

JAZZ/POP/ROCK PERSONAL APPEARANCES

METALLICA—These black-clad guys' grim and unrelieved seriousness sometimes seems just as ridiculous as big hair and spandex, but more often than not the band accomplishes a genuinely cathartic feat: even as their lyrics rail against psychological claustrophobia and the terrors of limitation, their thunderous music blows it all to smithereens. (Nassau Coliseum. 1-516 794-9300. Dec. 18-20 at 8.)

LLOYD COLE—He hasn't forgotten much since his early days with the Commotions: on his latest album, "Don't Get Weird on Me, Babe," Lloyd Cole is still writing dirty love songs to the girls he's left behind, and he's still looking for the well-read rock fan. His new record, if it gets heard, may help him achieve here the popularity that he enjoys in England. His spot-the-reference lyrics and peeved-young-man stance make him the perfect moody college-rock star. Although nothing on his latest record approaches the woman-baiting heights of last year's "I Hate to See You Baby Doing That Stuff," his latest single, "She's a Girl and I'm a Man," is in the great you're-stupid-but-I-love-you-anyway vein that the Stones, say, have mined so well. But in spirit Cole is no Jagger. Blistering sentiment runs through his songs. (Academy Theatre, 234 W. 43rd St. 307-7171. Dec. 21 at 8.)

Evan Matthews and Virginia Sandifur—In a benefit concert. (Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Dec. 17 at 10:30.)

Richie Havens—American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. 769-5606. Dec. 19 at 7.

"Out of Africa!"—Odadaa, Papa Susso, Thuli Dumakude & Tu Nokwe, and Hassan and Said Hakmoun. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Dec. 19 at 8.)

"Worlds of Folk Arts"—Cherish the Ladies, John Dee Holeman, Santiago Jimenez, and Shashmaqam. (Equitable Center Auditorium, Seventh Ave. at 51st St. Dec. 19 at 8. For information about tickets, call 691-9510.)

Israel (Cachao) Lopez—With his Cuban Mambo Orchestra. (Lehman Center for the Performing Arts, the Bronx. 960-8833. Dec. 20 at 8. . . . ¶ Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. Dec. 21 at 8.)

Mob of Angels—Featuring Steve Gorn. (St. Ann's Church, 157 Montague St., Brooklyn. 1-718 858-2424. Dec. 21 at 8.)

Clarence Fountain and the Five Blind Boys of Alabama—With the Mighty Sons of Glory. (Symphony Space. Dec. 21 at 8.)

Inkhay—Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Dec. 21 at 8.

George Winston—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-5030. Dec. 23 at 7:30. . . . **Note:** Concertgoers are encouraged to bring a donation of canned food for the Food for Survival Food Bank.

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

Giants—Vs. the Houston Oilers, Dec. 21 at 12:30.

Rangers—Vs. the San Jose Sharks, Dec. 16 . . . ¶ Vs. the Philadelphia Flyers, Dec. 18 . . . ¶ Vs. the Devils, Dec. 23. (Game time, 7:30.)

Islanders—Vs. the Pittsburgh Penguins, Dec. 23 at 7:30.

Devils—Vs. the Chicago Black Hawks, Dec. 21 at 7:35.

Knicks—Vs. the Nets, Dec. 17. . . . ¶ Vs. the Utah Jazz, Dec. 21. (Game time, 7:30.)

Nets—Vs. the Cleveland Cavaliers, Dec. 18 . . . ¶ Vs. the Chicago Bulls, Dec. 20. . . . ¶ Vs. the Atlanta Hawks, Dec. 23. (Game time, 7:30.) (The Giants play at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, 1-201 935-8111; the Rangers and the Knicks at Madison Square Garden, 465-6000; the Islanders at the Nassau Coliseum, 1-516 794-9300; and the Devils and the Nets at the Meadowlands Arena, 1-201 935-3900.)

RACING

Horses—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays and Christmas, at 12:30. . . . **Trotting** at Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights, except Christmas, at 8, and Tuesdays at 1.

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Solstice—The good news is that, on December 22, at 3:54 A.M., the days start getting longer. The bad news is that winter begins at the same moment. In honor of the occasion, and the mixed emotions it inspires, the people at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine are throwing three concert-cum-party events designed to touch the pagan in all of us. Attractions include performances by the Paul Winter Consort and Noirin Ni Riain, an enormous earth ball, a humongous tam-tam, and a giant sculpture resembling a tree. (Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. Dec. 19-20 at 8 and Dec. 21 at 2 and 8.)

Ornaments—On view at the Gotham Book Mart (41 W. 47th St.), for the fifteenth year running, is a Christmas tree decorated all over with antique ornaments. Mondays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Sundays, noon to 5. Through Jan. 4.

Readings—Dec. 18 at 12:15 and 1:15: Lauren Bacall reads "How the Grinch Stole Christmas." (Mezzanine, 1 World Trade Center. No tickets necessary.). . . ¶ Dec. 18 at 8: Jon Swan and others read from Mozart's letters. (Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. 439-8707.). . .¶ Dec. 22 at 8: Joseph Brodsky, Anthony Hecht, and Mona Van Duyn read from their own poetry. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440.)

HIRSCHFELD 5

ADVICE AND DISSENT

They're contentious and contagious. They're the McLaughlin Group. (clockwise from left) Jack Germond, Eleanor Clift, John McLaughlin, Fred Barnes, Morton Kondracke, and Pat Buchanan.
Made possible by a grant from GE.

THE McLAUGHLIN GROUP
Check your local listing for station and time.

GE
We bring good things to life.

JAEGER-LECOULTRE

ODYSSEUS
Moonphase chronograph calendar watch combining traditional Swiss handcraftsmanship with advanced computer design technology. Very slim, superbly accurate, individually numbered masterpiece in 18K yellow and pink gold.
His $7,850. Hers $6,250.

TOURNEAU CORNER®
NEW YORK
BAL HARBOUR-GENEVA

MADISON AVE. & 52ND ST. MADISON AVE. & 59TH ST. SEVENTH AVE. & 34TH ST. BAL HARBOUR SHOPS/FLORIDA
MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED (212) 758-6234/1-800-348-3332.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25			

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 22.

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "Black Robe" (†).
Theatre 2: "Prospero's Books" (directed by Peter Greenaway), with John Gielgud.
Theatre 3: "My Father Is Coming" (Monika Treut; in English and German).
Theatre 4: "My Own Private Idaho" (†).
Theatre 5: Through Dec. 24: "Convicts" (Peter Masterson), with Robert Duvall, Lukas Haas, and James Earl Jones. From Dec. 25: "Until the End of the World" (Wim Wenders), with William Hurt.
Theatre 6: Through Dec. 24: "Life Is Sweet" (†). From Dec. 25: "Madame Bovary" (Claude Chabrol; in French), with Isabelle Huppert.

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
Through Dec. 19: "Duelle" (1975, Jacques Rivette; in French), with Bulle Ogier and Juliet Berto; and "Noroit" (1976, Rivette; in French), with Geraldine Chaplin and Bernadette Lafont.
From Dec. 20: " . . . And the Winners Are: The Tom and Jerry Festival," ten cartoons featuring Tom and Jerry; and "Barocco" (1976, André Téchiné; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Isabelle Adjani.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "The Last Boy Scout" (Tony Scott), with Bruce Willis and Damon Wayans.
Theatre 2: "Hook" (Steven Spielberg), with Robin Williams, Dustin Hoffman, Julia Roberts, and Bob Hoskins.
Theatre 3: "Hook."

Loews Village Theatre VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th. (982-0400)
Theatre 1: "Frankie & Johnny" (Garry Marshall), with Al Pacino and Michelle Pfeiffer.
Theatre 2: "Meeting Venus" (István Szabó), with Glenn Close and Niels Arestrup.
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 19: (Matinées only) "All I Want for Christmas" "All I Want for Christmas" (Robert Lieberman); and (evenings only) "Strictly Business" (†). From Feb. 20: "High Heels" (Pedro Almodóvar; in Spanish).
Theatre 4: Through Dec. 24: "The Fisher King" (Terry Gilliam), with Robin Williams and Jeff Bridges. From Dec. 25: "The Prince of Tides" (Barbra Streisand), with Streisand, Nick Nolte, and Blythe Danner.
Theatre 5: Through Dec. 19: "Other People's Money" (Norman Jewison), with Danny DeVito. From Dec. 20: "Bugsy" (Barry Levinson), with Warren Beatty and Annette Bening.
Theatre 6: "Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country" (†).
Theatre 7: Through Dec. 19: "Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country" (†). From Dec. 20: "JFK" (Oliver Stone), with Kevin Costner.

Cinema Village 12th Street, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Dec. 19: "The Wages of Fear" (1953, Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French).
From Dec. 20: To be announced.

Village East Cinemas, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (529-6799)
Theatre 1: "Homicide" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 21: "Little Man Tate" (Jodie Foster), with Foster and Adam Hann-Byrd. From Dec. 22: "Rush" (Lili Fini Zanuck), with Jason Patric, Jennifer Jason Leigh, and Sam Elliott.
Theatre 3: "Young Soul Rebels" (Isaac Julien).
Theatre 4: Through Dec. 21: "La Belle Noiseuse" (Jacques Rivette, in French). From Dec. 22: "Rush."
Theatre 5: Through Dec. 19: "Antonia and Jane" (Beeban Kidron). From Dec. 20: "Father of the Bride" (Charles Shyer), with Steve Martin and Diane Keaton.
Theatre 6: "Beauty and the Beast" (†).
Theatre 7: "The Man in the Moon" (Robert Mulligan), with Sam Waterston.

Loews 19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: "Hook" (Steven Spielberg), with Robin Williams, Dustin Hoffman, Julia Roberts, and Bob Hoskins.
Theatre 2: "The Addams Family" (†).
Theatre 3: "My Girl" (Howard Zieff), with Dan Aykroyd, Jamie Lee Curtis, Macaulay Culkin, and Anna Chlumsky.
Theatre 4: "The Last Boy Scout" (Tony Scott), with Bruce Willis and Damon Wayans.
Theatre 5: "Hook."
Theatre 6: "The Addams Family" (†).

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Dec. 19: "The Commitments" (Alan Parker).
From Dec. 20: "Father of the Bride" (Charles Shyer), with Steve Martin and Diane Keaton.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Cape Fear" (†).

Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)
Theatre 1: "The Man in the Moon" (Robert Mulligan), with Sam Waterston.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 19: "Billy Bathgate" (Robert Benton), with Dustin Hoffman. From Dec. 20: "Bugsy" (Barry Levinson), with Warren Beatty and Annette Bening.
Theatre 3: "Beauty and the Beast" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Dec. 19: "The Fisher King" (Terry Gilliam), with Robin Williams and Jeff Bridges. From Dec. 20: "Bugsy."

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "The Addams Family" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Last Boy Scout" (Tony Scott), with Bruce Willis and Damon Wayans.
Theatre 3: "Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Dec. 24: "Other People's Money" (Norman Jewison), with Danny DeVito.
From Dec. 25: "The Prince of Tides" (Barbra Streisand), with Streisand and Nick Nolte.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Fisher King" (Terry Gilliam), with Robin Williams and Jeff Bridges.

Sutton 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 19: "Frankie & Johnny" (Garry Marshall), with Al Pacino and Michelle Pfeiffer. From Dec. 20: "Father of the Bride" (Charles Shyer), with Steve Martin and Diane Keaton.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 19: "Homicide" (†). From Dec. 20: "Father of the Bride."

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through Dec. 24: "29th Street" (George Gallo), with Danny Aiello, Anthony LaPaglia, and Lainie Kazan.
From Dec. 25: "Grand Canyon" (Lawrence Kasdan), with Kevin Kline.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Let Him Have It" (Peter Medak).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Cape Fear" (†).
Theatre 2: "Cape Fear" (†).

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"My Own Private Idaho" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Hook" (Steven Spielberg), with Robin Williams, Dustin Hoffman, Julia Roberts, and Bob Hoskins.
Theatre 2: "Hook."

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 21: "Beauty and the Beast" (†). From Dec. 22: "Rush" (Lili Fini Zanuck), with Jason Patric, Jennifer Jason Leigh, and Sam Elliott.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 21: "Prospero's Books" (Peter Greenaway), with John Gielgud. From Dec. 22: "Beauty and the Beast" (†).
Theatre 3: "Overseas" (Brigitte Roüan; in French).

First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd. (752-4600)
Theatre 1: "My Girl" (Howard Zieff), with Dan Aykroyd, Jamie Lee Curtis, Macaulay Culkin, and Anna Chlumsky.
Theatre 2: "Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country" (†).
Theatre 3: "For the Boys" (†).
Theatre 4: "For the Boys" (†).
Theatre 5: (Matinées only) "An American Tail: Fievel Goes West" (Phil Nibbelink and Simon Wells), an animated film; and (evenings only) "My Girl."
Theatre 6: "Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country" (†).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Bugsy" (Barry Levinson), with Warren Beatty and Annette Bening.
Theatre 2: "The Last Boy Scout" (Tony Scott), with Bruce Willis and Damon Wayans.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"At Play in the Fields of the Lord" (†).

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "The Addams Family" (†).
Theatre 2: Dec. 16-17: Theatre closed. Dec. 18: "Little Man Tate" (Jodie Foster), with Foster and Adam Hann-Byrd. Dec. 19: Theatre closed. Dec. 20-24: "Little Man Tate." From Dec. 25: "The Prince of Tides" (Barbra Streisand), with Streisand, Nick Nolte, and Blythe Danner.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Black Robe" (†).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through Dec. 18: "Other People's Money" (Norman Jewison), with Danny DeVito.
Dec. 19: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 20: "JFK" (Oliver Stone), with Kevin Costner.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country" (†).

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "Cape Fear" (†).
Theatre 2: "An American Tail: Fievel Goes West" (Phil Nibbelink and Simon Wells), an animated film.

Loews Orpheum VII, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (876-2400)
Theatre 1: "My Girl" (Howard Zieff), with Dan Aykroyd, Jamie Lee Curtis, Macaulay Culkin, and Anna Chlumsky.
Theatre 2: "The Last Boy Scout" (Tony Scott), with Bruce Willis and Damon Wayans.
Theatre 3: "Hook" (Steven Spielberg), with Robin Williams, Dustin Hoffman, Julia Roberts, and Bob Hoskins.
Theatre 4: Through Dec. 19: "Hook." From Dec. 20: "Bugsy" (Barry Levinson), with Warren Beatty and Annette Bening.
Theatre 5: Through Dec. 24: "The Last Boy Scout." From Dec. 25: "The Prince of Tides" (Barbra Streisand), with Streisand, Nick Nolte, and Blythe Danner.
Theatre 6: "The Addams Family" (†).
Theatre 7: "The Addams Family" (†).

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Beauty and the Beast" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 19: "Frankie & Johnny" (Garry Marshall), with Al Pacino and Michelle Pfeiffer. From Dec. 20: "Father of the Bride" (Charles Shyer), with Steve Martin and Diane Keaton.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 17: "Pin" (1988, directed by Sandor Stern), with David Hewlett, Cyndy Preston, and Terry O'Quinn. From Dec. 18: "Testimony" (1988, Tony Palmer), with Ben Kingsley.
Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 3: "Hearts of Darkness: A Filmmaker's Apocalypse" (†).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "My Girl" (Howard Zieff), with Dan Aykroyd, Jamie Lee Curtis, Macaulay Culkin, and Anna Chlumsky.
Theatre 2: "The Addams Family" (†).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Cape Fear" (†).
Theatre 2: "For the Boys" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 19: "Rambling Rose" (†). From Dec. 20: "Ted & Venus" (Bud Cort), with Cort.
Theatre 2: "Exposure" (Walter Salles), with Amanda Pays, Peter Coyote, and Tcheky Karyo.
Theatre 3: "City of Hope" (†).

Theatre 4: "Overseas" (Brigitte Roüan; in French).

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "At Play in the Fields of the Lord" (†).
Theatre 2: "Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country" (†).
Theatre 3: "Cape Fear" (†).
Theatre 4: "Beauty and the Beast" (†).
Theatre 5: Through Dec. 19: "Beauty and the Beast" (†). From Dec. 20: "JFK" (Oliver Stone), with Kevin Costner.
Theatre 6: "My Own Private Idaho" (†).
Theatre 7: Through Dec. 19: "Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country" (†). From Dec. 20: "Bugsy" (Barry Levinson), with Warren Beatty and Annette Bening.
Theatre 8: "For the Boys" (†).
Theatre 9: Through Dec. 24: "Cape Fear" (†). From Dec. 25: "The Prince of Tides" (Barbra Streisand), with Streisand, Nick Nolte, and Blythe Danner.

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Strictly Business" (†).
Theatre 2: "An American Tail: Fievel Goes West" (Phil Nibbelink and Simon Wells), an animated film.
Theatre 3: "The People Under the Stairs" (Wes Craven).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Beauty and the Beast" (†).

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "An American Tail: Fievel Goes West" (Phil Nibbelink and Simon Wells), an animated film.
Theatre 2: "Rambling Rose" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Fisher King" (Terry Gilliam), with Robin Williams and Jeff Bridges.
Theatre 4: "Frankie & Johnny" (Garry Marshall), with Al Pacino and Michelle Pfeiffer.
Theatre 5: "The People Under the Stairs" (Wes Craven).
Theatre 6: "Other People's Money" (Norman Jewison), with Danny DeVito.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"For the Boys" (†).

Loews Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"The Man in the Moon" (Robert Mulligan), with Sam Waterston.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through Dec. 18: Theatre temporarily closed.
From Dec. 19: "Little Man Tate" (Jodie Foster), with Foster and Adam Hann-Byrd.

Carnegie Hall Cinemas, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 24: "Barton Fink" (†). From Dec. 25: "Madame Bovary" (Claude Chabrol; in French), with Isabelle Huppert.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 24: "Homicide" (†). From Dec. 25: "Madame Bovary."

Loews Fine Arts, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)
"Meeting Venus" (István Szabó), with Glenn Close and Niels Arestrup.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Rambling Rose" (†).

Loews Columbus Circle, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Dec. 19: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 20: "JFK" (Oliver Stone), with Kevin Costner.

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
Through Dec. 24: "Beauty and the Beast" (†).
From Dec. 25: "The Prince of Tides" (Barbra Streisand), with Streisand and Nick Nolte.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 19: "City of Hope" (†). From Dec. 20: "Rhapsody in August" (Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Richard Gere.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 19: "Europa Europa" (†). From Dec. 20: "High Heels" (Pedro Almodóvar; in Spanish).
Theatre 3: "The Double Life of Véronique" (Krzysztof Kieslowski, in French and Polish), with Irène Jacob and Philippe Volter.

Beacon, B'way at 74th. (496-7070)
"At the Max" (Julien Temple), a concert film of the Rolling Stones.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Cape Fear" (†).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Last Boy Scout" (Tony Scott), with Bruce Willis and Damon Wayans.
Theatre 3: "My Girl" (Howard Zieff), with Dan Aykroyd, Jamie Lee Curtis, Macaulay Culkin, and Anna Chlumsky.
Theatre 4: "The Addams Family" (†).
Theatre 5: "Hook" (Steven Spielberg), with Robin Williams, Dustin Hoffman, Julia Roberts, and Bob Hoskins.
Theatre 6: "Bugsy" (Barry Levinson), with Warren Beatty and Annette Bening.

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Black Robe" (†).
Theatre 2: "An American Tail: Fievel Goes West" (Phil Nibbelink and Simon Wells), an animated film.

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 19: "The Fisher King" (Terry Gilliam), with Robin Williams and Jeff Bridges. From Dec. 20: "Father of the Bride" (Charles Shyer), with Steve Martin, Diane Keaton, and Martin Short.
Theatre 2: "Strictly Business" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Hook" (directed by Steven Spielberg), with Robin Williams, Dustin Hoffman, Julia Roberts, and Bob Hoskins.
Theatre 2: "Hook."
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 19: "Hook." From Dec. 20: "Bugsy" (Barry Levinson), with Warren Beatty and Annette Bening.
Theatre 4: Through Dec. 21: "Ricochet" (Russell Mulcahy), with Denzel Washington and John Lithgow. From Dec. 22: "Rush" (Lili Fini Zanuck), with Jason Patric, Jennifer Jason Leigh, and Sam Elliott.
Theatre 5: "The Last Boy Scout" (Tony Scott), with Bruce Willis and Damon Wayans.
Theatre 6: Through Dec. 21: "Strictly Business" (†). From Dec. 22: "Rush."
Theatre 7: "The Last Boy Scout."

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
Through Dec. 19: "My Girl" (Howard Zieff), with Dan Aykroyd, Jamie Lee Curtis, Macaulay Culkin, and Anna Chlumsky.
From Dec. 20: "Father of the Bride" (Charles Shyer), with Steve Martin, Diane Keaton, and Martin Short.

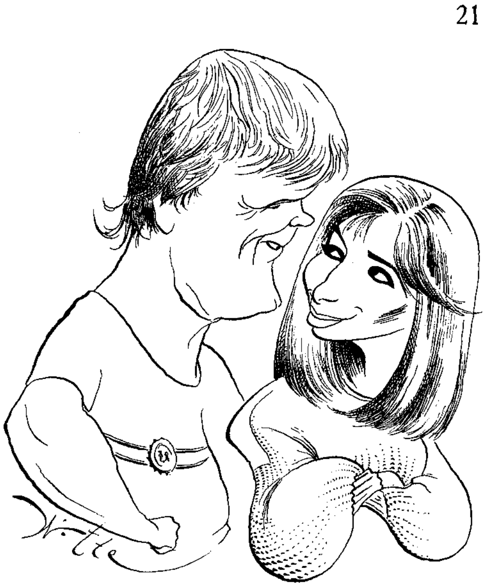
Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 1: "Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country" (†).
Theatre 2: "Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 19: "Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country" (†). From Dec. 20: "My Girl" (Howard Zieff), with Dan Aykroyd, Jamie Lee Curtis, Macaulay Culkin, and Anna Chlumsky.

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"The Addams Family" (†).

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Cape Fear" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 24: "An American Tail: Fievel Goes West" (Phil Nibbelink and Simon Wells), an animated film. From Dec. 25: "The Prince of Tides" (Barbra Streisand), with Streisand and Nick Nolte.

REVIVAL HOUSES

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
Through Dec. 17: "Akira Kurosawa's Dreams" (1990, directed by Kurosawa; in Japanese); and "Throne of Blood" (1947, Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.
Dec. 18-19: "Rashomon" (1951, Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune, Machiko Kyo, Masayuki Mori, and Takashi Shimura; and "Dodes'ka-den" (1971, Kurosawa; in Japanese).
Dec. 20: "La Femme Infidèle" (1969, Claude Chabrol; in French), with Stéphane Audran, Michel Bouquet, Michel Duchaussoy, and Maurice Ronet; and "This Man Must Die" (1969, Chabrol; in French), with Duchaussoy and Jean Yanne.
Dec. 21: "Le Boucher" (†); and "Une Partie de Plaisir" (1974, Claude Chabrol; in French).
Dec. 22-23: "Story of Women" (1989, Claude Chabrol; in French), with Isabelle Huppert; and "The Cousins" (†).
Dec. 24: "Ophélia" (1962, Claude Chabrol; in French), with André Jocelyn and Juliette Mayniel; and "Wedding in Blood" (1974, Chabrol; in French), with Stéphane Audran and Michel Piccoli.
Dec. 25: "Just Before Nightfall" (1971, Claude Chabrol; in French), with Michel Bouquet, Stéphane Audran, and François Périer; and "The Horse of Pride" (1980, Chabrol; in French).



Nick Nolte and Barbra Streisand in "The Prince of Tides"

Film Forum 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Through Dec. 17: "Pigs and Battleships" (1961, Shohei Imamura; in Japanese), with Hiroyuki Nagato; and "The Pornographers" (1966, Imamura; in Japanese).
Dec. 18-19: "Frida" (1984, Paul Leduc; a Mexican film, in Spanish); and "The Hour of the Star" (1985, Suzana Amaral; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese).
Dec. 20-22: "Pierrot le Fou" (1965, Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Anna Karina; and "A Woman Is a Woman" (1961, Godard; in French), with Karina, Belmondo, and Jean-Claude Brialy.
Dec. 23-24: "The Apartment" (1960, Billy Wilder), with Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine, and Fred MacMurray; and "Some Like It Hot" (1959, Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis, and Jack Lemmon.
From Dec. 25: "Sherlock Jr." (1924, Buster Keaton; silent), with Keaton; and "The Navigator" (1924, Keaton and Donald Crisp; silent), with Keaton and Kathryn McGuire.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Dec. 17: "The Trip to Bountiful" (1985, Peter Masterson), with Geraldine Page, John Heart, Carlin Glynn, Rebecca DeMornay, and Richard Bradford; and "Cross Creek" (1983, Martin Ritt), with Mary Steenburgen.
Dec. 18: "It's a Wonderful Life" (1946, Frank Capra), with James Stewart, Donna Reed, Lionel Barrymore, Gloria Grahame, Thomas Mitchell, and Henry Travers; and "A Christmas Story" (1953, Bob Clark), with Melinda Dillon and Darren McGavin.
Dec. 19: "Topaz" (1969, Alfred Hitchcock), with Frederick Stafford; and "Torn Curtain" (1966, Hitchcock), with Paul Newman and Julie Andrews.
Dec. 20-21: "Midnight Cowboy" (1969, John Schlesinger), with Dustin Hoffman, Jon Voight, and Brenda Vaccaro; and "The Graduate" (1967, Mike Nichols), with Anne Bancroft, Hoffman, Katharine Ross, William Daniels, Elizabeth Wilson, and Murray Hamilton.
Dec. 22: "The Fountainhead" (1949, King Vidor), with Gary Cooper, Patricia Neal, and Raymond Massey; and "The V.I.P.s" (1963, Anthony Asquith), with Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Maggie Smith, Orson Welles, Margaret Rutherford, Linda Christian, Louis Jourdan, and Rod Taylor.
Dec. 23: "Vampyr" (1932, Carl Dreyer, in German), with Julian West; and "Day of Wrath" (†).
Dec. 24: Theatre closed.
Dec. 25: "Funny Face" (1957, Stanley Donen), with Audrey Hepburn, Fred Astaire, Kay Thompson, and Michel Auclair; and "Sabrina" (1954, Billy Wilder), with Humphrey Bogart, Hepburn, William Holden, and John Williams.

Walter Reade Theatre, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600)—Dec. 17 at 2 and Dec. 19 at 4:30: "Jour de Fête" (1950, Jacque Tati), with Tati. . . . ¶ Dec. 17 at 4:15: "Heat Wave" (1991, Giovanna Gagliardo;

MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

in Italian).... ¶ Dec. 17 at 6:30 and Dec. 18 at 2: "The Peaceful Air of the West" (1990, Silvio Soldini; in Italian).... ¶ Dec. 17 at 9 and Dec. 18 at 4:15: "Targets" (1968, Peter Bogdanovich), with Tim O'Kelly and Boris Karloff.... ¶ Dec. 18 at 6:45 and Dec. 20 at 2: "The Boy with Green Hair" (1949, Joseph Losey), with Pat O'Brien, Dean Stockwell, Robert Ryan, and Barbara Hale.... ¶ Dec. 18 at 9 and Dec. 19 at 2: "Street Boys" (1990, Marco Risi; in Italian).... ¶ Dec. 20 at 4:15 and Dec. 21 at 2: "The Blue Angel" (1929, Josef von Sternberg; in German), with Marlene Dietrich, Emil Jannings, and Hans Albers.... ¶ Dec. 20 at 6: "Marlene" (1986, Maximilian Schell), a documentary.... ¶ Dec. 20 at 8: "The Dybbuk" (1938, Machael Waszynski; in Yiddish).... ¶ Dec. 21 at 4: "The Pawnbroker" (†).... ¶ Dec. 21 at 8 and Dec. 22 at 4:15: "Permanent Vacation" (1980, Jim Jarmusch).... ¶ Dec. 21 at 9:45 and Dec. 22 at 6:15: "Bleak Moments" (1971, Mike Leigh).... ¶ Dec. 22 at 2 and Dec. 23 at 8: "Morocco" (1930, von Sternberg), with Dietrich and Gary Cooper.... ¶ Dec. 22 at 8:30 and Dec. 23 at 4:15: "Black Girl" (1969, Ousmane Sembène; in French).... ¶ Dec. 23 at 2 and Dec. 24 at 6:30: "Dishonored" (1931, von Sternberg), with Dietrich and Victor McLaglen.... ¶ Dec. 23 at 6 and Dec. 24 at 4:15: "Variety Lights" (†).... ¶ Dec. 24 at 2: "Play Misty for Me" (1971, Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood and Jessica Walter.... ¶ Dec. 24 at 8:45 and Dec. 25 at 2: "Shanghai Express" (†).... ¶ Dec. 25 at 4:15: "Blonde Venus" (1932, von Sternberg), with Dietrich, Herbert Marshall, Cary Grant, and Dickie Moore.... ¶ Dec. 25 at 6:30: "The Scarlet Empress" (1934, von Sternberg), with Dietrich, Sam Jaffe, and John Lodge.... ¶ Dec. 25 at 9: "The Devil Is a Woman" (1935, von Sternberg), with Dietrich, Lionel Atwill, and Cesar Romero.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow.)

The Addams Family—Misguided graveyard slapstick. One of the most pungent things about Charles Addams' cartoons is the up-front matter-of-factness of their macabre incongruities. The "everyday" contexts (kids playing, carollers carolling) and the devilish twists (a doll set on a guillotine, a cauldron aimed at the carollers) come at the reader all at once. Drawing on the mid-sixties ABC-TV show, which first named the characters who inhabit Addams' stately mansion, the director, Barry Sonnenfeld, and the screenwriters, Caroline Thompson, Larry Wilson, and the uncredited Paul Rudnick, re-create Addams' famous drolleries. But they never find their own equivalent to his suave, sneaky-gleeful subversiveness. Even lying flat on the page, Addams' cartoons have better timing. The moviemakers reintroduce Morticia (Anjelica Huston), Gomez (Raul Julia), and their children, Pugsley (Jimmy Workman) and Wednesday (Christina Ricci), then welcome back Uncle Fester (Christopher Lloyd) in the form of a character who may not be the real ghoul. It's a sitcom plot, catalyzed by routine types: Gomez's shyster lawyer (Dan Hedaya) and the lawyer's loan shark (Elizabeth Wilson). A couple of actors rise above the script. Ricci is uproarious as Wednesday. She has a supernal stillness, and everything she does is skewed; she gets her effects from some other world. Huston pulls off an ultra-refined yet lowdown delivery. Too bad her dialogue is so predictably mordant; by the end, the reverse clichés turn back into clichés. Co-starring the hand of Christopher Hart as Thing.—M.S. (Loews 19th Street East 6, Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Loews Orpheum VII, Waverly, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

At Play in the Fields of the Lord—Hector Babenco's film, which is based on Peter Matthiessen's 1965 novel of the same name, feels lifeless right from the start, and it perks up only occasionally in the course of the three hours and ten minutes it takes to tell its story. The movie is set in the Amazon basin, and it's about the destruction of an Indian tribe by a combination of capitalist greed (in the form of the local authorities) and cultural insensitivity (in the form of Protestant missionaries from America). Matthiessen's epic may have held some surprises for its mid-sixties readers, but its ideas have since lost a lot of their power and all their freshness. The dramatic conflicts aren't very complex, and most of the characters are one-dimensional, instantly readable. Yet Babenco treats every scene as if it contained infinite riches: he draws out simple actions, reiterates obvious ideas, lingers on the faces of characters who have no more secrets to yield up. Among the actors—a high-powered group that includes John Lithgow, Tom Berenger, Kathy Bates, and Daryl Hannah—only Aidan Quinn, as a young missionary who learns to respect the Indians' culture, comes through at all. An air of fatigue and defeat pervades the picture. The effort that Babenco and his actors have put into dramatizing this material is heartbreakingly apparent, yet, no matter how hard they work, the scenes refuse to play, and the movie never manages to generate any real momentum. It's an honest, well-intentioned flop. Screenplay by Babenco and Jean-Claude Carrière.—T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/16/91.) (Beekman, and Chelsea Cinemas.)

Carl Theodor Dreyer's 1943 masterwork, "Day of Wrath" (playing December 23, at Theatre 80 St. Marks), consumes the senses and the soul. It's a galvanizingly ambiguous tale of witch-hunting and sexual repression in 1623 Denmark. As Dreyer unveils the love affair between a minister's young second wife, Anne, and his son, Martin, the characters' buried feelings emerge, fuse, and break apart in unpredictable and tragic ways. The first half hour climaxes with the torture and burning of Herlofs Marte (Anna Svierkier), a vital old woman who was a friend of Anne's mother—according to her, a fellow witch. This audacious, harrowing preamble establishes an atmosphere is which witchcraft is believable (even to the audience) and its brutal punishment inevitable. Dreyer swiftly conveys the compromises and self-doubt of Absalon (Thorkild Roose), the minister, who goes against his moral strictures in order to protect Anne.

In an astounding performance, Lisbeth Movin takes Anne back and forth from romantic heroine to anti-heroine. (The wife is the title character of "Anne Pedersdotter," the source play by Hans Wiers-Jenssen.) She draws our sympathy as she's squeezed by Absalon's dry paternalism and the bossiness of his forbidding mother, Merete (Sigrid Neiiendam). One step up from a child wife, Anne is hopeful, frolicsome, and touching when she drifts into adultery with Martin (Preben Lerdoff Rye). But as she comprehends the fragility of their liaison her euphoria mingles with desperation. Knowing that Absalon and Merete suspect her of carrying witch genes, Anne tests her powers by calling her lover to her side and wishing her husband dead. Is Anne a genuine sorceress? All that's clear is that a puritanical society can't condone or contain Anne's vivacity and passion. Dreyer's movie is amazing because it evokes both the stark, bracing aesthetics and the sadism of a severe religion. This film's versions of Dies Irae reverberate long after the screen goes white.

Barton Fink—The Coen brothers' macabre comedy about a blocked writer in 1941 Hollywood is densely packed with allusions, clever dialogue, ingenious visual jokes, startling plot twists, and imaginative atmospheric effects, yet it feels thin. It's an empty tour de force, and what's dismaying about the picture is that the filmmakers (Joel Coen directed, Ethan Coen produced, and they wrote the script together) seem inordinately pleased with its hermetic meaninglessness. Fink (John Turturro), the protagonist, is a left-wing New York playwright—obviously based on Clifford Odets—who signs a contract to write screenplays in Hollywood. His first assignment is a wrestling picture for Wallace Beery. He can't get started on it: he sits in his seedy, depressing hotel room, stares at the typewriter, and feels defeated. The Coens treat this emblematic figure of thirties culture with merciless contempt. They quickly expose him as a phony, a buffoon, and a talentless hack, and then spend the rest of the movie punishing him. The picture is designed to visit ever more grotesque indignities on a character who's pitiful from the outset; there's not much fun in that. And there's no fun at all in Turturro's hyperactive performance: the way he plays this leftist intellectual, the movie might as well have been called "The Nutty Pinko." Also with John Goodman, Michael Lerner, John Mahoney, Judy Davis, and Tony Shalhoub. The movie won awards for best picture, best director, and best actor (Turturro) at the 1991 Cannes Film Festival.—T.R. (9/9/91) (Carnegie Hall Cinemas; through Dec. 24.)

Beauty and the Beast—It's got storytelling vigor and clarity, bright, eclectic animation, and a frisky musical wit. In this Disney version of the fairy tale, Belle (the voice of Paige O'Hara) is a book-reading French provincial girl—a virtuous sort of Mademoiselle Bovary. She dreams of a Prince Charming but gets more than she bargains for when she becomes hostage to the buffalolike Beast (the surprisingly orotund Robby Benson). Underneath his fang-gnashing glower, he's a prisoner of adolescence—unlike Peter Pan, he wants to grow up. He's the opposite of Belle's lunkheaded village suitor, Gaston (Richard White), a narcissistic macho man. Throughout, the Howard Ashman–Alan Menken score is clever and fluid in the best Lerner and Loewe manner, with flashes of oddball humor that keep everything light and bouncy. (Gaston's theme song trumps "C'est Moi," from "Camelot.") There's a great cast of supporting utensils at the Beast's enchanted castle, led by Jerry Orbach in an ebullient vocal turn as the Chevalier-like candleholder, Lumiere. David Ogden Stiers is Cogsworth, the mantle clock; Angela Lansbury is Mrs. Potts, the teapot; and Jo Anne Worley is the Wardrobe. There isn't anything particularly haunting, and not all the script's variations are fresh. But this is easily the zippiest Disney cartoon feature in the thirty years since "101 Dalmatians." Gary Trousdale and Kirk Wise directed the screenplay by Linda Woolverton.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, Murray Hill Cinemas, 86th Street East Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, and Guild.... ¶ Cinema I; through Dec. 21.... ¶ 62nd & Broadway; through Dec. 24.... ¶ Cinema II; starting Dec. 22.)

Black Robe—An unusual and absorbing new film about North American Indians and a

French Jesuit missionary in the early seventeenth century. It's a culture-clash drama in which the most important conflicts take place in the realm of the spirit. The main characters are an excruciatingly pious young priest called Father Laforgue (Lothaire Bluteau) and an Algonquian chief named Chomina (August Schellenberg). Their world views are so radically opposed that at times the two men seem unable to acknowledge each other as human. The screenwriter, Brian Moore, and the director, Bruce Beresford, show extraordinary respect for the stubborn, almost impenetrable otherness of their historical characters. This is a movie we have to feel our way into—tentatively, gradually—and it accumulates emotional force as it goes along. The film is an adventure story in the truest sense: the filmmakers lead us into unknown territory, and keep pushing us farther and farther on, until, by the end, we find ourselves deep in the wilderness of the seventeenth-century consciousness. Bluteau's performance is enervated, but the script is superbly intelligent, the direction is confident, and Schellenberg's Chomina is magnificent. The picture moves on a steady, powerful flow of ideas and emotions, and it stirs in us a sense of discovery. Based on Moore's 1985 novel of the same name. Also with Aden Young, Sandrine Holt, and Tantoo Cardinal. Cinematography by Peter James. —T.R. (11/18/91) (Angelika Film Center, 68th St. Playhouse, and Metro Cinema.)

Le Boucher (1969)—Another tone poem in a thriller theme by Claude Chabrol; he provides all the elements for a thriller except the zinger. This fluid, beautifully controlled, but very minor film was shot in a serene village in the Périgord and features the exquisite Stéphane Audran, with Jean Yanne as the melancholy, frustrated butcher. Cinematography by Jean Rabier. In French.—P.K. (8th St. Playhouse; Dec. 21.)

Cape Fear—Martin Scorsese's new film is a remake of a bluntly effective 1962 thriller about a middle-class family—husband, wife, teen-age daughter—who are terrorized by a devious, implacable psychopath. The original (which was based on a pulp novel by John D. MacDonald and directed by J. Lee Thompson) had the straight-ahead construction of a horror movie, and it never pretended that what it was doing was good for us. The remake muddies the waters with self-consciousness: Scorsese and the screenwriter, Wesley Strick, have loaded the movie with apparent moral ambiguities, facile ideas about guilt and redemption, and explicit attempts to portray the scuzzy villain as a mythic nemesis. This picture is much flashier and more assaultive than the original (and it's also, at two hours and eight minutes, a hell of a lot longer). But the Christian/mythological subtext that Scorsese dredges up and places in the foreground has the effect of increasing our emotional distance from the story. Besides, it isn't true subtext; it's stuff that has been imposed on, rather than discovered in, the material. This is still, at heart, a picture whose sole aim is to give its audience huge, bowel-loosening shocks; the veneer of moral seriousness and psychological complexity that Scorsese brings to the enterprise feels like an attempt to convince himself that he's not doing what he's doing. The movie keeps insisting that the gruelling experience it's putting us through is really meant to edify us; it drags us into the mud and then tells us that we haven't got dirty. This is Scorsese's worst picture—an ugly, incoherent piece of work. With Robert De Niro (frenetic but thoroughly uninteresting as the villain), Nick Nolte, Jessica Lange, Juliette Lewis, and Illeana Douglas. Joe Don Baker, playing the small part of a private detective, gives the liveliest performance; he's so good that you wish he were playing De Niro's role. The stars of the 1962 version, Robert Mitchum and Gregory Peck, make brief appearances, and the score is a reorchestration of Bernard Herrmann's original music.—T.R. (12/2/91) (Bay Cinema, Manhattan Twin, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Regency, and National Twin.)

City of Hope—This panorama of Northeastern urban life is filled with intrigue and conflict. Yet it plays as if it were still on the drawing board. The writer, director, and editor, John Sayles, lays out the action so that every class and ethnic group participates in the corruption and the possible redemption of fictional Hudson City, New Jersey. In the major plot developments, a white professor is accused of having sexually approached one of two black kids who mugged him, and an urban-renewal project leads to arson and death. Sayles sketches the racial and economic agitations that leave the city in a state of tense inertia. The naturalistic design doesn't allow the three dozen characters to spring to unruly, independent life. Nick (Vincent Spano), the morally drifting son of the city's major contractor, is a poor choice for a unifying hero. He's unspecific and archetypal—an overgrown mixed-up kid. In keeping with today's delayed maturity cycle, he's twenty-eight, not eighteen. The enormous cast includes Joe Morton, Tony LoBianco, Barbara Williams, and Josh Mostel.—M.S. (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Lincoln Plaza; through Dec. 19.)

The Cousins (1959)—Claude Chabrol's subtle, glittering film about a naïve, plodding country cousin (Gérard Blain) who destroys his gifted, bohemian city cousin (the suave Jean-Claude Brialy). Perhaps that country boy is not really as honest as he seems: his diligence, his sobriety, all his antique virtues may be just a self-deceiving defense against the facts of modern life. The heroine (Juliette Mayniel), who almost thinks she loves him, realizes that this is just an intellectual and aesthetic response; she would like to be able to believe in a pure, sweet, and enduring love. One of the major New Wave films, it now has added interest for its portrait of the French student life of the fifties. In French.—P.K. (8th St. Playhouse; Dec. 22-23.)

Europa Europa—This superb film by the Polish director Agnieszka Holland is based on the memoirs of Salomon Perel, a German Jew who spent much of the Second World War passing for Aryan in an élite Hitler Youth academy. The movie dramatizes this almost inconceivable survival story with a surprisingly light touch. It bounds from one jaw-dropping episode to the next with the speed and the unnerving neutrality of a picaresque adventure, and never pauses to judge its ambiguous hero; it's content to let the ironies of his situation collect around him like reflections in dressing-room mirrors. His family's flight from the Nazis begins in 1938, on the eve of his bar mitzvah. Solly (played by a remarkable young actor, Marco Hofschneider) lands first in Lodz, Poland, and then in the Soviet Union, where he becomes a star pupil in a Communist school. After the Wehrmacht invades Russia and takes him prisoner, he reincarnates himself as an orphaned "pure" German, an Aryan child wandering in the barbaric eastern wilderness. We remain, however, constantly aware (as he is) of what his Nazi disguise conceals—his circumcised penis, the irreversible and unambiguous sign of his identity as a Jew. Holland uses this physical evidence of Solly's Jewishness as the fulcrum of the movie's delicately balanced narrative and moral tensions. Also with Julie Delpy, Andre Wilms, Halina Labonarska, and Rene Hofschneider. The real Salomon Perel appears, as himself, in the movie's final scene. In German and Russian.—T.R. (7/1/91) (Lincoln Plaza; through Dec. 19.)

For the Boys—Bette Midler plays Dixie Leonard, a singer-dancer-comedienne who becomes famous in the early days of the Second World War, when she teams up with an established star named Eddie Sparks (James Caan, who gives the movie's best performance). Framed by an award ceremony at which Dixie and Eddie are to be honored for their many years of entertaining troops on U.S.O. tours, the story is told in a series of flashbacks. Most of the big sequences take place in wartime: in London and North Africa during the Second World War; in Korea in the early fifties; in Vietnam in 1969. This structure allows Midler to perform musical numbers from different eras and to attempt the acting tour de force of playing a character at several distinct stages of life. She piles persona on top of persona on top of persona for two and a half hours in an effort to overwhelm us with the sheer force and infinite variety of herself: she is the world. The movie (which was produced by her own company) is meant to serve as the Portable Bette—a boxed set of Midler moments. In the Second World War sequences, the picture has a certain trashy charm, but the Korea and Vietnam scenes feature "realistic" combat footage and glib antiwar sentiments. Dixie, weeping over dying soldiers, just seems to get nobler and nobler as the bodies accumulate around her. The film itself has a kind of life-achievement-award feel to it: when it's over, the words "a great entertainer and a wonderful human being" seem to have acquired a new, unprecedentedly berserk meaning. Bette Midler begins as a red-hot mama and winds up as Mother Courage. And this vanity production is such an ordeal that it turns into a demonstration of a startling thesis: war is bad, but entertainment is hell. Also with George Segal, Christopher Rydell, and Arye Gross. Directed by Mark Rydell, from a screenplay by Marshall Brickman, Neal Jimenez, and Lindy Laub.—T.R. (12/16/91) (First & 62nd Cinemas, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, and Ziegfeld.)

Hearts of Darkness: A Filmmaker's Apocalypse—Fax Bahr and George Hickenlooper directed this engulfing, brilliantly crafted documentary about the disaster-strewn production of Francis Ford Coppola's "Apocalypse Now." But much of the credit should go to Eleanor Coppola, Francis's wife, who shot sixty hours of behind-the-scenes footage on location in the Philippines, caught her husband's haywire visionary mood swings on audiotape, and, in addition to joining the ranks of the interviewees, reads portions of her journal, "Notes." Her camerawork and prose have an unadorned limpidity. They provide refreshing counterpoint to the grandiose rhetoric of her husband's attempt to relocate Conrad's "Heart of Darkness" in a Vietnam War adventure story. Bahr and Hickenlooper present the extraordinary spectacle of a filmmaker at the peak of his clout, banking everything on his ability to pull inspiration out of the fire, and getting scorched. While enduring the dismissal of one lead actor, the heart attack of his replacement, a ruinous typhoon, and a constant struggle with the script, Coppola keeps insisting that his experiences will enrich his movie. Bahr and Hickenlooper support Coppola's point of view. Their film is less important for its debatable conclusion (that Coppola achieved artistic success) than for its depiction of the delusionary power of filmmaking. This movie, not "Apocalypse Now," is about what happened to Coppola in the jungle, and here he becomes a spellbinding tragic hero.—M.S. (Film Forum.)

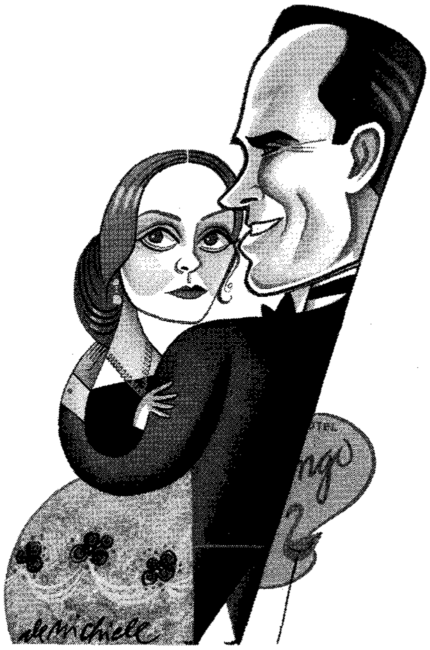
Homicide—This urban cop thriller, written and directed by David Mamet, is a genre picture with delusions of grandeur. The plot is designed to give the hero—a decent and fairly sensitive Jewish homicide detective named Bobby Gold (Joe Mantegna)—a whopping existential crisis. Gold, who is thoroughly assimilated, becomes involved in a case that has anti-Semitic overtones, and he's forced to reëvaluate his sense of Jewish identity. He discovers a conspiracy, hooks up with a clandestine Jewish-defense organization, and finally blows up the printing press of an Aryan-supremacist group—a mission that makes him late for an important stakeout. The plot is ridiculous, but Mamet dramatizes this gamy material with tremendous so-

Diane Keaton and Steve Martin in "Father of the Bride" lemnity. The funereal pace and the melancholy, reflective tone seem intended to mask the story's essential recklessness and irresponsibility, and perhaps also to conceal the trite cop-movie mechanics of its construction. Mamet uses the controversial, hot-button issue of cultural identity simply to give his hero the obligatory "personal" stake in the case, and as a result the movie gives off a pungent odor of opportunism. This picture, for all its pretensions to significance, is as alienating and depressing as the local news: it turns ethnic and racial differences into cheap thrills. Also with William H. Macy.—T.R. (11/18/91) (Village East Cinemas. . . . ¶ Sutton; through Dec. 19. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinemas; through Dec. 24.)

Life Is Sweet—In this wonderful new comedy, the English writer and director Mike Leigh ("High Hopes") takes us into the domestic life of a lower-middle-class family in Middlesex. The characters are, by conventional standards, ordinary, but they aren't dreary, and their actions aren't predictable; the movie doesn't treat anyone as a type. Wendy (Alison Steadman) is an attractive, ebullient middle-aged woman who's always on the move, always doing something. Her husband, Andy (Jim Broadbent), is an amiable dawdler, a guy who starts ambitious home-improvement projects and never quite gets around to finishing them. They're the parents of a ludicrously mismatched set of twins: Natalie (Claire Skinner), a quiet, serious, dignified girl; and Nicola (Jane Horrocks), who hates her life and responds with snarls and contemptuous epithets to even the most innocuous attempts at conversation. Leigh doesn't give us an obvious narrative hook—a clear sense of what the story is going to be about or what sort of dramatic revelations he might have in store for us. And, despite Nicola's bratty outbursts, the tone is light and casual. Leigh doesn't manipulate our responses; he roughs them up a little, though. By means of a dense texture of tiny behavioral details and disconcerting shifts of style, he attempts to reshuffle our emotions. He prepares us to accept the moments of piercing, almost miraculous clarity that arise, as if by accident, at the end of his best films. In this picture, he builds up to a conversation between Wendy and Nicola that is perhaps the most extraordinary scene in recent movies. Also with Stephen Rea and Timothy Spall.—T.R. (11/4/91) (Angelika Film Center; through Dec. 24.)

My Own Private Idaho—This new feature by the independent filmmaker Gus Van Sant is like an exploded version of his previous films "Mala Noche" and "Drugstore Cowboy," and it scatters meanings all over the landscape. It's a beautiful disaster, like a bomb test in the middle of nowhere. The movie is set primarily in Van Sant's familiar territory—the seedier parts of Portland, Oregon—and its main characters are a pair of young hustlers, Mike (River Phoenix) and Scott (Keanu Reeves), who sell their bodies on the street. Mike is a narcoleptic: every time he blacks out, he has lyrical dreams composed of imagery from his childhood. Scott, who is the son of Portland's mayor, is modelled on Shakespeare's Prince Hal; the Falstaff character here is a scruffy gay cokehead called Bob (William Richert), and his scenes with Scott are stylized variations of incidents from both parts of "Henry IV" (hence also variations on Orson Welles' "Chimes at Midnight"). Van Sant takes a lot of chances, and visually the movie is so imaginative, so fiercely alive, that it carries us along. But when the over-all design of the picture becomes clear, we feel cheated rather than enlightened. Scott turns into a villain; Bob is ennobled as a symbol of outlaw freedom; and Mike takes on the aura of a holy fool, the Prince Myshkin of the Portland meat market. Van Sant's vision is disappointingly trite and schematic. Phoenix, however, gives a remarkably intelligent and intuitive performance. The original screenplay is by Van Sant. Eric Alan Edwards and John Campbell did the cinematography.—T.R. (10/7/91) (Angelika Film Center, 59th Street East Cinema, and Chelsea Cinemas.)

The Pawnbroker (1965)—Rod Steiger plays a benumbed Jewish survivor of the concentration camps who lives on in Harlem running a pawnshop—fat, sagging, past pain, past caring. Adapted from the Edward Lewis Wallant novel and directed by Sidney Lumet, the film is trite, and you can see the big pushes for powerful effects, yet it isn't negligible. It wrenches audiences, making them fear that they, too, could become like this man. And when events strip off his armor, he doesn't discover a new, warm humanity, he discovers sharper suffering—just what his armor had protected him from. Most of the intensity comes from Steiger's performance and from the performance of the great old Juano Hernández, as a man who comes into the shop to talk. With Geraldine Fitzgerald, Brock Peters, and Jaime Sanchez; cinematography by Boris Kaufman; score by Quincy Jones.—P.K. (Walter Reade Theatre; Dec. 21.)



Isabelle Huppert ("Madame Bovary") meets Warren Beatty ("Bugsy")

Rambling Rose—A nineteen-year-old live wire named Rose (Laura Dern), an unconventional housekeeper and nanny, brings sexual electricity to an eccentric middle-class household in sleepy Depression-era Georgia. She throws herself at Daddy (Robert Duvall) and introduces thirteen-year-old Brother (Lukas Haas) to the mysteries of the female orgasm. By the time she leaves, her good-hearted promiscuity inspires the freethinking Mother (Diane Ladd) to new heights of proto-feminist passion. Scripted by Calder Willingham from his 1972 novel, this piece of screwball Americana pokes along with an alternately prickly and tender charm. The director, Martha Coolidge, isn't an ace at pacing or shaping scenes, but she elicits superb performances from her male leads. Duvall jettisons his usual rural mannerisms, giving a subtle, fluid, full-bodied characterization of a starchy patriarch with off-the-wall eloquence. Haas is irresistibly sly and rapt as an adolescent whose lustful curiosity turns to love. Coolidge restrains Ladd—she's touchingly dissociated as a spacey woman with insight and a hearing problem. But Dern's self-conscious ardor idealizes Rose even more than the script does. And the movie hits a bad bump when it weds the celebration of a free spirit to antisexist melodrama. Still, at its best, it's ticklish and original—sweetly raunchy.—M.S. (Worldwide Cinemas, and Cinema 3. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Dec. 19.)

Shanghai Express (1932)—Irresistibly enjoyable. Marlene Dietrich gets to deliver what is perhaps her most memorable line: "It took more than one man to change my name to Shanghai Lily." In this glossy mixture of sex and intrigue, Shanghai Lily and her exquisitely stoic beloved (Clive Brook) fall into the hands of sinister Chinese revolutionaries led by Warner Oland. (He gets to deliver a camp classic—"The white woman stays with me.") When this Oriental chieftain questions Lily about why she's going to Shanghai, she answers: "To buy a new hat." The scriptwriter, Jules Furthman, must have had a special affection for that line, because he gave it to Lauren Bacall, in her début film, "To Have and Have Not," in 1944. Directed by Josef von Sternberg, this movie has style—a triumphant fusion of sin, glamour, shamelessness, art, and, perhaps, a furtive sense of humor. With Anna May Wong, Gustav von Seyffertitz, Eugene Pallette, Louise Closser Hall, Lawrence Grant, and Emile Chautard. Cinematography by Lee Garmes; art direction by Hans Dreier; based on a story by Harry Hervey.—P.K. (Walter Reade Theatre; Dec. 24-25.)

Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country—A better subtitle might be "The Lost Opportunity." Directed by Nicholas Meyer (who also helmed the best in the series, "Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan"), this supposed valedictory for the original cast has tons of pastiche and not enough pep. Trusting the wisdom of Spock (Leonard Nimoy), the Federation (read "free world") selects Captain Kirk (William Shatner) to escort a contingent of Klingons (read "Soviets") to a peace conference (read "end of Cold War"). But as Spock's ancestor, Sherlock Holmes, might have said, there's sabotage afoot. There's also a parade of references to the Klingons' favorite bard, William Shakespeare. The allusion-mongering soars only when the full-throated Klingons played by David Warner and Christopher Plummer brush up their Shakespeare over dinner with Kirk and crew. Plummer's bellicose General Chang promises to become one of the worthiest of the starship *Enterprise*'s opponents, rivalling Ricardo Montalban's Khan. So it's deflating that instead of juicy confrontations between Kirk and Chang, Meyer delivers a silly exercise in crime detection, and a trip to Klingon Siberia. Besides the regular company (DeForest Kelley, James Doohan, Nichelle Nichols, George Takei, Walter Koenig), there's an impressive, eclectic array of supporting players, including Rosana DeSoto, Kim Cattrall, Kurtwood Smith, John Schuck, and Iman, who's wittily cast as a shape-changer. Meyer and Denny Martin Flinn wrote the script, from a story worked up by Nimoy, Lawrence Konner, and Mark Rosenthal.—M.S. (Loews Village Theatre VII, Loews 34th Street Showplace, First & 62nd Cinemas, U. A. East, Chelsea Cinemas, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy.)

Strictly Business—This "secret of my success" story attempts to win the Congeniality Award in the young-black-filmmakers competition. It fails, because of the sour stereotypes in Pam Gibson and Nelson George's script and the bop-on-the-noggin direction by Kevin Hooks. The story is a simple matter of tit for tat: buppie Joseph C. Phillips helps street-hip Tommy Davidson rise out of the mailroom at a high-stakes real-estate firm; in return, Davidson teaches Phillips how to dress for sexual success with voluptuous bohemian Halle Berry, who'd otherwise be too "fly" for the slick executive. At the start, Phillips, the upwardly mobile black, is portrayed as an imitation-white zombie; Davidson, the homeboy, as a naïve slacker; and Berry, an aspiring night-club manager, as a piece of meat ("That ham is cooked, glazed, and ready to be sliced"). They're supposed to come together and fuse, but the result is more of a monster mash.—M.S. (23rd St. West Triplex, and Olympia. . . . ¶ Loews Village Theatre VII; through Dec. 19, matinées only. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; through Dec. 21.)

Variety Lights (1949)—This first film directed by Federico Fellini (working with Alberto Lattuada as co-director) has a backstage story with a theme that he returned to later in the big, trashy phantasmagoria "Juliet of the Spirits." Giulietta Masina plays the aging mistress of the head of a touring company; he goes off with a young woman, then returns to her. It's a very simple and, in some ways, tawdry film, but Fellini shows his extraordinary talent for the dejected setting, the shabby performer, the fat old chorine, the singer who will never hit a high note. Though he deals with "artists," he doesn't deal with talent or artistry; his specialty is revealing the shoddiness of theatrical life and the forlorn hopes of the performers. For Fellini, the magic of show business is in self-delusion. He achieves some of his most memorable images in the sequence with a troupe on a backcountry road at night and in the stage show representing the glorification of a sex goddess. With Peppino de Filippo, Carla del Poggio, Folco Lulli, and John Kitzmiller. In Italian.—P.K. (Walter Reade Theatre; Dec. 23-24.)

SITE: L'HOTEL MEURICE, PARIS

REMY MARTIN est l'eau de vie

COGNAC XO SPECIAL
EXCLUSIVEMENT FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC
DEPUIS 1724

REMY MARTIN® COGNAC, SOLE USA DISTRIBUTOR: PREMIERE WINE MERCHANTS, INC., NY, NY.
40% ALC/VOL 80 PROOF. CENTAUR DESIGN® ©1990.

Tiffany & Co.
Tiffany & Co.

©T&CO. 1991

Grace under pressure

Introducing the Tiffany Diver's Watch.
A collection of advanced sports watches, water-resistant
to 660 feet. In stainless steel or stainless steel and
eighteen karat gold. From $650 to $2,800.
At Tiffany and selected fine jewelers.

TIFFANY & CO.

NEW YORK BEVERLY HILLS SAN FRANCISCO SOUTH COAST PLAZA DALLAS HOUSTON PALM BEACH WASHINGTON, D.C. CHICAGO ATLANTA BOSTON PHILADELPHIA 800-526-0649

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IT occurred to us lately that it has been a long time since we passed a week without thinking of AIDS. By now, the disease has become a part of everyday life: a dull hammering, there in our waking hours and in our dreams. It's that way, we suspect, for many of our friends. J. is sick again. P. is blue because her boss's boyfriend died. Have you seen D.? He looks as if he weighed two pounds. "The world is getting empty of everyone I know, one by one in every direction they are leaving this world," said a handsome brochure we recently received from the poet John Giorno's AIDS Treatment Project, a foundation that gives cash grants to the ill. The words were printed in large, angry black letters. "For some people," it went on, "everyone they know has died."

On a recent Monday, we ran into our old friend Lisa on Second Avenue. She was returning from a visit to her brother at Cabrini Medical Center. Lisa's brother is twenty-nine. He has had full-blown AIDS for close to three years, but until now he hadn't been hospitalized. The first of these "major incidents of opportunistic infection," as doctors call them, was a parasite that caused lesions on the brain. The lesions made him logy, distracted, forgetful. He didn't necessarily recognize the beginnings of dementia when, at work, he told a friend, "I don't feel I'm holding up my end of the conversation." By the time Lisa checked her brother into the AIDS ward, he'd become incontinent. He'd lost certain powers of memory and, occasionally, speech. That was six weeks back.

LET US HAVE PEACE

Lisa visits every morning. This time, she'd taken along a copy of "My Dog Tulip" to read aloud. Lisa's brother is in a room with two people who are even sicker than he is. One is a man who has throat cancer, and it was over the sound of his suction device that Lisa read her brother a chapter on J. R. Ackerley's beloved spoiled Alsatian. (Susan and her brother had German shepherds when they were growing up out West.) When she'd finished, Lisa handed the book to her brother and said, "Your turn." By the way her brother held the book, and the way his eyes moved, she could tell that he was registering the text. But he didn't utter a sound. After a while, she asked, "Don't you want to read aloud?" He gave her a bruised look and said, "I thought I was."

"I see this whole thing being multiplied all over the city," said Esther, a young activist friend. We'd encountered Esther in the afternoon outside Cooper Union. It was the kind of day when clouds stand crisp against a sky of Parker's-ink blue. We chatted for some time before the conversation turned to an ailing friend. "There are people I know who've been through this three or four times," Esther told us, meaning the experience of tending the dying. "How do they do it?" she asked. "How do they keep from feeling hopeless? I look around the room at ACT UP meetings and wonder if my whole generation is doomed. It seems that all I do lately is visit the hospital, sleep, and cry."

Our friend Joe called at five that same day to say, "I've got to cancel dinner. Adrian isn't doing too well." We asked how not well, and Joe answered, "I don't know. A matter of days?"

Adrian is an artist friend we wrote about in these pages last spring. Back then, at age thirty-two, he was entering his fifth year with the disease. "I'm a freak," he told us, "a longtime survivor." We'd seen Adrian just once since, at Jones Beach. He was sunning at Field Six. "I haven't been doing so great," Adrian told us then, and he reeled off a list of medical horrors. "A couple of weeks ago, they started giving me blood transfusions, and that really helped," he said, with a laugh. He meant it sincerely. "I'm starting to enjoy life again."

But Adrian began to lapse. He developed a new malady, which forced him to undergo what he referred to as "treacherous therapies." One drug was said to affect the color of your skin. "Someone I knew turned orange from taking it," Adrian told us by phone in September. "I said to my doctor, 'I'm not ready to go orange. Not till spring. It's more of a spring look.' "

Now, Joe said, Adrian was dying. "He's peaceful. He's not in pain. He's not eating. He's not really conscious. He's just waiting.”

Afterward, we recalled our last phone conversation with Adrian. It was right after the opening of a retrospective of his work at a college gallery upstate. The art works, which were large and sculptural, had been inspired by ecclesiastical woodcuts. One resembled an altar, another a pew. One of the pieces, a twelve-foot bench beneath a baldachin carved with weeping eyes and Bible quotations, and entitled “The Learned Art of Compassion,” was about the experience of having AIDS. Another, an installation of windows and shutters and welcome mats, was about sex. Around the doorway Adrian had carved, twenty times, the words “Enter, Rest, and Pray.”

“I purposely put a lot of beautiful imagery in my work,” Adrian told us then. “I stopped doing the angry, polemical pieces altogether. I have no interest in those anymore. I used to get so wild about how unfair things are, how cruel and bigoted people can be. I wanted to say, ‘Know this! We're just people!’ But now I have a different kind of feeling. It's a dying-people cliché, but I want to say, ‘Capture the moment, whoever you are. None of us is here forever.’ ”

• •

Touchstone

A FRIEND who lives in Italy writes:

A few years ago, I tried to figure out which of the buildings in Borgo Ognissanti, an old street near the center of Florence, had housed the Aquila Nera, or Black Eagle—the hotel where the fourteen-year-old Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart and his father, Leopold, stayed in the spring of 1770, during their first trip to Italy. There was no commemorative plaque in sight, nor did a quick perusal of municipal records reveal anything useful. I might have persevered if the young composer's Florentine sojourn had been more significant, but it lasted only a week—not much longer than that of an average group-tour victim today—and apparently didn't contribute much to Mozart's artistic development or career.

Florence was the second Italian city to produce “The Marriage of Figaro,” in 1788, but in other respects it has been no more and no less Mozartian than any other community that has opera and concert seasons. On the fifth of this month, however, while every other city in the world, it seemed, was commemorating the two-hundredth anniversary of the composer's death by presenting one or more performances of his Requiem, Florence did something a little more Mozartianly original and playful. It presented a Mozart lecture by Saul Bellow, a non-musician who does not speak Italian.

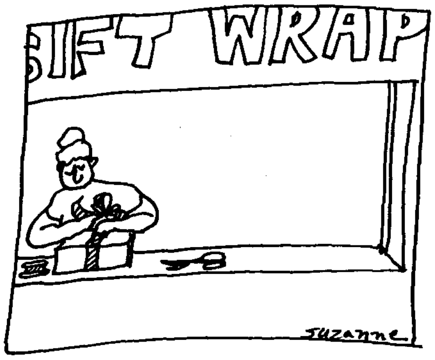
The idea originated with Bruno Bartoletti, the artistic director of the Teatro Comunale in his native Florence, and the principal conductor of the Lyric Opera in Chicago, Bellow's town; the two men have known each other for many years. Bartoletti's proposal was approved by the Comunale's administrators, though there was some worry over the event's potential for drawing an audience. But when Bellow, followed by Bartoletti and by Massimo Bogianckino, the Comunale's general director, and Giorgio Morales, the city's mayor, walked out on the stage of the sixteen-hundred-seat Teatro Verdi (the Comunale itself is closed for repairs) just after 5 P.M. on the fifth, he was greeted by warm applause from a full house.

In flat Midwestern tones—odd to hear issuing from a stage on which Leonoras, Turiddus, and Rigolettos so often give vent to highly charged emotions—Bellow immediately disclaimed any musicological expertise, declaring himself a representative of the “untutored millions” in this area. But his carefully formulated musings on the nature of Mozart, whose music he loves profoundly, and his use of the Mozart phenomenon as a touchstone for wider musings on humanity became the most fitting verbal tribute to our friend from Salzburg that I have heard this year. I hope that Bellow's address, which lasted about forty minutes, will be published, because, like his novels, it was far too rich, layered, and virtuosic to be absorbed all at once or to be summarized. But some of the ideas in it remain vivid in my mind. Citing Mozart's letters, Bellow spoke of the contrast between the composer's acute observations of other human beings and his apparently total lack of interest in his natural or man-made surroundings, whether at home or on his travels—his readiness to settle in one city or country rather than another solely in relation to what was best for his work. Mozart may not have attached universal importance to his work, for he lived before the cult of genius came into existence, but Bellow ventured the opinion that Mozart's goal was bliss. Yet, he added, when we listen to his music we learn that liberation and doom may go together.

Contemporary man is uncomfortable with thoughts of transcendence, Bellow said. The essence of the modern is demystification, and Mozart is all mystery—radical mystery. His music is immediate, it is Eurocentric without guilt, yet it is programmed for eternity. Its dimensions go beyond our capacity to understand. “How deeply, beyond words, he speaks to us,” Bellow said, with striking emphasis, near the end of his talk. Coming from anyone but a great writer, the phrase would have meant little; in this case, it carried considerable weight.

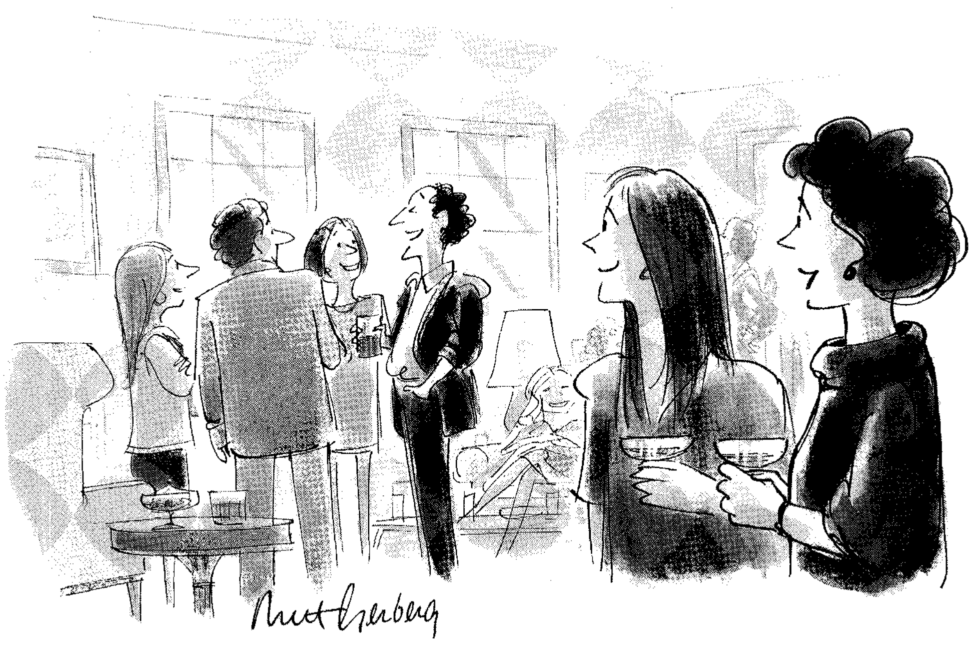
The address, which was heard (on headphones) in simultaneous translation by non-English-speaking members of the audience, was applauded long and enthusiastically. And, indeed, it was one of the more intelligent and satisfying of the initiatives undertaken in this Mozart Year. Now that the commemorations are ending, one can only wonder whether Mozart's enormous appeal to large numbers of human beings at the end of the twentieth century might be the result of a misunderstanding. Are the existential ambiguities, the chiaroscuro qualities, that we hear in Mozart really present in the music, or are they only in us?

Through most of the nineteenth century, when proper people's notions of how the world ought to function were less ambiguous than they are today, Mozart was not so popular. The English music critic J. A. Fuller Maitland (1856-1936), who edited the second edition of “Grove's Dictionary



of Music and Musicians," recalled in his memoirs that he and his fellow-students at Cambridge during the eighteen-seventies "neither loved nor revered Mozart, for a patronizing contempt was the fashion with many of us." Near the end of his memoirs, written after the First World War—the Great Divide in modern attitudes—Fuller Maitland said, "Nothing is more striking among the modern developments of musical appreciation than the whole-hearted admiration of Mozart, more particularly by those who are identified with the most modern tendencies."

Whether or not Mozart so intended, his music fills our need to hear our uncertainties stated in the most beautiful ways. His form of laughter in the dark corresponds, or seems to correspond, to ours, and that is why for many of us 1992 and 1993 and 1994 will also be Mozart Years.



"Interesting guy. He predicted the collapse this year of the Mets, the Giants, and the Soviet Union."

Revival

A COUPLE of months ago, with the closing of the Biograph Theatre—successor to the Regency, one of the last of New York's great movie-revival houses—the time seemed right to declare that an era had ended, and to say a few appropriate words about the days when a person seeking a double bill perfectly constituted to bring his emotional chemistry into balance could check out the Thalia, the New Yorker, the Carnegie Hall, the Bleecker Street, the Elgin, or the Charles, to mention a few of the theatres that thrived in decades past. But it was all too depressing, so we held off for a week, and then another, and another, until events vindicated our faith that if you just wait long enough to acknowledge a trend some other trend will supersede it.

In the last few weeks, the Eighth Street Playhouse has been converted into a revival house (showing some new foreign and independent movies as well), and plans have been announced to do the same with Loew's Festival, on West Fifty-seventh Street, and to reopen the Thalia SoHo as Le Cinématographe, with a similar programming policy. Meanwhile, the Film Society of Lincoln Center has opened the Walter Reade Theatre, which has begun showing four movies a day, many of them revivals, in impeccable surroundings, and which meets our definition of a movie theatre—as opposed to a cinémathèque or a museum—because the Society's board, after two highly contentious meetings, decided to let people take sodas and popcorn to their seats.

The other day, we went to see Bruce Goldstein, who was involved in running three defunct revival theatres (the Bleecker Street, the Thalia, and the Carnegie Hall) and is currently responsible for Film Forum 2, which, having moved last summer to fine new quarters on West Houston Street, qualifies as another sign of life in revivals. When we say that Mr. Goldstein represents something close to our ideal of a revival-theatre programmer, we don't mean just his unintimidating physique, his resolutely indoor complexion, his wrinkled clothes, and his tortoiseshell glasses. We mean that he is someone who can talk with fervor about the importance of good subtitling in Kurosawa's "High and Low"; who can, with a pure heart, advertise Jerry Lewis's "Smorgasbord" as a "New York Première" and throw in an exclamation point; who looks back in evident triumph on his success in obtaining the one movie that Billy Wilder made in France, in 1933; and whose office walls are crowded with artifacts like a nineteen-twenties poster for the Palestine Theatre, at the corner of Houston and Stanton Streets, offering a Tom Mix Western plus "Anita Rosenthal—the Only Woman Romanian Cantor in person."

"You've come at the perfect moment," he told us. "I just decided to throw out half the stuff in the office—it's something I do every few years—and I put a lot of things together in this box." He reached into a carton and pulled out, more or less at random, a photograph of the marquee of the old New Yorker on a wintry day when it was showing a triple bill of "Our Man in Havana," "Murder My Sweet," and "Pull My Daisy." Another dip of the hand produced an undated fragment of the *Times* with ads for "Yojimbo" at the Carnegie Hall, "The Confessions of Felix Krull" and "I Am a Camera" at the Bleecker Street, "The Bridge" and "Breathless" at the Thalia, "Harold Lloyd's World of Comedy" and "The Pure Hell of St. Trinian's" at the Ascot, in the Bronx, and "The Gold Rush" and "La Belle Américaine" at the Cambria Heights, in Queens. Then came a stack of old Film Forum schedules.

" 'Gimmick-O-Rama'—that was a great series," Mr. Goldstein recalled. "We had 3-D, Odorama, Hypnomagic, Emergo—all the special-effects processes. For 'The Tingler' we wired the seats—well, every third seat. We had a registered nurse on duty for 'Macabre.' Here's a series that was very influential—'Hollywood Before the Code.' 'Beats and Beatniks' was another good one—but hard to put together. A lot of the beatnik movies of the fifties and sixties were made by fly-by-night producers, so a lot of the prints just disappeared, but I got most of the good ones. 'Clara Bow and Company'—that really went down well. I got the idea when a man came to me and said, 'Hey, I'm writing a book about Clara Bow. Would you like to do a series on her?' She was a major, major star. People forget that, and they've forgotten her films. But some of the worst ideas for series come from publishers. 'Hey, we're doing a book on Van Johnson. How about a Van Johnson series?'

"Our biggest coup recently was Sam Fuller's 'White Dog,' which Paramount had shelved. We'd been trying to show it for years—it's one of the Holy Grails that you go after. Then, in the late eighties, one of my best distributors, Mike Schlesinger, went to work at Paramount to find old treasures. He did the uncut '1900' with us. On 'White Dog' his bosses kept saying no, but he finally convinced them."

In Paramount's view, commercial factors alone were responsible for the movie's prolonged unavailability, but it seemed to Mr. Goldstein that the company might also have been motivated by concern that "White Dog" would be perceived (mistakenly, in his judgment) as racist. In the Film Forum calendar, therefore, he described it as "long suppressed and misinterpreted," and as "an uncompromising, not to mention signally Fulleresque, study in inculcated bigotry." "That one word 'suppressed' was enough to sell the movie," he said. "But the people at Paramount didn't like it—even though they had nothing to do with the suppression, which had happened three regimes earlier. They really didn't like it when we opened the film and the *Post* ran a story about 'Corporate Cowardice.' So they resuppressed the movie."

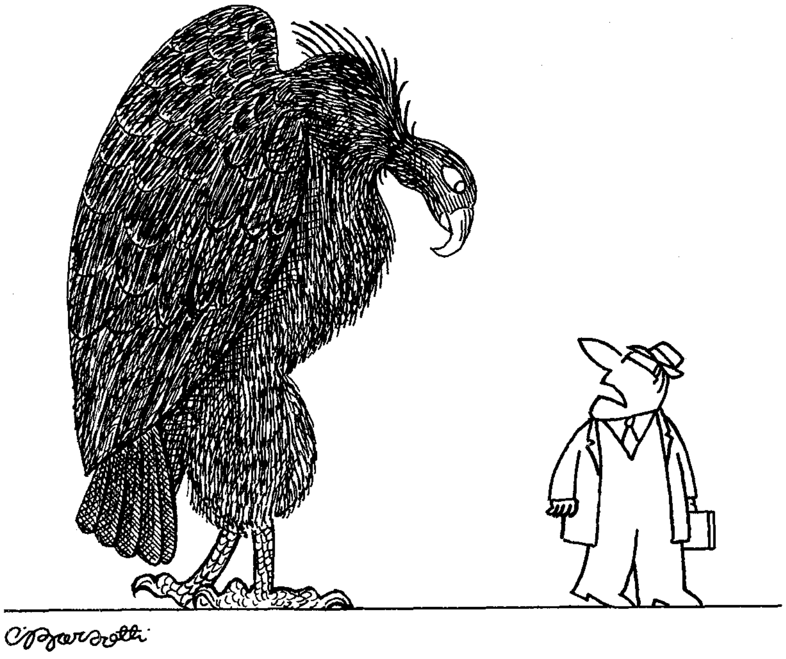
The resuppression was brief but ill-timed, because it came just when Mr. Goldstein had conceived the idea of showing "White Dog" again and pairing it with "Baxter," a French movie about a dog who kills his first owner because he considers her too old, and who is eventually taken on by a neo-Nazi child. "It would have been a socko double bill," Mr. Goldstein told us.

We asked him about home video—most people's culprit of choice in the widely deplored demise of revival houses. "I say it isn't video—it's real estate," Mr. Goldstein said. "These theatres all started in bad neighborhoods. Take the Thalia. Mrs. Martin Lewis, who started the theatre with her husband, in the early thirties, left the business in the seventies because the neighborhood had got so people didn't want to go there. Richard Schwarz came along, not caring about the neighborhood, and took it over. He got it real cheap. But after another ten years the neighborhood had improved so much that the Thalia had to shut down. It's difficult to operate a commercial revival house with New York City rents. As far as I'm concerned, though, we're in a renaissance. I came to this theatre when they were sounding the death knell for revival houses, because I didn't believe it. There's a lot of interest in seeing older films in a theatrical setting. But you have to keep finding new things—rediscoveries, new versions of old films—and you have to promote them. Let's face it, this was a really bad year for movies. You can get a lot more for your entertainment dollar at a revival house."

Small-Town Life

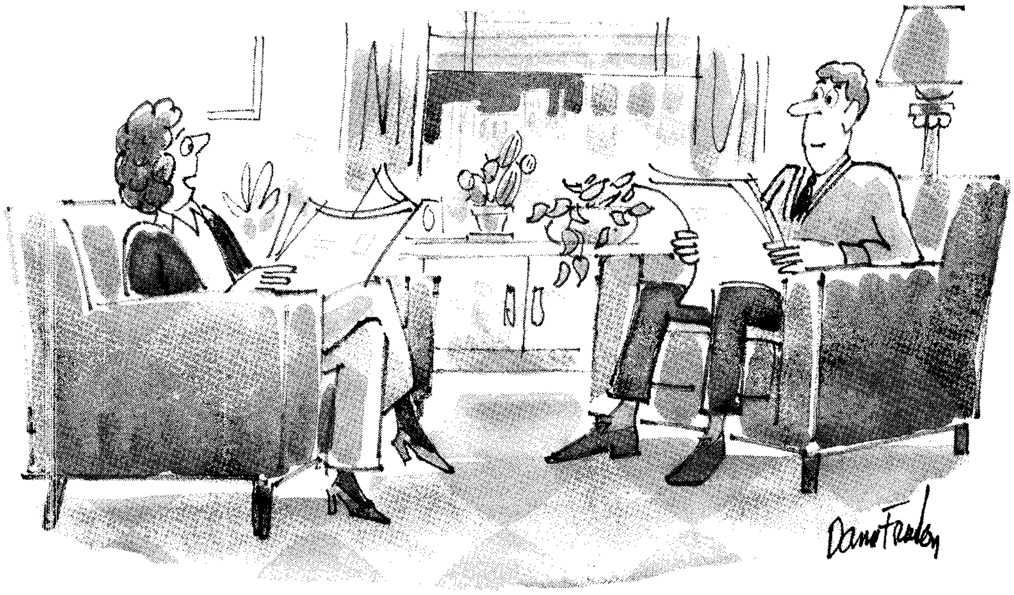
THERE has been a dog emporium, named Canine Styles, on the west side of Lexington Avenue between Sixty-third Street and Sixty-fourth Street since 1959. We know this for a fact. Some people used to call it Ursula's, but now everyone calls it Canine Styles. A dog emporium is not a pet shop. You don't buy *dogs* at Canine Styles—you buy *things* for dogs. And a few things for cats. And you pay a fairly high price to have your dog groomed and his hair cut there. Continuities and threads of tradition exist at Canine Styles. The cutting of your dog's hair, for instance, will be undertaken by the head dog groomer, Edith Hoeltz, who has been at it on this block, at this exact spot on Lexington, for thirty years. Mrs. Hoeltz is tallish and has a strong German accent. She has short blond hair and bangs. We saw her the other day in a social atmosphere, dogless, chatting with people, acting like a friendly person. Whenever we'd seen her before, she had been in her professional posture: with scissors, grooming a dog. When Mrs. Hoeltz grooms a dog, she leans over it, and her expression is serious, devoted, and *eternal*. Socially, standing upright and chatting, Mrs. Hoeltz has the attractive in-transit look that human beings have at social gatherings where they feel at home. When Mrs. Hoeltz is grooming a dog, she seems to be saying to herself "Is now and ever shall be." Something like that.

Lexington Avenue looks a little eternal here, a little like a



"It is too a period of recovery."

Christmas treat. Around Canine Styles on the west side of Lexington are Albert & Sons Prime Meats & Poultry, Eastside Shoe Service, Plaza Watch & Jewelry, DiPierre Corsetry, and Phone Boutique. There are homeless people on the street, and, of course, Phone Boutique, but there's not much we can't deal with. Of all ideas, New York as small town is the strangest, perhaps, but it is a sustainable one right here on Lexington.



"Why don't the women's movement and the men's movement get together and form a women-and-men's movement?"

• •

The other day, we were walking on Lexington and we ran into Mark Drendel, who is the proprietor of Canine Styles. Mr. Drendel was walking determinedly. Mr. Drendel parts his hair in the middle. He was wearing a brown plaid sports jacket. He was born in 1959, the year Ursula opened her shop.

"Who was Ursula?" we asked.

"Ursula Lehnhardt."

"When did you buy Canine Styles?"

"I bought it eighteen months ago."

"How did you get the idea of buying a dog store?"

"I passed somebody, this guy, on Columbus, walking a dog, and I asked where the dog was groomed, and he said Ursula's. So I took my dog there, and it turned out to be a major career change for me. I knew I wanted to do something dog-related. They needed sales help in the front of the store, and I got the job. In two, three weeks, I knew I wanted to own the store. I knew it would be a great place and I could change my life there. That was the beginning of March. On June 27th, I closed the deal—signed the papers and bought the store. One minute, I was new sales help, and the next minute I owned the store."

We learned that Mr. Drendel grew up in Memphis. In 1976, he began to take classes at the Ambassador Dance School in Memphis. He became obsessed with ballroom dancing and ballroom-dancing competitions. He ended up as the dance director of the school. "That's what I tend to do everywhere," he said.

"You go from nothing to running the place?"

"That's right."

To create a sense of the small town in New York, we thought, takes this kind of will to power.

Mr. Drendel looked up at the sky and said, "There's no greater feeling in the whole world than to be dressed in a full set of tails and have a lady on your arm and you are leading her onto the dance floor," he said. "She is dressed in the most beautiful gown, completely jewelled. You take her out on the floor and spin her and watch her twirl around, curtsy to the audience, and you take her into dance position and begin to do the most beautiful foxtrot or waltz. It's two or three minutes of the most incredible moments of your life. It's my first love, although I don't do it anymore."

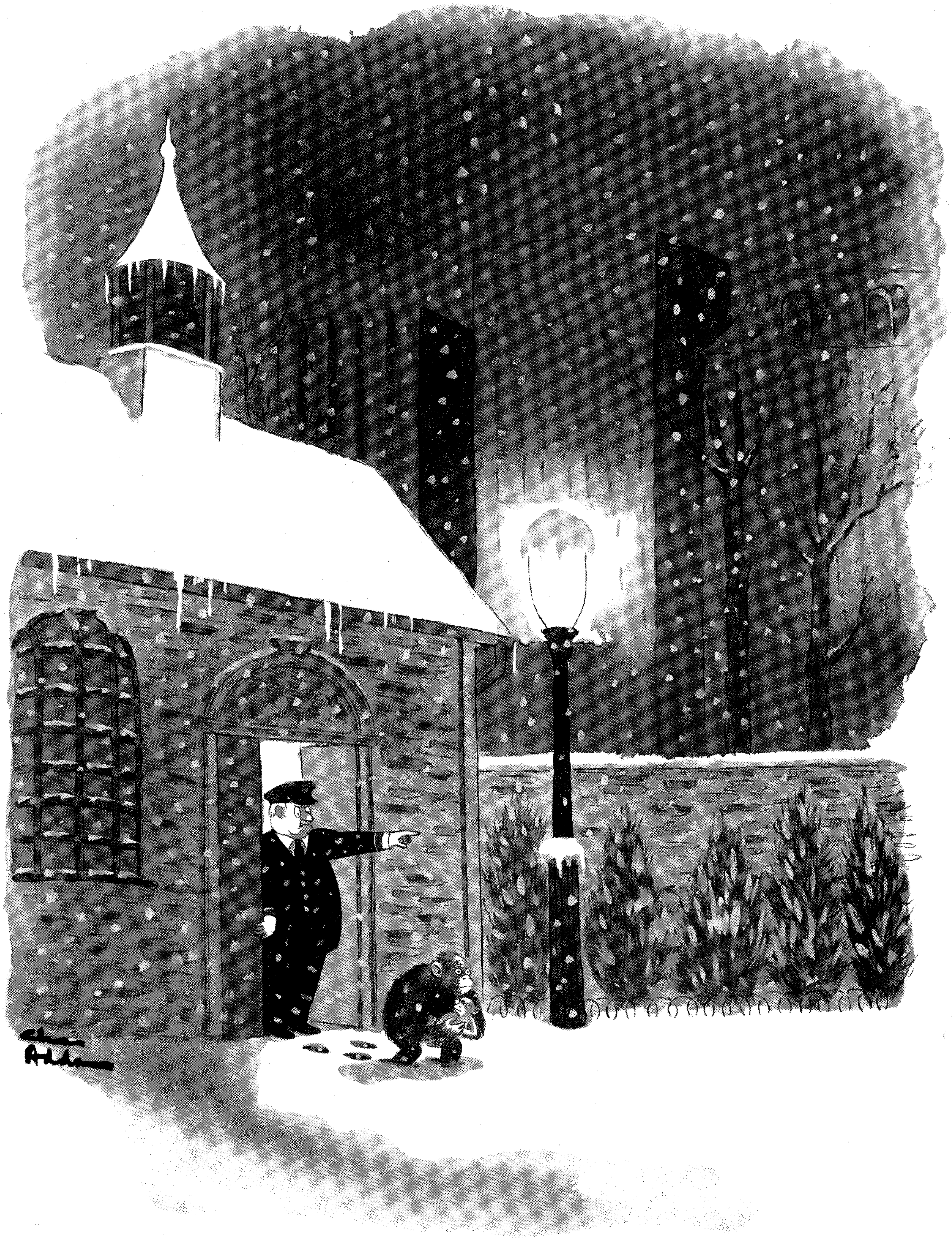
"When did you first visit New York?"

"When I was eighteen."

"What did you do after ballroom dancing?"

"I owned a place called the Car Salon, in Austin, Texas. People came to get their cars washed, and I gave them complimentary cocktails. Then the bottom fell out of the economy in Texas, so I came to New York."

As we left Mr. Drendel, we were thinking, Well, a part of the bottom may have fallen out of the economy in New York, too. But we passed by Canine Styles later in the day and we saw a party—a Christmas party. It was all a matter of women and their dogs. We saw papillons, English bulldogs, Shih Tzus, bichons frises, Yorkshire terriers, Maltese (eleven of them), French poodles, a Jack Russell terrier, a Gordon setter (the largest dog at the party), a wire-haired fox terrier, a schnauzer, a Norwich terrier, a West Highland white terrier, a cocker spaniel. People were dressed up. It looked as if the shop had been dressed up. Someone was taking *pictures*. Flashbulbs went off. We moved closer. Flashbulbs were going off in what is normally the grooming area. "Alice. Look, Alice. Smile. Good girl, Alice," a woman was saying. We saw Edith Hoeltz smiling and talking. We continued our walk down Lexington Avenue. Plaza Watch & Jewelry. Phone Boutique. DiPierre Corsetry. The image of the flashbulbs going off in the grooming area of Canine Styles stayed with us. And the idea of Mrs. Hoeltz grooming dogs on that spot for thirty years straight stayed with us, and Mr. Drendel coming into her life and her coming into his. We thought that if New York is to work as a community it will take all that—flashbulbs, a party, Mrs. Hoeltz's dedication, and Mr. Drendel's magical ability to walk right in and take over. Then we thought about Mr. Drendel and his various careers, and realized that what we were seeing on Lexington Avenue was the spirit of competitive ballroom dancing.


Chas Addams

A STATE OF AFFAIRS

OWING to his advanced age and a lack of close relatives, M. Wroblewski receives little personal mail. Most of the friends of his youth in Warsaw are dead and the survivors have not much to say, except about their grandchildren, and one cannot keep writing back and forth about total strangers. Even the grandparents know them only through colored snapshots or as shrill, shy voices over the telephone. They barely say anything in Polish and have English-sounding names: their parents emigrated as soon as they could. M. Wroblewski's wife has a niece in Canberra: Teresa, wife of Stanley, mother of Fiona and Tim. He keeps their photographs filed in large brown envelopes. Should Teresa and her family ever decide to visit Paris, he will spread their cheerful faces all over the flat.

You might imagine that changed conditions in Eastern Europe would stir some hope into the news from Warsaw, but his correspondents, the few who are left, sound dispirited, mistrustful. Everything costs too much. Young people are ignorant and rude. The spoken language is debased. Purses are snatched on church steps. There are no books worth reading—nothing but pornography and translated Western trash. Recently, a friend he has not seen in fifty years but with whom he has kept in touch sent him a long letter. The friend had been invited to describe his wartime ghetto experience in a radio talk. As a result, he was sent messages of insult and abuse. There was even a death threat. He is an old man. Surely enough is enough. "On that score, nothing has changed," he wrote. "It is in the brain, blood, and bone. I don't mean this for you. You were always different."

A compliment, yes, but no one wants to be singled out, tested, examined, decreed an exception. "I don't mean this for you" leads to awkwardness and painful feelings. Perhaps, a long time ago, as a young man, callow and cordial, M. Wroblewski had said the same thing to his friend: "Naturally, you are completely different. I'm talking about all the others." Could he have said it? He would like to be able to send his friend a plane ticket to Paris, find him a comfortable room and discreetly settle the bill, invite him to dinner: M. Wroblewski, his friend, and Magda around the little table in the living room, with the green lampshade glowing and the green curtains drawn; or at Chez Marcel, where he used to go with Magda. The owner would remember them, offer free glasses of cognac with their coffee: jovial, generous, welcoming—One Europe, One World.

There, you see, M. Wroblewski would tell his friend. There are chinks of light.

This is a soft autumn, moist and mild. Between showers the broad boulevards fill up with people strolling as though it were summer. He sits in the Atelier, the new place just next door to the Select, composing and rejecting an answer to his friend. His hat and stick are on a chair; his dog, an obedient one, lies under it. The Atelier opened in the eighties, but he still thinks of it as "the new place." It seems to have been in Montparnasse forever. The table mats depict a mature model posing for a life class some three generations ago. Newspapers are on wooden holders, in the old way. The waiters are patient, except when a customer's reaction to a slopped saucer is perceived as an affront. Across the street the mirrored walls of the building that now rises above the Coupole reflect an Île-de-France sky: watered blue with a thin screen of clouds. If you sit at the front row of tables you may be pestered by foreign beggars, some of them children. M. Wroblewski keeps loose change in his pocket, which he distributes until it runs out. There have been many newspaper articles warning him not to do this: the money is collected for the brutal and cynical men who put the children on the street.

His friend in Warsaw is completely alert, with an amazing memory of events, sorted out, in sequence. If he were here, at this moment, he would find a historical context for everything: the new building and its mirrors, the naked model, the beggar girl with her long braid of hair and the speck of diamond on the side of her nose. Who, after hearing the voice of an old man over the radio, could sit down and compose a threat? All M. Wroblewski can see are a man's hunched shoulders, the back of his thick neck. But no, his friend might say: I have seen his face, which is lean and elegant. What do you still hope for? What can you still expect? So much for your chinks of light.

And so they would exchange visions through the afternoon and into the evening, with the lights inside the café growing brighter and brighter as the trees outside become part of the night. Perhaps his friend would enjoy meeting someone wholly new, remote from the dark riddle of the man and the death letter. Unfortunately, most of M. Wroblewski's Paris acquaintances have vanished or moved away to remote towns and suburbs (everything seems far) or retired to a region of the mind that must be like a twisted, hollow shell. When he reads his wife a letter from Canberra he takes care to translate the English expressions Teresa puts in as a matter of course. Magda used to understand English, but even her French is fading now. Before he reaches the end of the letter she will have asked four or five times, "Who is it from?"—although he has shown her the signature and the bright Australian stamps. Or she may surprise him with a pertinent question: "Are they coming home for Christmas?" There is no telling what Magda means by home. She may say to him, "Does my father like you?" or even, "Where do you live?"

She uses his diminutive, says "Maciek and I," but knows nothing about him. She can play a game of cards, write a letter—it is never clear to whom—and he pretends to stamp and post it. By the time he has invented a plausible address, the incident has dissolved. She stares at the envelope. What is he talking about? She is poised on the moment between dark and light, when the last dream of dawn is shredding rapidly and awareness of morning has barely caught hold. She lives that split second all day long.

This morning, when he brought in her breakfast tray, he found a new letter astray on the carpet. Her writing is larger than before, easy to read:

> My dearest dear!
>
> Maciek is teaching and so am I! At the Polish high school in Paris! He teaches French. I teach algebra and music. Our pupils are well behaved. We have Nansen passports! They open wide, like an accordion. Only a few lucky people are allowed to have Nansen passports! They are very old! Only a few people can have them. Maciek is teaching French.
>
> Your loving
> Magda

Everything in the letter is true, if you imagine that today is unwinding some forty-five years ago. He said, "What a nice letter. Is it for Teresa?"

She sat up in bed, accepted tea. "What is Prussia?"

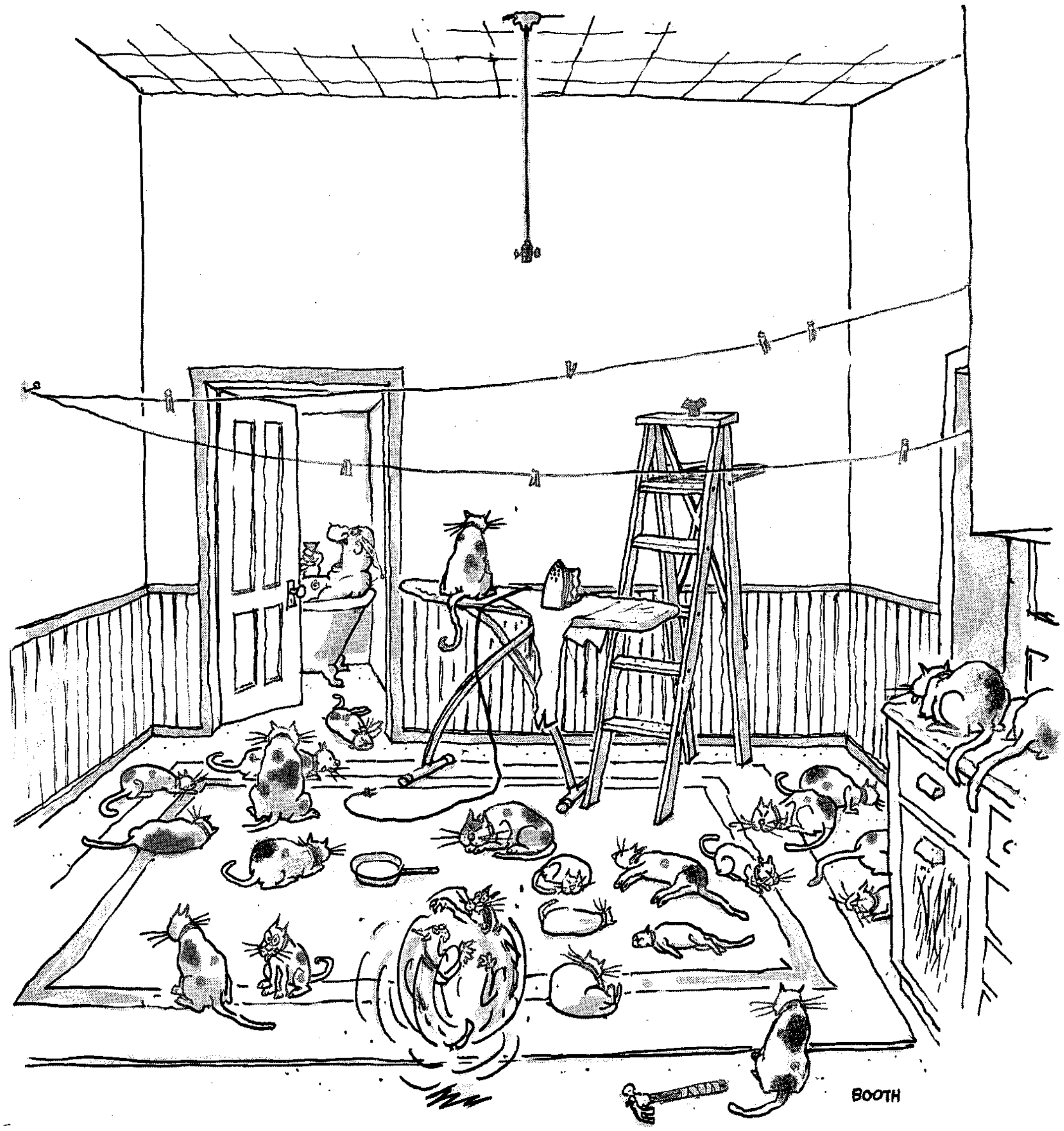
The Prussia question is new. Perhaps in one of the shredded dreams someone called out "Prussia!" in a dream voice that turned words and names into dramatic affirmations. She looked toward the window, sipped her tea. She could see (if she was taking it in) the big garage at the corner and at least one of the trees on Boulevard Raspail.

"They've cut some trees down," she remarked not long ago, walking with him around the block. She was right: it was he who failed to notice the gaps, even though he goes along the boulevard every day of his life.

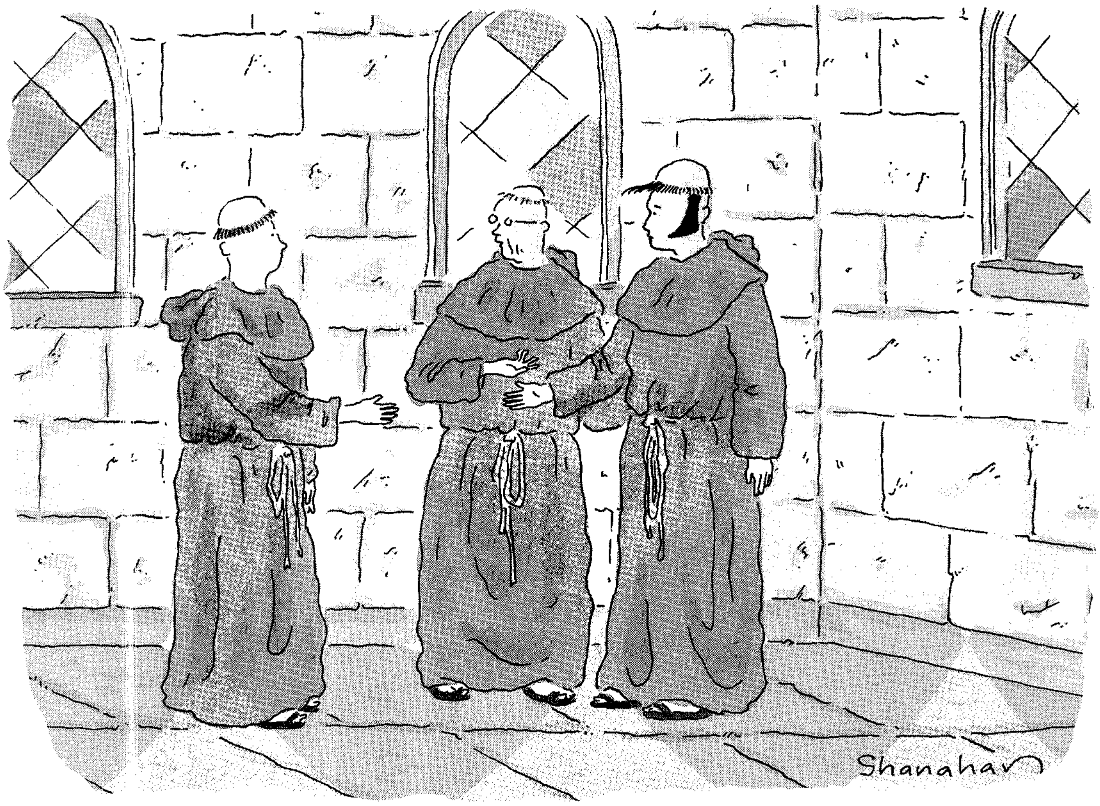
Unless you try to keep a conversation alive, nothing shows. When he takes her out in the afternoon for tea and a slice of fruitcake, she looks finer and more self-possessed than most of the old ladies at other tables. They make a mess with crumbs, feed piecrust to their unruly lapdogs, pester the waiter with questions as repetitive and tedious as any of Magda's: Why is that door open? Why doesn't someone shut the door? Well, why can't you get somebody to fix it? The trouble about Magda is only that one can't leave her alone for a minute or she will be out in the street, trying to climb on a bus, on her way to teach a solfège class in a Polish school that no longer exists.

Morning is the slow time, when she refuses to understand the first thing about buttons, zippers, a comb, a toothbrush. Marie-Louise, who was born in Martinique, arrives at nine o'clock, five days a week. She knows how to coax Magda out of bed and into her clothes. (A bath can take three-quarters of an hour.) At last, neatly dressed, holding hands with Marie-Louise, she will watch a program of cartoons or a cooking lesson or a hooded man sticking up an American bank. Still clutching Marie-Louise, she may say, in Polish, "Who is this woman? I don't like this woman. Tell her to go away."

Marie-Louise is sent by the city's social services and costs them nothing. The rules are firm: household tasks are banned, but she may, as a favor, start the washing machine or make a compote of apples and pears for Magda's lunch. In the meantime, he does the shopping, walks the dog. If Marie-Louise says she can stay until noon he walks up to Montparnasse and reads the newspapers. The white awning and umbrellas at the Atelier bring to mind the South, when Nice and Monaco were still within his means and not too crowded. He and Magda went down



"Today is the day I start the new me!"



"*And this is Brother Elvis.*"

every Easter, travelling third class. He can retrace every step of their holiday round: beach in the morning, even when Easter fell in March and the sea was too cold for wading; a picnic lunch of bread, cheese, and fruit, eaten in deck chairs along the front; a rest; a long walk, then a change into spotless, pressed clothes—cream and ivory tones for Magda, beige or lightweight navy for him. An apéritif under a white awning; dinner at the pension. (In the dining room the Wroblewskis kept to themselves.) After dinner, a visit to the casino—not to gamble but to watch the most civilized people in Western Europe throw their money around. You would have to be a millionaire to live that way now.

IN Montparnasse, the other day, a woman sitting by herself turned on a small radio. The music sounded like early Mozart or late Haydn. No one complained, and so the waiters said nothing. Against the music, he tried to calculate, in sums that have no bearing on money, his exact due. He would have sworn before any court, earthly or celestial, that he had never crawled. The music ceased, and a flat, cultured voice began describing what had just been played. The woman cut the voice and returned the radio to her handbag. For a few seconds the café seemed to have gone dead; then he began to take in conversations, the clink of spoons, footsteps, cars going by: sounds so familiar that they amounted to silence. Of course he had begged. He had entreated for enough to eat, relief from pain, a passport, employment. Shreds of episodes shrugged off, left behind, strewed the roads. Only someone pledged to gray dawns would turn back to examine them. You might as well collect every letter you see lying stained in a gutter and call the assortment an autobiography.

There must have been some virtues, surely. For instance, he had never tried to gain a benefit by fraud. Some people make a whole life out of trickery. They will even try to wangle a box of the chocolates that the mayor of Paris distributes at Christmastime. These would-be swindlers may be in their fifties and sixties, too young to be put on the mayor's list. Or else they have a large income and really ought to pay for their own pleasures. Actually, it is the rich who put on shabby clothes and saunter into their local town hall, waving a gift voucher that wouldn't fool a child. And they could buy a ton of chocolates without feeling the squeeze!

The Wroblewskis, neither prosperous nor in want, get their annual gift in a correct and legal way. About four years ago, a notice arrived entitling Magda Zaleska, spouse Wroblewska, to the mayor's present. She was just beginning to show signs of alarm over quite simple matters, and so he went in her place, taking along her passport, a lease of which she was the co-signer, and a letter of explanation that he wrote and got her to endorse. (Nobody wanted to read it.) He remembers how he trudged upstairs and down before coming across a hand-lettered sign saying "Chocolates—Show Voucher and Identity."

The box turned out to be staggering in size, too large for a drawer or a kitchen shelf. It remained for weeks on top of the television set. (Neither of them cared for chocolate, except now and then a square of the bitter kind, taken with strong black coffee.) Finally, he transferred half the contents to a tin container that some Polish friends in England had used to send the Wroblewskis a gift of shortbread and digestive biscuits, and dispatched it to a distant cousin of Magda's. The cousin had replied that she could find chocolate in Warsaw but would welcome a package of detergent or some toilet soap that didn't take one's skin off.

He had used some of last year's chocolates as an offering for the concierge, packing them attractively in a wicker basket that had come with a purchase of dried apricots. She removed the ribbon and flowered paper, folded them, and exclaimed, "Ah! The mayor's chocolates!" He still wonders how she knew: they are of excellent

READING THE SUNDAY COMICS, SUMMER, 1963

1. GASOLINE ALLEY

Smiling young men with bulging biceps
who change your flat tire
and never dirty their white coveralls.
The girl from the coffee wagon
in her checkered apron
who leans against the soda machine
happily chewing gum.
No one having sex.
Or wanting it.
Lawns and flower beds without weeds
set back on tree-lined streets.
Everything orderly.
Every surface polished.
Every human being as easy
to take apart and reassemble
as a car engine.
A universe of cleanly moving parts
that would have pleased Descartes.
So that, after lunch, at the baseball field,
a boy washing down chocolate bars
with chocolate milk
will rub his rabbit's foot
and pitch a no-hitter
into the ninth inning
of a scoreless game
and then lose it on a bloop single.
Good-naturedly learning a moral lesson.
Then going home to find
a hot supper waiting for him.
On both sides of the railroad tracks
a community of honest men
doing an honest day's work.
No one dying.
Someone always telling a familiar joke
in the end, while the sun sets,
and everybody laughing.

2. BLONDIE

The harried, hysterical housewife
in need of a therapist
in a world where there is no therapy.
Her husband the diligent oaf,
with hair parted down the middle,
who is afraid of his boss.
Her daffy daughter and bumbling son,
who could be youthful twins
of their parents.
She forgets things everywhere:
hats and handbags,
pancakes on the skillet,
irons burning holes in shirts.
She likes bubble baths on hot afternoons.
She shops.
Late at night, when she's taken off
her polka-dot dress
and put on a polka-dot robe,
her husband is making one of his famous

• •

quality and look like any other chocolates you can see in a confectioner's window. Perhaps she is on the list, and sends hers off to relatives in Portugal. It hardly seems possible: they are intended for the elderly and deserving, and she is barely forty. Perhaps she is one of the schemers who has used deceit—a false birth certificate. What of it? She is a worthy woman, hardworking and kind. A man he knows of is said to have filed an affidavit that he was too badly off to be able to pay his yearly television tax and got away with it: here, in Paris, where every resident is supposed to be accounted for; where the entire life of every authorized immigrant is lodged inside a computer or crammed between the cardboard covers of a dossier held together with frayed cotton tape.

When he brings Magda her breakfast tray he looks as if he were on the way to an important meeting—with the bank manager, say, or the mayor himself. He holds to his side of the frontier between sleeping and waking, observes his own behavior for symptoms of contagion—haziness about time, forgetting names, straying from the point in conversation. He is fit, has good eyesight, can still hear the slide of letters when the concierge pushes them under the door. He was ten months in Dachau, the last winter and spring of the war, and lost a tooth for every month. They have been replaced, in an inexpensive, bric-a-brac way: better than nothing. The Germans give him a monthly pension, which covers his modest telephone bill, with a bit over. He is low on the scale of atonement. First of all, as the German lawyer who dealt with the claim pointed out, he was a grown man at the time. He had completed his education. He had a profession. One can teach a foreign language anywhere in the world. All he had to do when the war ended was carry on as before. He cannot plead that the ten months were an irreparable break, with a before and an after, or even a waste of life. When he explained about the German pension to a tax assessor, he was asked if he had served with the German Army. He feels dizzy if he bends his head—for instance, over a newspaper spread flat—and he takes a green-and-white capsule every day, to steady his heart.

As soon as Marie-Louise rings the front doorbell, the dog drags the leash from its place in the vestibule and drops it at his feet. Hector is a young schnauzer with a wiry coat and a gamesome disposition, who was acquired on their doctor's advice as a focus of interest for Magda. He is bound to outlive his master. M. Wroblewski has made arrangements: the concierge will take him over. She can hardly wait. Sometimes she says to Hector, "Here we are, just the two of us," as if M. Wroblewski were already among the missing. Walking Hector seems to be more and more difficult. Parisians leave their cars along the curbs without an inch of space; beyond them traffic flies by like driven hail. When Magda, of all people, noticed that those few trees were missing, he felt unreasonable dismay, as if every last thing that mattered to him had been felled. Why don't they leave us alone? he thought. He had been holding silent conversations with no one in particular for some time. Then the letter came and he began addressing his friend. He avoids certain words, such as "problem," "difficulty," "catastrophe,"

sandwiches, sixteen inches high
(salami, baloney, cheese and onions,
olives, eggs, bacon and pickles),
in the brightly lit kitchen
with the half-moon nestled in the window.
She pours herself a glass of milk
and sits at the table
to watch him eat.
Nothing will ever change for her.
Just once, she would like to sleep
in the nude—with someone else.

3. BETTY AND VERONICA

Girls with perfect breasts
driving by a sparkling lake
in a red convertible.
Listening to rock and roll.
Combing their hair.
Eating cheeseburgers and drinking shakes
without ever losing their figures.
One a blonde, the other a brunette.
Carefree and flirtatious.
With beautiful teeth.
They will never witness a crime
or enter a voting booth.
Never go to college
or work in an office
or feel their youth slip away.
Never suffer the griefs
of childbirth, illness, or divorce.
For all eternity
boys in letter sweaters
will give them signet rings
and fight for the privilege
of taking them to drive-ins and proms.
In a life of perpetual sunshine
they never sleep, never tire,
their eyes wide with an astonishment
that never ends.
A kind of passion.

4. DONDI

The brooding orphan boy
passed among strangers
who live in gloomy houses.
His suitcase always packed.
His wide mournful eyes.
His blue-black hair with the cowlick.
His life that is a progression
of darkening adjectives.
His dog who is also ineffably sad.
Where will Dondi end up
and how alone will he be,
forever choking back tears
cold as water cupped from deep
in the North Atlantic?
It pained me
that I never liked him.

—Nicholas Christopher

• •

and says instead, A state of affairs.

The Nansen passports are being called in. Three people he knows, aged between eighty-one and eighty-eight, have had letters from the French Ministry for Foreign Affairs: the bureau that handles those rare and special passports is closing down. Polish political refugees do not exist any longer. They have been turned into Polish citizens (this is the first they've heard of it) and should apply to their own embassy for suitable documents. Two of the new citizens are an engraver, who still works in an unheatable studio on the far side of Montmartre, and another artist, a woman, who once modelled a strong, stunning likeness of Magda. She could not afford to have it cast, and the original got broken or was lost—he can't remember. It was through a work of art that he understood his wife's beauty. Until then he had been proud of her charm and distinction. He liked to watch her at the piano; he watched more than he listened, perhaps. The third is a former critic of Eastern European literature who at some point fell into a depression and gave up bothering with letters.

". . . and so, ipso facto, Polish citizens," the engraver told M. Wroblewski, over the telephone. "What are they going to do with us? Ship us back to Poland? Are we part of a quota now? At our age, we are better off stateless." Perhaps it is true. They never travel and do not need passports. Everyone has a place to live, an income of sorts. Two of the three still actually earn money. In a way, they look after one another.

No one has made a move. As the engraver says, when you are dealing with world-level bureaucracy, it is smarter to sit still. By the time you have decided how to react, all the rules may have been changed.

It is true and not true. One can quietly shift a pawn without causing a riot. M. Wroblewski's attitude runs to lines of defense. Probably, some clerk at the Ministry is striking off names in alphabetical order and is nowhere close to the "W"s. After several false starts, he has written and mailed a letter to the Quai d'Orsay asking for French citizenship. He might have applied years ago, of course, but in the old days refusal was so consistent that one was discouraged at the outset. By the time he and Magda had their work, their apartment, their precious passports, the last thing they wanted was to fill in another form, stand in another line. He made no mention in the letter of refugees, status, or citizenship—other than French—but drew attention to the number of years he had lived in France, his fluent French, and his admiration for the culture. He spoke of the ancient historical links between Poland and France, touched briefly on the story of Napoleon and Mme. Waleska, and reminded the Ministry that he had never been behind with the rent or overdrawn at the bank.

(He sent the letter more than a month ago. So far, there has been no word from the Quai d'Orsay: an excellent sign. One can coast with perfect safety on official silence.)

In the meantime, something new has turned up. About three weeks ago he received a personal letter from the bank, written on a real typewriter, signed with real ink: no booklets, no leaflets, no pictures of a white-haired couple looking the Sphinx in the eye or enjoying Venice. There was just the personal message and one other thing, a certificate. "Certificate" was printed in thick black letters, along with his name, correctly spelled. A Mme. Carole Fournier, of Customers' Counselling Service, entreated him to sign the certificate, ask for an appointment, and bring it to her desk. (Her own signature seemed to him open and reliable, though still untried by life.) According to Mme. Fournier, and for reasons not made clear, he was among a handful of depositors—aristocrats, in their way—to whom the bank was proposing a cash credit of fifteen thousand francs. The credit was not a loan, not an overdraft, but a pool into which he could dip, without paying interest, any time he needed ready money but did not wish to touch his savings. The sums drawn from that fund would be replaced at the rate of two thousand francs a month, transferred from his current account. There was no interest or surcharge: he read that part twice.

For fifteen thousand francs he could fly to Australia, he supposed, or go on a cruise to the Caribbean. He could buy Magda a sumptuous fur coat. He would do none of those things, but the offer was generous and not to be rejected out of hand. He had opened an account with his first salary check in France: perhaps the bank wanted to show gratitude for years of loyalty. Besides his current account, he possessed two savings accounts. One of these is tax-free, limited by law to a deposit of fifteen thousand francs—by coincidence, the very amount he was being offered. Some people, he supposed, would grab the whole thing and dribble it away on nonsense, then feel downcast and remorseful as they watched their current account dwindle, month after month. The gift was a bright balloon with a long string attached. The string could be passed from hand to hand—to the bank and back. He saw himself holding fast to the string.

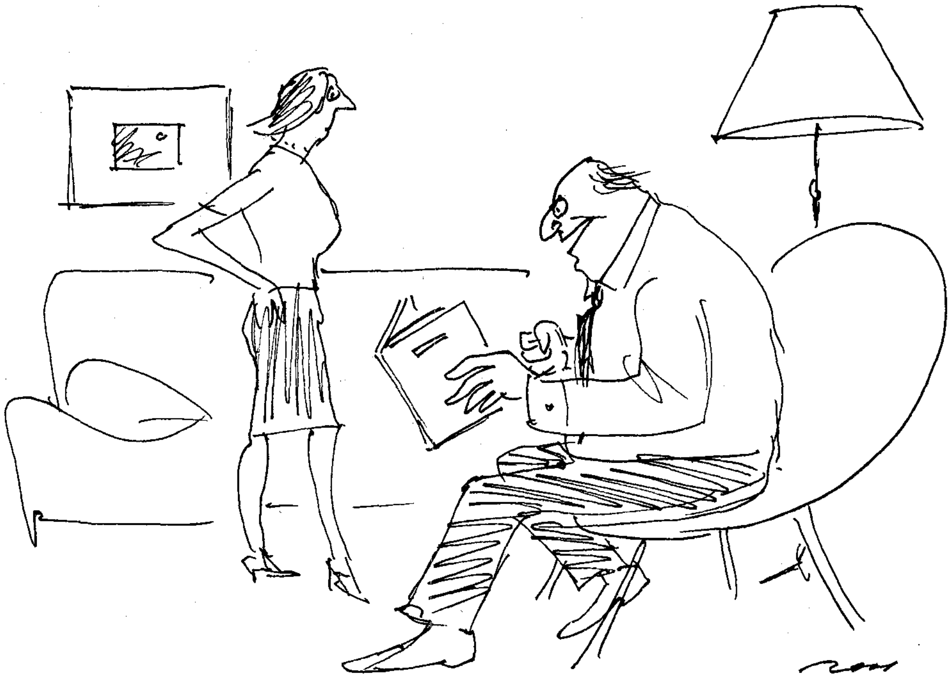
Before he had a chance to do anything about it, he had a dizzy spell in the street and had to enter a private art gallery and ask to sit down. (They were not very nice about it. There was only one chair, occupied by a lady addressing envelopes.) His doctor ordered him to take a week's rest, preferably miles away from home. The preparation that was required—finding someone to sleep at the flat, two other people to come in during the afternoons and on the weekend—was more wearing than just keeping on; but he obeyed, left nothing undone, turned Hector over to the concierge, and caught the train for Saint-Malo. Years before, in an era of slow trains and chilly hotels, he had taken some of his students there. Uncomplaining, they ate dry sandwiches and apples and pitched the apple cores from the ramparts. This time he was alone in a wet season. Under a streaming umbrella he walked the ramparts again and when the sky cleared visited Chateaubriand's grave; and from the edge of the grave took the measure of the ocean. He had led his students here, too, and told them everything about Chateaubriand (everything they could take in) but did not say that Sartre had urinated on the grave. It might have made them laugh.

He left the grave and the sea and started back to the walled city. He thought of other violations and of the filth that can wash over quiet lives. In the dark afternoon the lighted windows seemed exclusive, like careless snubs. He would write to his friend, "I wondered what I was doing there, looking at other people's windows, when I have a home of my own." The next day he changed his train reservation and returned to Paris before the week was up.

Magda recognized him but did not know he had been away. She asked if he had been disturbed by the neighbor who played Schubert on the piano all night long. (Perhaps the musician existed, he sometimes thought, and only Magda could hear him.) "You must tell him to stop," she said. He promised he would.

MME. CAROLE FOURNIER, Customers' Counselling Service, turned out to be an attractive young woman, perhaps a bit thin in the face. Her hollow cheeks gave her a birdlike appearance, but when she turned to the computer screen beside her desk her profile reminded him of an actress, Elzbieta Barszczewska. When Barszczewska died, in her white wedding dress, at the end of a film called "The Leper," the whole of Warsaw went into mourning. Compared with Barszczewska, Pola Negri was nothing.

The plastic rims of Mme. Fournier's glasses matched the two red combs in her hair. Her office was a white cubicle with a large window and no door. Her computer, like all those he had noticed in the bank, had a screen of azure. It suggested the infinite. On its cerulean surface he could read, without straining, facts about himself: his date of birth, for one. Between white lateral blinds at the window he observed a bakery and the post office where he bought stamps and sent letters. Hector, tied to a metal

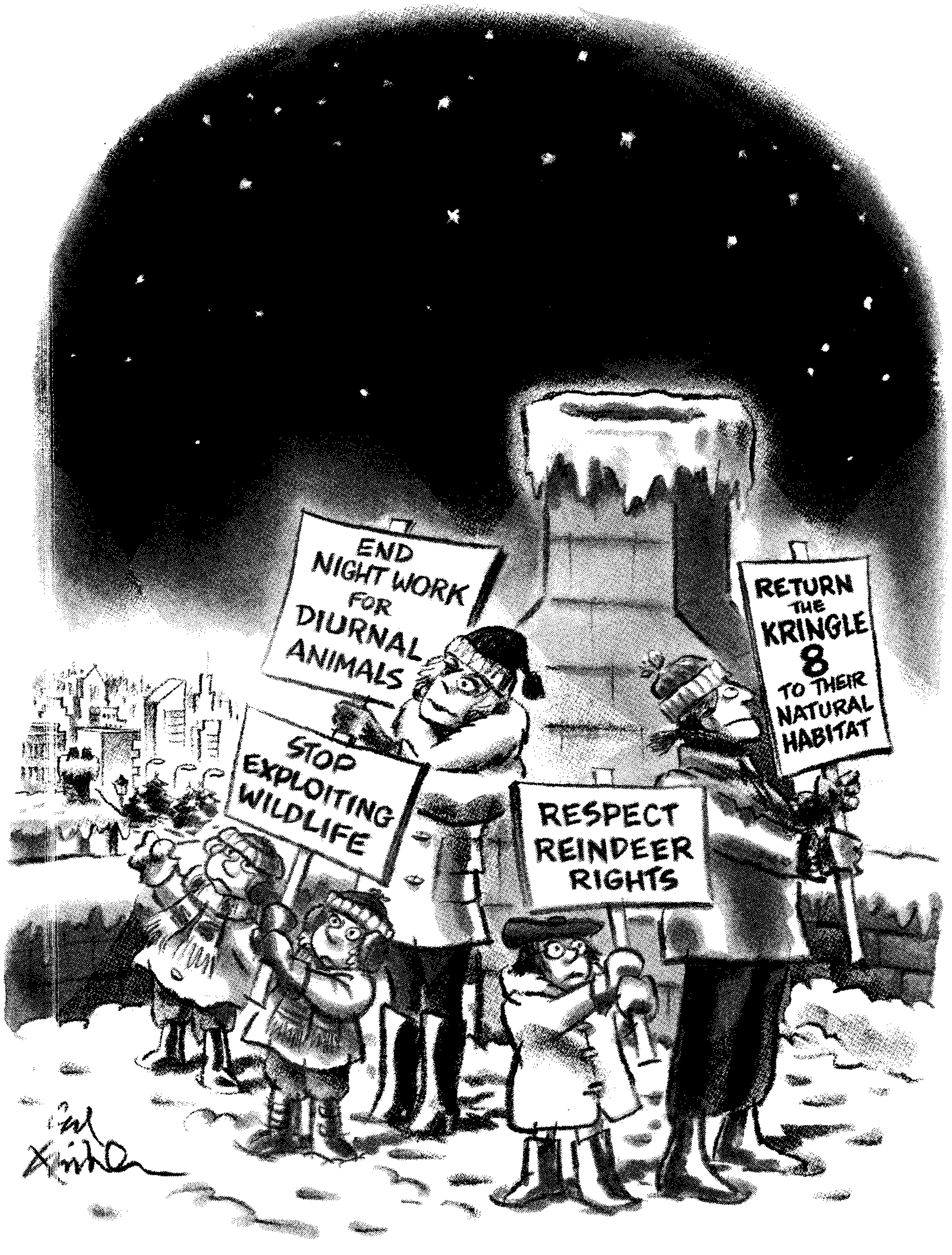


"Forceful, yes! But not lucid, as the 'Times' would have me believe!"

bar among chained and padlocked bikes, was just out of sight. Had the window been open, one might have heard his plaintive barking. M. Wroblewski wanted to get up and make sure the dog had not been kidnapped, but it would have meant interrupting the charming Mme. Fournier.

She glanced once more at the blue screen, then came back to a four-page questionnaire on her desk. He had expected a welcome. So far, it had been an interrogation. "I am sorry," she said. "It's my job. I have to ask you this. Are you sixty-six or over?"

"I am flattered to think there could be any doubt in your mind," he began. She seemed so young; his voice held a note of teasing. She could have been a grandchild, if generations ran as statistics want them to. He might have sent her picture to his friend in Warsaw: red combs, small hands, zodiac (Gemini) medallion on a chain. Across the street a boy came out of the bakery carrying several long loaves, perhaps for a restaurant. She waited. How long had she been waiting? She held a pen poised over the questionnaire.


END NIGHT WORK FOR DIURNAL ANIMALS
STOP EXPLOITING WILDLIFE
RESPECT REINDEER RIGHTS
RETURN THE KRINGLE 8 TO THEIR NATURAL HABITAT

"I celebrated my sixty-sixth birthday on the day General de Gaulle died," he said. "I do not mean that I celebrated the death of that amazing man. It made me very sorry. I was at the theatre, with my wife. The play was 'Ondine,' with Isabelle Adjani. It was her first important part. She must have been seventeen. She was the toast of Paris. Lovely. A nymph. After the curtain calls, the director of the theatre walked on, turned to the audience, and said the President was dead." She seemed still to be waiting. He continued, "The audience gasped. We filed out without speaking. My wife finally said, 'The poor man. And how sad, on your birthday.' I said, 'It is history.' We walked home in the rain. In those days one could walk in the street after midnight. There was no danger."

Her face had reflected understanding only at the mention of Isabelle Adjani. He felt bound to add, "I think I've made a mistake. It was not President de Gaulle after all. It was President Georges Pompidou whose death was announced in all the theatres of Paris. I am not sure about Adjani. My wife always kept theatre programs. I could look it up, if it interests you."

"It's about your being sixty-six or over," she said. "You'll have to take out a special insurance policy. It's to protect the bank, you see. It doesn't cost much."

"I am insured."

"I know. This is for the bank." She turned the questionnaire around so that he could read a boxed query: "Do you take medication on a daily basis?"

"Everyone my age takes something."

"Excuse me. I have to ask. Are you seriously ill?"

"A chronic complaint. Nothing dangerous." He put his hand over his heart.

She picked up the questionnaire,

excused herself once more, and left him. On the screen he read the numbers of his three accounts, and the date when each had been opened. He remembered Hector, stood up, but before he could get to the window Mme. Fournier was back.

"I am sorry," she said. "I am sorry it is taking so long. Please sit down. I have to ask you another thing."

"I was trying to see my dog."

"About your chronic illness. Could you die suddenly?"

"I hope not."

"I've spoken to M. Giroud. You will need to have a medical examination. No, not by your own doctor," forestalling him. "A doctor from the insurance firm. It isn't for the bank. It is for them—the insurance." She was older than he had guessed. Embarrassment and its disguises tightened her face, put her at about thirty-five. The youthful signature was a decoy. "M. Wroblewski," she said, making a good stab at the consonants, "is it worth all this, for fifteen thousand francs? We would authorize an overdraft, if you needed one. But, of course, there would be interest to pay."

"I wanted the fund for the very reason you have just mentioned—in case I die suddenly. When I die, my accounts will be frozen, won't they? I'd like some cash for my wife. I thought I could make my doctor responsible. He could sign—anything. My wife is too ill to handle funeral arrangements, or to pay the people looking after her. It will take time before the will is settled."

"I'm sorry," she said. "I'm truly sorry. It is not an account. It is a cash reserve. If you die, it ceases to exist."

"A reserve of cash, in my name, held by a bank, is an account," he said. "I would never use or touch it in my lifetime."

"It isn't your money," she said. "Not in the way you think. I'm sorry. Excuse me. The letter should never have been sent to you."

"The bank knows my age. It is there, on the screen."

"I know. I'm sorry. I don't send these things out."

"But you sign them?"

"I don't send them out."

They shook hands. He adjusted his hat at a jaunty angle. Everything he had on that day looked new, even the silk ascot, gray with a small pattern of yellow, bought by Magda at Arnys, on the Rue de Sèvres—oh, fifteen years before. Nothing was frayed or faded. He never seemed to wear anything out. His nails were clipped, his hands unstained. He still smoked three Craven A a day, but had refrained in the presence of Mme. Fournier, having seen no ashtray on her desk. There had been nothing on it, actually, except the questionnaire. He ought to have brought her some chocolates; it troubled him to have overlooked a civility. He held nothing against her. She seemed competent, considerate in her conduct.

"Your accounts are in fine shape," she said. "That must be something off your mind. We could allow . . . At any rate, come back and see me if you have a problem."

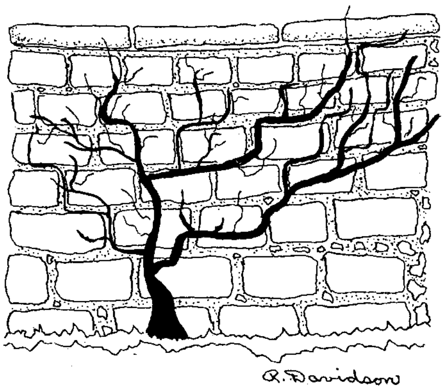
"My problem is my own death," he said, smiling.

"You mustn't think such things." She touched her talisman, Gemini, as if it really could allow her a double life: one with vexations and one without. "Please excuse us. M. Giroud is sorry. So am I."

AFTER the business about the letter and the Prussia question this morning, Magda was quiet. He let her finish her tea (she forgets she is holding a cup) and tried to draw her into conversation about the view from the window.

She said, "The neighbor is still playing Schubert all night. It keeps me awake. It is sad when he stops."

Their neighbors are a couple who go out to work. They turn off the television at ten and there is no further sound until half past six in the morning, when they listen to the news. At a quarter to eight they lock their front door and ring for the elevator, and the apartment is quiet again until suppertime. No one plays Schubert.



He picked up the tray. When he reached the doorway she said in a friendly, even voice, "The piano kept me awake."

"I know," he said. "The man playing Schubert."

"What man? Men can't play anything."

"A woman? Someone you know?"

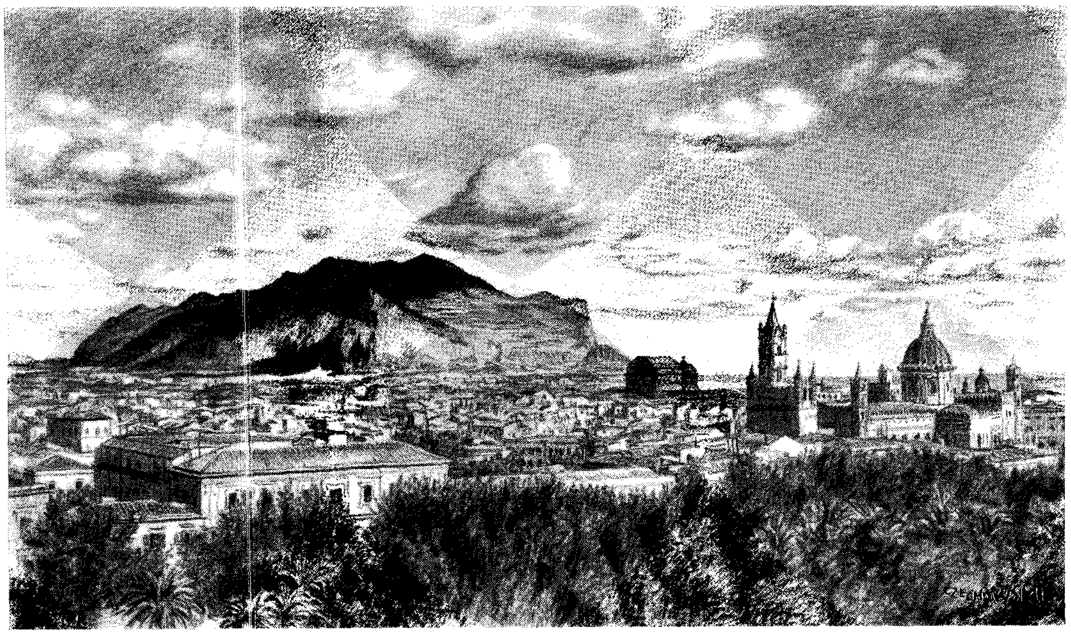
He stood still, waiting. He said to his friend, If I get an answer, it means she is cured. But she will burrow under the blankets and pillows until Marie-Louise arrives. Once Marie-Louise is here, I will go out and meet you, or the thought of you, which never quits me now. I will read the news and you can tell me what it means. We will look at those mirrored walls across the boulevard and judge the day by colors: pale gold, gray, white-and-blue. A sheet of black glass means nothing: it is not a cloud or the sky. Let me explain. Give me time. From that distance, the dark has no power. It has no life of its own. It is a reflection.

Today I shall bring a pad of writing paper and a stamped, addressed envelope. You can think of me, at a table behind the window. (It is getting a bit cold for the street.) I have a young dog. As you can see, I am still boringly optimistic. Magda is well. This morning we talked about Schubert. I regret that your health is bad and you are unable to travel. Otherwise you could come here and we would rent a car and drive somewhere—you, Magda, the dog, and I. I am sorry about the radio talk and its effect on some low people. There are distorted minds here, too—you would not believe what goes on. Someone said, "Hitler lives!" at a meeting—so I am told. I suppose the police can't be everywhere. Please take good care of yourself. Your letters are precious to me. We have so many memories. Do you remember "The Leper," and the scene where she dies at her own wedding? She was much more beautiful than Garbo or Dietrich—don't you think? I wish I had more to tell you, but my life is like the purring of a cat. If I were to describe it, it would put you to sleep. I may have more to tell you tomorrow. In the meantime, I send you God's favor.

—Mavis Gallant

ANNALS OF PLACE

THE PALACE AND THE CITY



I hold old families in high regard. They possess a memory, minute it's true, but anyway greater than that of others.—*"Ligea," by Giuseppe Tomasi di Lampedusa.*

GIOACCHINO LANZA TOMASI lives, with his extended family and various tenants, in Palermo, Sicily, in a palace on the Via Butera. The palace—or part of it—used to belong to Gioacchino's cousin and adoptive father, Giuseppe Tomasi (1896-1957), the last Prince of Lampedusa, who wrote the novel "The Leopard." Lampedusa lived in this house for only the final twelve years of his life and claimed not to like it very much, but the palace, a shuttered hulk overlooking the sea, is virtually the only edifice associated with the Lampedusas that is still standing, and over the past three decades or so Gioacchino has been buying from the scattered descendants of its original owners the remaining jigsaw pieces of it and propping them up.

Sicilians, for all their sense of drama, habitually greet doers with the hostility of a colonized race that has long been done by: *protagonismo*, or seizing the limelight, is a dirty word for them. Gioacchino Lanza, who is the Duke of Palma by adoption and the youngest son of a family that came to Sicily in the twelfth century, when the Holy Roman Emperor Henry VI seized the throne, has broken the national spell of indolence. A former music critic and a former director of the Palermo and Rome operas, he is the author of two architectural histories—one of Sicilian villas and the other of Sicilian castles and monasteries—and of numerous articles on Lampedusa and on Palermitan life and culture. Today, he divides his time among Sicily, where he teaches the history of music at the University of Palermo; Rome, where he is the director of the Radio Symphony Orchestra; and Bologna, where he is the director of the opera. In addition, he runs the music and dance section of the Taormina Arte summer festival—a Sicilian Spoleto, which stages opera in a Greek amphitheatre perched on a cliff over the Mediterranean. "I'm a Palermitan who works abroad," he explains. "I live in Rome like a man in a hotel who goes there to work and leaves again, and I'm afraid this is the destiny of Rome—to be a government town run by people who feel they belong elsewhere. Here in Palermo, I have the feeling of being inside a marvellous egg surrounded by nothing. It's home and it's wonderful, but after three or four days you must go elsewhere."

His is a powerful presence. At the age of fifty-seven, he gives off the gleam of a man thoroughly adored and fussed over—a man whose belovedness is so complete that it has left him unspoiled and generous. Gioacchino's gleeful confidence, too sardonic for smugness, is also in part the afterglow of his having been a precocious child, accustomed from a very early age to the friendship of men years his senior. A glitter of boy wonder survives in him even though he has become not only a businessman and an impresario but also the full-time head of a demanding family, the custodian of its accumulated knowledge and attributes, and the doctor of an old house's aches and sorrows. The elder of his two older brothers, Giuseppe, admiringly calls him *un genio.* A fixer, who slides gracefully from disquisitions on Spanish fortifications, the Teutonic Orders, or John Cage to repairing a broken furnace. Tallish, he leans backward as he stands, hands in pockets; or, sitting, he taps his fingers and grimaces. He has a rather Prussian head, with brilliant-blue eyes, white-and-rosy skin, and a red pouty underlip, pushed out in recurring accesses of skepticism, demurral. And amazing hair—a thick, soft chestnut pelt like a Shetland pony's, standing up from the skull in a brush cut. His laugh is subtle, worldly, yet a little remote, and this remoteness has a philosophic air. Sicilian chaos and corruption, conniving colleagues, lousy students, an orchestra on strike are all things for him to make jokes of; complaining is ungentlemanly. But you can hear traces of a sharp tongue, which Lampedusa once warned him against. When Gioacchino's wife, Nicoletta, who is a Venetian, says that Palermo's university is terrible compared with Venice's, he retorts, "Venetians are boasters. They aspire to be Austrian bureaucrats, but from five in the morning they are drunk on horrible white wine"—a crack that makes Nicoletta flush scarlet. When she later asks Gioacchino to carve the guinea hen she is serving for dinner, he protests, "But I don't carve birds, I carve people!"

Gioacchino Lanza, this whiz kid, adopted son of a great writer, now a college professor in baggy tweeds, a scholar-musician-diplomat constantly off to press conferences in Tokyo and juries in Venice or Geneva, wedded to fax and computer, has made himself the keeper of two ancient noble traditions—Lampedusa's and his own—and dedicated himself to preserving from Sicilian oblivion their individual memories.

A happy man, in an unhappy country.

A DOG LOVER'S CONFESSION

Perfect love I have known,
whose animal eyes
disregard all disguise,
go beyond flesh and bone,

an unshaken forever,
heart's white purity
any angel would envy.
But I slightly prefer

unpredictable pairing,
pain and peace in one thing,
unplumbable thoughts,
the love that comes wearing,
fall, fire, freeze, or spring,
black-and-white polka dots.

—Mona Van Duyn

• •

Palermo, on Sicily's northwest coast, is a wild, unvisited place. I spent a month there recently, staying with the Lanzas, and was told that the only foreigners who pass through are busloads of Germans en route to instant sun and a trail of American filmmakers trying, as one man told me in polite exasperation, "to glamorize the Mafia and impose some idea filtered down from their grandfathers' tales."

"You are writing a story about Palermo?" asks Vences Lanza, Gioacchino's other brother, who lives in the nearby seaside resort of Mondello. "Then it will be a tragedy, for Palermo is a terrible, tragic town."

Fabrizio Lanza, Gioacchino's twenty-eight-year-old son, after ignoring me for a week, because nobody had told him I was coming to stay in his house, says, "Why would a girl like you visit Palermo when you could visit Florence or Rome? Here is horrible."

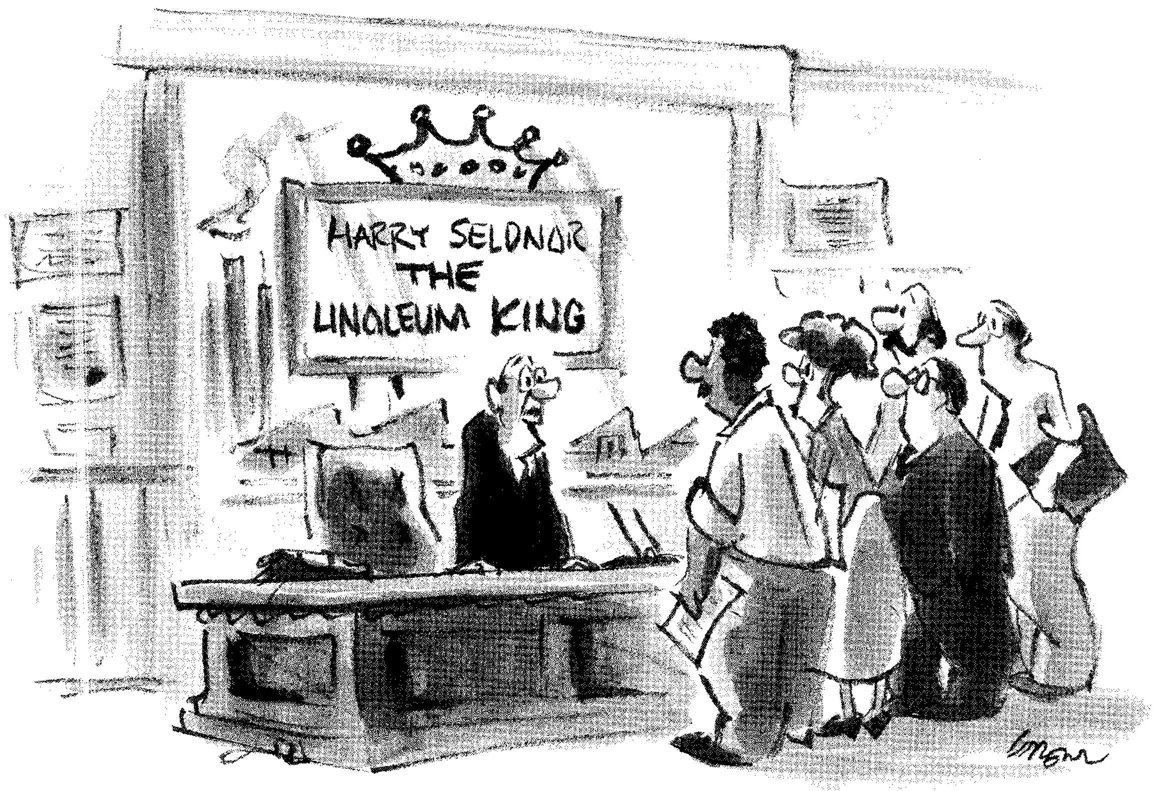
Today, Sicilian poverty, which until twenty or thirty years ago was possibly the most grinding in Western Europe, has been somewhat alleviated, mostly by money from Rome. The regional government is now rich, and so are the universities. But this is a wealth based on handouts, so it is still pretty much true that you have to leave Palermo to do anything—a necessity that those obliged to leave find heartbreaking.

For those who remain in Palermo, life is largely a matter of hustling and wrangling in order to skirt measures that are counterproductive. The regional government is a paralytic and paralyzing monster: everybody lives off it and everybody outsmarts it, and every day you see a dozen instances of that instinctive and endemic double reality which gives Palermitan life its improvisational flavor. Many stores, for example, have their names back to front and upside down above their doors—ghostly "IHƆƆⱯᗺⱯ⊥"s and "INIA"s—in an attempt to evade the notice of the tax collectors. And at almost every traffic intersection—the city has only a few stoplights—you see handsome girls wearing Hermès scarves and Ferragamo shoes and men in tweeds and jeans waving Day-Glo flags: the traffic cops' uniforms haven't yet arrived. More harmful are the rankling feuds and the mistrust, envy, suspicion, and conspiracy that infect both public and private life—phenomena that visitors to Sicily have remarked upon for the last twenty-seven hundred years.

Palermo, famously, is the only city in Italy whose historical center has not been repaired since it was bombed by the Allies, forty-eight years ago. It is also one of the most ravishing cities in the world, planted by a geographer with an eye for high drama. A harbor town, it slants down to a scoop-necked marina and sandy beach, and is flanked by two mountains: to the east, a low humpbacked whale; to the west, the craggy limestone peaks of Monte Pellegrino. Between them lies the Conca d'Oro, a plain named for its glowing eruption of citrus groves. From odd corners of the city you are riveted by these two extremes: above, the precipitous verticals of rock, and, below, a scallop of Tyrrhenian jade green, punctuated by ships and cranes.

The mountains are traditionally the seat of religious rites and of bandit lairs—places that invite the city dweller to forsake his liquor or his job, to seek asceticism or crime. Monte Pellegrino is the site of the cave, now a shrine, to which the Norman princess Rosalia, who became Palermo's patron saint, ran away. (In the nineteenth century, an archeologist reported that the bones being paraded in the annual festival as Rosalia's were in fact the skeleton of a mammoth. His wicked heresy was suppressed.) In another cave are the earliest evidences of Sicilian man—fluid, elegant line drawings of naked, seal-like men who resemble Matisse bathers.

The sea is the highway that brought Sicily nearly three thousand years of foreign invaders. Palermo is no longer a significant port, but the Tyrrhenian is nevertheless a theatrical backdrop, like a glimpsed corner of revelation. On rough days, the breakers come hurtling in. The air of Palermo—for a capital city crammed with little cars and with buses farting storms of diesel—is crystalline, and the marine light makes sand and sea blend into a vaporous Japanese blur of whitenesses. Once, Sicily's sea reached much farther inland. Withdrawing now, it leaves behind strange, archaic messages: a Punic galley ship, a headless basalt kouros (now to be seen, respectively, in the archeological museums of Marsala and of Palermo).



"My friends, after our many happy years together, it is with feelings of both joy and sorrow that I announce my decision to abdicate my throne and marry a commoner."

• •

The first recorded settlers in Palermo were Phoenician, and they seem to have called the place Ziz. The Greeks never colonized the northwestern corner of Sicily, and historians from Tocqueville on have contrasted the civilized, Greek east coast of Sicily, with its bourgeois university towns, and the wild, poor west side. People have claimed that it is no historical accident that the three most Mafia-dominated coast towns—Palermo, Trapani, and Marsala—were all African, and not Greek. (This theory no longer holds water. The Greek cities, like Catania and Gela, are now just as thickly infested.)

Palermo is with some justice considered an outpost of North Africa. It was after the Saracen invasion, in 831, that it first became a great world capital—said to be one of the largest and richest cities of the time after Baghdad and Constantinople, and the center of a flourishing trading empire that reached from Spain to Syria. "Visitors to Palermo, the Arab capital, were impressed to find a population which included Greeks, Lombards, Jews, Slavs, Berbers, Persians, Tartars and Negroes," the historian Denis Mack Smith writes. "Theodosius already in the ninth century found it a magnificent town, and he had known Greek Syracuse. Arabs travelled thither from Spain, Syria and Egypt. Persian traders in the tenth century knew Sicily as rich in cereals, cattle and slaves. Ibn Hauqal, a Baghdad merchant, admired the market gardens round Palermo and the fertile arable land throughout the island. There were hundreds of mosques in Palermo, more than he had seen in any town except Cordoba."

Today, it is hard to recognize in this parched, craggy wilderness the verdant paradise that Sicily once was. In the ninth century, however, before the island was clean-shaven by a timber-hungry ship industry, exhausted by one-crop agriculture, and run into the ground by absentee landlords, it was still the forested, blooming land whose soil Homer had claimed was so rich you didn't need to sow there. The Arabs, according to Mack Smith, added to its wealth. They brought irrigation techniques, planted citrus groves and rice and hard wheat, and "introduced the first cotton seeds, the first mulberries and silkworms, the date palm, the sumac tree for tanning and dyeing, papyrus, pistachio nuts and melons, all of which together made a fundamental change in the economy."

From 831 to 909, Palermo was ruled by the Aghlabids, a Tunisian dynasty, but a large proportion of the island's settlers were Berber tribesmen, who warred against their Arab rulers. From the fall of the Aghlabids on, there were internal squabbles and feuds among rival dynasties—a century and a half of degeneration. The historian Philip Hitti maintains that Arab settlers in Palermo were too busy warring to leave many monuments. A local specialist in Arab-Sicilian architecture I met suggested that the colonists were hicks and didn't build very well. In any case, a few doorways carved with inscriptions and poems are the only physical remains of this long presence.

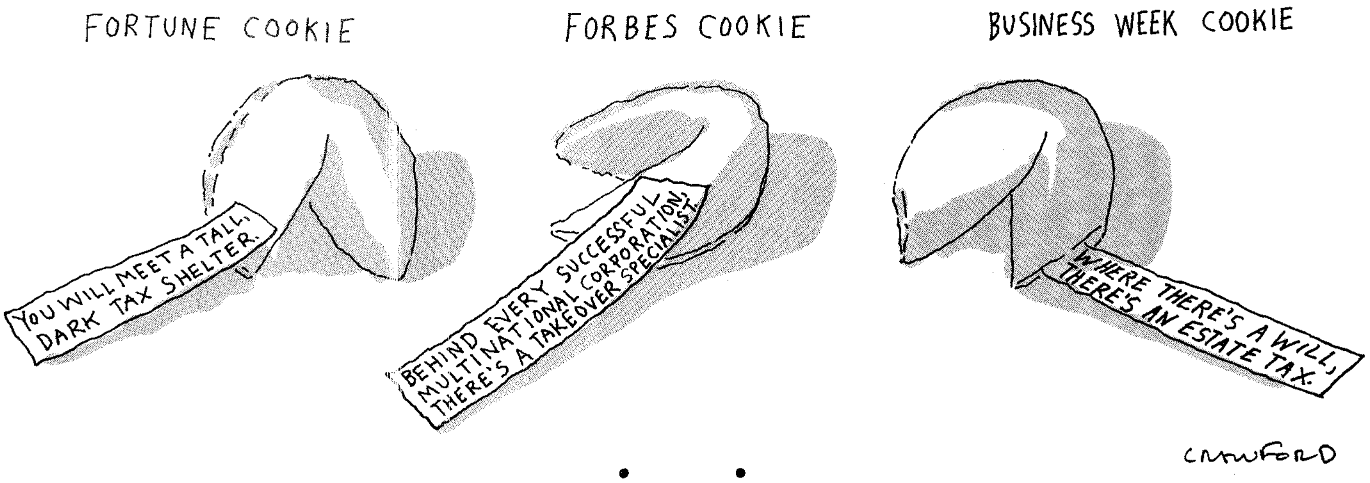
Other kinds of influence are embedded in place-names; in systems of measurement; in language; in ways of making shade and of irrigating; in the use of outdoor ovens; in the *mattanza,* a method of driving tuna into a maze of nets, which is still employed today; in the custom of stuffing meats and fish with currants and pine nuts; in a genius for ices and almond sweetmeats; and in certain ideas of honor and secrecy. You might say that, unlike most of the other foreigners who have ruled and settled the island over the last twenty-seven hundred years, the Arabs permanently affected the way Sicilians talk, plant, fish, build, cook, eat. (It is sometimes hard to tell, though, whether certain customs and habits of mind came directly from North Africa or from the Spanish, who later ruled here.)

Strangely, however, it was only under the Normans, who began their conquest of Sicily in 1060, six years before their victory at Hastings, that Sicilian Arabs discovered their enduring genius—which, like all Sicilian genius, was a genius of syncretism, of hybridization—and that the island came into its true golden age. The Normans who came to the Mediterranean were a small band of French freebooters, and the land they took possession of was home to a high, if decadent, civilization of Arabs, Jews, Byzantine Greeks. Roger II (1095-1154), who made Palermo the capital of a kingdom spreading from southern Italy to Tunis and Tripoli, had the rare wisdom to leave these cultures intact, each administered under its own system of law, and to incorporate them into the new government. His rule, under which Sicily became a power to rival the Holy Roman Empire, Byzantium, and the Popes, was thus an odd fusion: a Northern European Roman Catholic king running a government with a judiciary modelled on Byzantium's, with a Greek Orthodox Emir of Emirs and mostly Muslim underlings; with an Arab Army and treasury, an Arab kitchen, a harem presided over by Arab eunuchs, and a brilliant court, featuring Arab scholars who were the first to translate from the Greek such works as Ptolemy's "Almagest"; and with French and Lombard feudal barons. No wonder Roger's grandson Frederick II, known to his contemporaries as Stupor Mundi, was called "the baptized sultan." Throughout Palermo and its neighboring towns, Roger II and his descendants and their councillors built churches that are among the most beautiful in Europe, and these are what best reveal the region's precarious multiculturalism: the same gray stone cubes lipped with blind arches that one sees across England and northern France, but surmounted by pink stucco domes, and set in oases of palm trees. Inside is, typically, an explosion of honeycombed Saracen stalactites painted with hourglass-shaped houris, of high Moorish windows grilled with stone stars, and of Byzantine mosaics blazoning in gold the six days of Creation, the Expulsion from Paradise, the Flood, the adventures of the Patriarchs, and scenes from the Christian Gospels. Most arresting in these mosaics' fixed cosmology is the destruction of Sodom; Sicilians, who have a very hot seat upon a portion of the earth which has a bad case of the jitters, know all about cities that disappear in a day, and the Sodom depicted in the Palatine Chapel in Palermo or in the cathedral in nearby Monreale is an intensely economical composition of a pink house piled with skulls and stung by flames like horizontal lightning bolts.

The two-hundred-year-long Norman reign was Palermo's most lucid and concentrated moment, and it is a kind of escape into rationality to duck from brawling street markets into the Palatine Chapel or the La Martorana Church and study the cool gold lives of the saints there. These shrewd men and women, with long, prehensile feet and furrowed brows, their robes cleaving to the sinewy thrust of thigh or knee, all have that aware, lit-up complexity of the photographs of scientists at Los Alamos, who may be horsing around for the camera but know they are changing the world forever. The saints are emissaries of a civilization at its peak of mastery and insight, and make even Raphaels or Michelangelos look chubby and heedless in comparison; they remind us that it was the twelfth century—the age of Abelard, John of Salisbury, Bernard of Clairvaux, the Goliard poets, Romanesque sculpture, and the rediscovery of Greek antiquity—that was Europe's first, true Renaissance.

"Edward, you are already more than Christmassy enough."

The tolerance, curiosity, wisdom that produced these strange masterpieces were not destined to last. Norman-Arab-Byzantine proved a fusion that never really took. Heterogeneity, it seems, is not a natural state: Muslims turned out to want to be ruled by Muslims; Roman Catholics didn't think building Greek Orthodox basilicas much fun; and before long the baptized sultan, who read Maimonides and was instructed by both Jewish and Muslim philosophers and divines, had sent several thousand Arabs to a military colony on the mainland and made Jews wear a designated costume. Plagued by rebellions at home and conflicts abroad, the Norman kingdom finally trick-

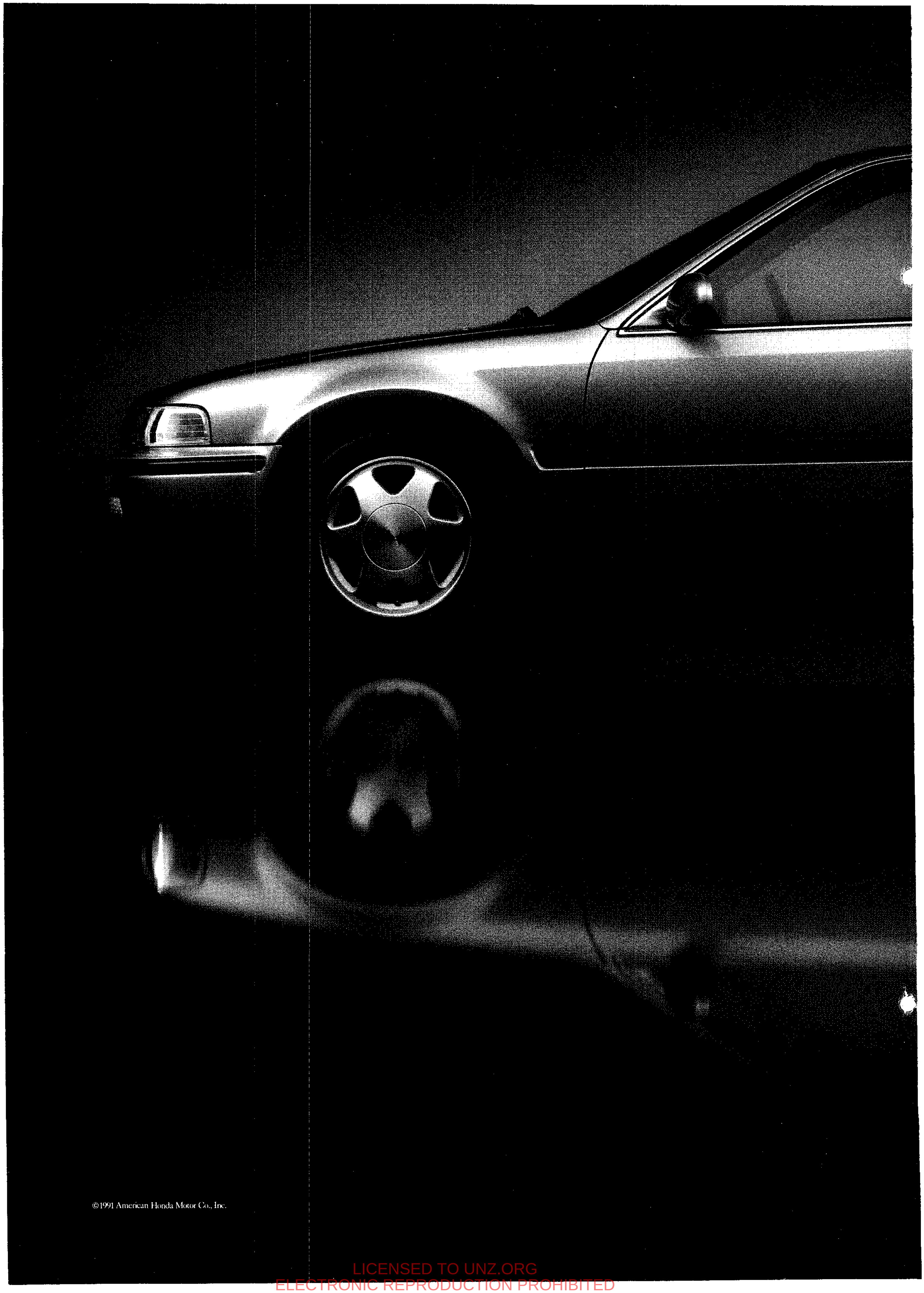

FORTUNE COOKIE
YOU WILL MEET A TALL, DARK TAX SHELTER.
FORBES COOKIE
BEHIND EVERY SUCCESSFUL MULTINATIONAL CORPORATION, THERE'S A TAKEOVER SPECIALIST.
BUSINESS WEEK COOKIE
WHERE THERE'S A WILL, THERE'S AN ESTATE TAX.
CRAWFORD

led away for lack of an heir. In 1266, the detested Angevins moved in, and Palermo began its long history of decline.

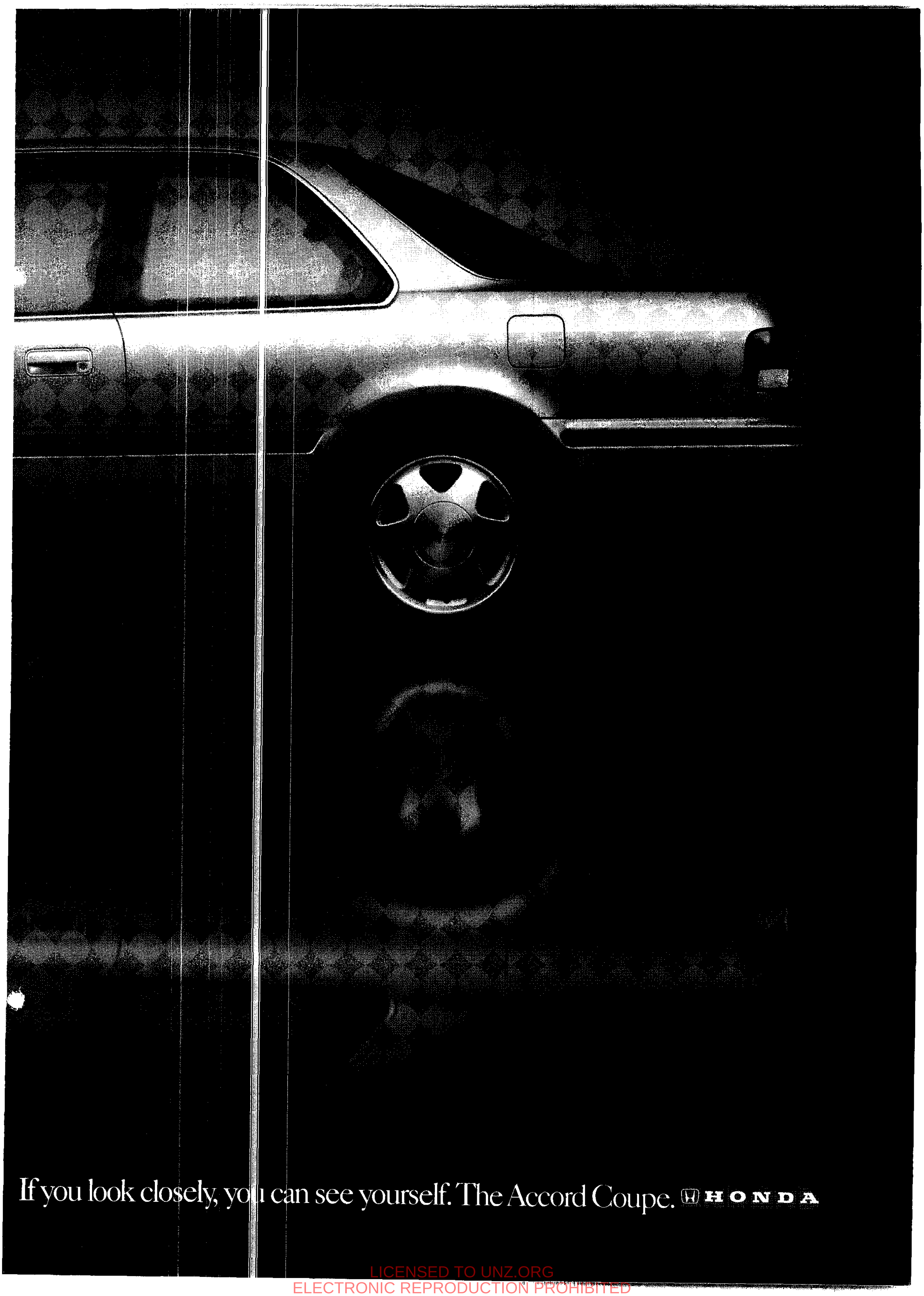
THE Lanza Tomasi palace lies in the Kalsa, one of the four districts into which Palermo was traditionally divided—neighborhoods so distinct that their inhabitants still speak different dialects and until recently didn't intermarry. "Kalsa" is a corruption of the Arabic *khalisa*, which means "pure"—an epithet no one today would think to apply to this quarter of Gypsies, pickpockets, and Tunisian fishermen. The Lanza Tomasi palace is schizophrenic. Its street face, on the Via Butera, was slapped on by a nineteenth-century shipbuilder owner and is a soot-gray Billiemi-stone façade in that institutional-looking style known as neo-Renaissance; political posters plaster the walls, and there's an enormous oak door with a lion knocker whose brass nose has been rubbed golden by shy, superstitious fingers. You walk past the house without recognizing it, yanked back only by the yellow nose. The façade looks upon a narrow urban slant of ruined sheds near a Baroque church stained diesel-black; a row of bombed-out buildings inhabited by cavernous little bodegas outfitted with altars to the Madonna and posters of local football stars; and a fishmonger's outdoor stall, auto-repair shops, and a stand selling *semènza*—lentils, chick-peas, fava beans, and pumpkin seeds, served in brown paper cones. There are roosters, cats, garbage underfoot, and laundry overhead. "Don't go down that street," Nicoletta tells me again and again of the alley running perpendicular to the Via Butera. Don'ts are mandatory in this neighborhood. Don't go out with money. Don't carry a pocketbook, camera, passport—anything. "Promise me you won't go down that street," Nicoletta repeats. Of course I go down it. Again and again. Rubble, white dust. Rich smells, for Palermo is a city more pungent than any Chinatown—a city in whose manifold smells you can rediscover a buried, pre-hygienic Europe: the reek of animal guts, rotting fish, oranges, shit, ammonia, cats; the burned splendor of *torrefazione* (roasting coffee beans); the smell of baking bread, wood smoke, roasting chestnuts (this is an autumn-winter smell; in spring, it's orange blossoms), anise, sweat, garlic, seaweed, tobacco, gasoline, incense. This alley is stenchier than other streets, and more bombed out. Its houses are mere X-rays of houses—damaged skeletons with gaping holes in the rib cage, interiors jammed neck high with rubble and garbage. Then you hear radio songs emanating from the rubble, and see armies of baggy white underpants flapping overhead on bamboo sticks strung from building to building, like backdrops for puppet shows, and wicker baskets being lowered from top stories for deliveries of mail and groceries. Families live in the ruins, you realize: old ladies in black peer out from Dutch doors; children, knapsacks on shoulders, start out for school; half-naked babies play in the dust; and Gypsy teen-agers hang out in festive rags with their hair dyed streaky orange.

This alley is the home of the local thief, a golden-haired seventeen-year-old who rides a motorbike up and down, up and down, with suave purpose. When a watch or a wallet is stolen, the Lanzas go to the boy's grandmother and explain that they have stupidly lost something and when he gets home would she be so kind as to ask him whether one of his friends has found the missing object. If this doesn't work, they complain to their tenant the Mafia boss, who runs the downstairs grocery store, where everything is twice as expensive as in the market. "The last time my mother went outside," Gioacchino tells me, "a man walked up to her, said 'Excuse me,' and snatched from her neck a Virgin of Guadalupe medallion that had belonged to her mother. So I went to the local boss and said, 'Now, really, this is too much. My mother is ninety years old, and this medal is the only remembrance she has of her mother. What's all this about? May she please have it back immediately.' And the boss said, 'Signor Duca, yesterday there was a wedding at the corner church, and many bad types from outside the neighborhood came to it. There is nothing I can do. I am as sorry as you are, but it is beyond my control.' " When the Lanzas' maid Rosy, who lives downstairs, began stepping out with a policeman, the Mafia boss took Nicoletta aside and warned her in sombre tones, "Signora Duchessa, I am afraid your maid is keeping very bad company."

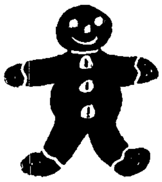
Downstairs in the palace also lives a sturdy, ruddy-cheeked fellow, who runs errands for the Lanzas. Watching him hoist a load of firewood up the stairs, Nicoletta tells me, "You know, you would never realize it, seeing this young Atlas, but he is an invalid. I mean, a professional invalid." He is paid off the books, she explains, since officially he lives on a government disability pension. This is the rather surreal flavor of Sicilian life: bureaucracy is smothering and nothing works,



©1991 American Honda Motor Co., Inc.


If you look closely, you can see yourself. The Accord Coupe.
HONDA

so everyone lives by curious fictions, maneuvers, connections, evasions, and survives by *lavoro nero*, or moonlighting. Thus, the Lanzas' electrician is actually the local policeman, and their plumber is a municipal street-sweeper. Similarly, Gioacchino tells me with amusement that for many years he paid only a token property tax, because the palace was still listed as a war ruin.



That is the Via Butera side of the Lanza palace, a vignette of Dickensian Palermo: dark, narrow, vivid, poor, watchful. Its other side, belonging to a sprightlier and more spacious epoch, is brilliant Mediterranean. A white-and-sulfur-yellow stucco Louis XVI façade, sunny and inviting, overlooks the harbor and what once was one of the most beautiful boulevards in Europe or the Americas—the Marina, where the Palermitan aristocracy came on summer evenings in their carriages, to eat jasmine-petal ices and to gossip. In the late eighteenth century and the early nineteenth, this boulevard was known as a setting for bacchanalian revels. The English traveller Patrick Brydone writes of "the curious pastime of concerts in a sort of temple on the Marina, lasting until 2 a.m.," explaining, "The better to favor pleasure and intrigue, there is an order that no person, of whatever quality, shall presume to carry a light with him." (Later, I discover a latter-day version of this prohibition while driving one Sunday through a dark mountain tunnel outside the city, lined with parked cars. My companion, a young Palermitan nuclear physicist, is horrified when I switch on the car headlights; it's a hideous breach of etiquette to illuminate the parked lovers.)

The mountains! The sea! The Lanza house has been built against the ramparts raised by the Spanish in the sixteenth century to defend Palermo from Ottoman artillery. These ramparts—six and a half feet thick—reach to the third story of the palace, and form the outer wall of a large terraced upstairs garden surfaced in painted majolica tiles and exploding with hibiscus, bougainvillea, azaleas, rosebushes. There are carved stone benches, umbrellas, a fountain, and tortoises, who hide from the drenching sun. A desert dweller's paradise, at once open and enclosed, wild and immensely cosmopolitan. But something is wrong with this picture. The enclosed paradise looks over a Marina that is very different from the graceful promenade where the noble families, in their Flower Wars, used to bombard each other's carriages with bouquets. Today, it is a dingy four-lane highway, and across the highway looms Luna Park, a year-round funfair blazing with bumper-car rides and shooting galleries. At night, from my window I watch the film-noir silhouettes of men in suits and hats cocking their rifles while the women at their sides pretend to be hoping to win a blue Teddy bear the size of a dishwasher. There is a papier-mâché gorilla perpetually thrashing in his chains against a painted backdrop of vamps busting from their bodices, and nearby is Il Bassotto, a mechanical hound whose staccato "Whoo-whoo-whoof" resounds throughout the rooms of the Lanza Tomasi palace. And beyond is the beach, where, amid burned garbage, car parts, and the rubble of bombed buildings deposited there after the war and never moved, a brand-new Gypsy camp has appeared—a shantytown of tents, barracks, trailers, and huts of rubber, plywood, corrugated tin, and tarpaulin tacked together against a howling sea wind. The Gypsy encampment at first glance looks quite dead, but from the balcony of my upstairs bedroom I see at all times of day and night a scattered but steady stream of drifters moving back and forth across the seawall—the watchful, ancient pacing of a nomad horde beside its campfire, outside the city gates.

It is an almost true joke that all Italian writers are Sicilian (Brancati, Verga, De Roberto, Quasimodo, Pirandello, Vittorini, Sciascia), but in this crowd Lampedusa remains a freak. Giuseppe Tomasi, Duke of Palma and Prince of Lampedusa, was the last of a family unusual among the Sicilian nobility. The Tomasis were long renowned for a religious bent so fervent and unremitting that, according to Lampedusa's English biographer, David Gilmour, whose book "The Last Leopard" has recently been published in the United States, the family was perpetually threatened with extinction, since in each generation almost all its sons and daughters took Holy Orders. After the Counter-Reformation, Tomasi asceticism reached a new height in the twins Carlo and Giulio. Carlo, the first Duke of Palma, became a priest and a theologian, and passed his title and estate on to Giulio. Giulio, who was known as the Duca Santo, in 1637 founded Palma di Montechiaro, a tiny coastal town near Agrigento. He turned the family palace there into a Benedictine convent and devoted himself to a life of charity, church building, penance, and self-flagellation. His wife and their four daughters entered another convent. His daughter Isabella is noted for her mystical writings, including a letter dictated to her by the Devil, refusing to abjure his evil mission; at a blacker moment, he hurled a boulder at Isabella, but it was warded off by St. Catherine of Siena. Giulio's oldest son, Giuseppe, a scholar who reformed the Breviary and is said to have converted his Hebrew teacher, the rabbi Mose da Cave, to Catholicism, became a cardinal and was finally canonized in 1986.

Lampedusa spent his childhood in Palermo, far from the remote, brooding silence of Palma di Montechiaro, and only at the end of his life did he visit the palace, with its bare rooms overlooking the sea, in which his forebears—all with the same hooded eyes, gigantic noses, sweet, sallow, clever faces—had lashed themselves while gazing at the Crucifix. His adopted son feels that this pilgrimage to Palma helped inspire Lampedusa to write "The Leopard." Moreover, Lampedusa delighted in the mystical and ascetic strain in his family. In his posthumously published "Letteratura Inglese," he takes to task Italian laxness ("For us, the Puritans are tenors and baritones who rain on our heads pearls of Bellinian melody") and boasts of this heritage, to which he attributes his own "lively sympathy for all fanatics, as long as they stay far away from me." He says, "I prefer Robespierre to Marechal de Richelieu, and Oliver Cromwell to Charles II."

It was in the *belle époque* of prewar Palermo created by the Florios that Lampedusa grew up. The Florios were a bourgeois family who, in the mid-nineteenth century, had grown rich in shipping and banking. Their descendants ruled turn-of-the-century Palermo, commissioning city palaces and country villas from a father-and-son team of architects named Basile, who invented the style called Libertà; its

AMERICAN EXPRESS

Buy what you want to buy.
And no bankcard is going to stop you with a limit set long ago.*
You know what you can afford. You just want to be trusted.
You're a responsible person. Most of the time.

THE CARD.
THE AMERICAN EXPRESS® CARD.

*Charges approved based on your ability to pay as demonstrated by past spending and payment patterns and personal resources. © 1991 American Express Travel Related Services Company, Inc.

monuments, an indigenous hybrid of Moorish-Norman-Gothic-Art Nouveau, have fallen into disrepair but still dominate the new part of the city.

Lampedusa's father, a sportsman and frequenter of the racetrack, and his mother, a wit, from whom he drew his passion for literature, were part of a circle devoted to costume balls, opera, seasons in Paris, visits from Wagner and from Northern European royalty. It was a class without power and without responsibilities, on the verge of collapse. Between the World Wars, the Florios, who supported Lampedusa's parents once his mother's money was spent, lost much of their money, as did the rest of Sicily's huge nineteenth-century shipping families, and this gaiety evaporated. After the Second World War, Lampedusa was too reclusive and too impoverished to take part in the life that had reëmerged. As a grown man, he lived like a ghost amid the wreckage, in the shadow of what even in his childhood had been a spectral brightness.

The reader of "The Leopard" imagines its author to have been much like its hero—an autocratic Don Juan who strikes terror into his numerous children. In fact, Lampedusa—plump, with dark circles around his eyes—was, like Proust, a mama's boy, a depressive, and an aesthete. His life was isolated and enigmatic, an example of that miracle by which a person who has seen and experienced little can know everything. Except for a brief stint at the Austro-Italian Front in the First World War and for trips he made, while still a young man, to London, Northern Italy, and Central Europe to visit relatives and to court his stepcousin and future wife, he led a profoundly circumscribed existence. He published three reviews in a Genoese literary journal in 1926, and then wrote nothing, did nothing, for almost thirty years. He lived with his mother in the Palazzo Lampedusa, at the north end of the old city, in the room where she had given birth to him; there he read voraciously and conducted a marriage by correspondence with Alessandra Wolff, a Baltic noblewoman and Freudian psychoanalyst, who continued to live alone at her estate, Stomersee, near Riga. (It was one of the peculiarities of this marriage that one of Lampedusa's principal sources of information about his wife's health and happiness was her first husband, a homosexual Estonian baron named André Pilar.)

It was only in 1943, after the Red Army occupied Latvia, and Allied bombs destroyed the old Palazzo Lampedusa, that the Prince and his wife, known as Licy, began living under the same roof, later buying one corner of the palace on the Via Butera. The entire palace had once belonged to his great-grandfather (the model for the Leopard) but was by that time in a slummy neighborhood, and one that had been heavily bombarded. Husband and wife were exiles and orphans, in lifelong mourning for the loss of their beloved childhood homes. (Lampedusa was particularly unlucky: not only had the Palazzo Lampedusa been destroyed but the country house belonging to his mother's family, which he memorializes in "The Leopard" and in an unfinished memoir, "Places of My Infancy," had been sold to pay debts and was later demolished by earthquake, and a family villa outside Palermo had become a barracks and then a cowshed.) This common loss brought them together in an odd marriage.

Their life together in the Via Butera, according to their friends' accounts, was an exercise in discomfort. The palace's gas stoves were faulty, and left them freezing and almost asphyxiated, and they didn't seem to eat. The Princess Lampedusa stayed up all night working on her psychoanalytic cases and slept until the afternoon, when she received her patients. Her husband walked every morning to the same café, where he sat in silence; then he browsed at his favorite bookseller's, moved on to a second café, had lunch, came home at three, and read until bedtime. Once or twice a week, they went to the Cine-Club, which showed art movies. Otherwise, they saw no one except a few relatives or friends from before the war. "The point was, he was a broken man," Gioacchino says.

The external monotony of this routine covered and perhaps made possible an ardent inner life: in the Princess Lampedusa's case, her psychiatric work; for her husband, the operations of an acute mind accumulating, sorting, and working upon encyclopedic learning. For forty years, Lampedusa once wrote, he had spent close to ten hours a day alone. Literature was his chief joy, his passion, and his solace; his literary curiosity was as wide-ranging as his human curiosity was slight. He knew Italian, French, German, English, Greek, and Russian, and he read in these languages history, poetry, drama, and fiction, by authors both ancient and ultra-modern, both great and comically obscure, for he believed that you learn most about the life of a nation from its hacks. Moreover, he spent a large portion of his day and night concocting literary and cultural theories from his reading, and noting them down in a commonplace book. Yet so deeply ingrained is the human urge to pass on what we know and are that Lampedusa—childless, solitary, unemployed—clearly longed for some more immediate and permanent means of transmission.

In the early nineteen-fifties, Lampedusa, a prematurely old man, met a circle of students, chief among them a young cousin named Gioacchino Lanza, and his life brightened considerably. "I first met the Lampedusas at my father's house," Gioacchino recalls. "My father was one of the leading social figures in Palermo and had frequent parties and dinners at the Palazzo Mazzarino, where we lived. The Lampedusas came only to the big cocktail parties, because they were so poor they went nowhere. All I remember—since Lampedusa didn't say a word—is his wife, who was very imposing. Not that she was big, but she was very wide, and had a huge turban, and coats and furs that went down to her shoes. Later, we met again, at the house of Sgàdari di Lo Monaco, who was a music critic who translated Ronsard and Villon and collected majolica. Sgàdari had a marvel of a gramophone, with an automatic changer that would play both sides, and an enormous collection of records. Everyone used to go to Sgàdari's to listen to the latest recordings. His house was a meeting place both for Palermitan intellectuals and for anyone passing through. It was there that you met Hindemith, Bernard Berenson, Freya Stark—and there that I became friendly with Lampedusa and his cousin Lucio Piccolo. Soon the shyness vanished, and we became close. On our first excursion, I drove Lampedusa out to

The Business and Education Partnership

The complexities of current society require that today's students know more, and be able to do more, than those of any previous generation. But, at the same time, the nation's schools are faced with the task of educating the most diverse and disadvantaged student population they have ever encountered.

The intricacies of this challenge have drawn increased attention and concern from the public and business sectors, as both strive to improve the educational achievements and social conditions of the country's young. According to a recent Harris Poll, only about thirty per cent of employers and thirty-six per cent of college educators give a positive rating to the preparations that today's students undergo in order to perform well in the job market or in higher education.

What can be done to improve achievement levels and ensure that every student is ready for his or her role as parent, worker, and citizen in the next century?

Rather than expecting teachers and students to shoulder that intimidating responsibility, the nation's corporations are providing support on a massive scale. Corporate financial donations for K-12 education have more than doubled since 1986, compared to a seventeen per cent increase in overall corporate giving, according to the Council for Aid to Education. Last year, corporate gifts to all levels of education totaled $1.4 billion, $264 million of which went to pre-collegiate education, the Council estimates.

In their efforts to spur improvement, corporations are giving more than just dollars; they are providing leadership, influencing legislation, and conducting grass-roots activities that match available rescources with local school needs. In the words of U.S. Deputy Secretary of Education David Kearns, the former CEO of Xerox: "America's business must take up arms in the battle for education reform."

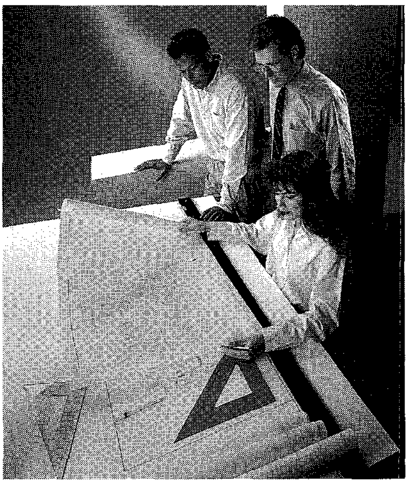
by Sheppard Ranbom

ITT Educates Employees of Tomorrow at Technical Institutes

America's traditional education systems are being outpaced by technical advances in the workplace, producing too few qualified individuals to fill today's fastest-growing jobs. ITT, one of the nation's largest corporations, is facing head-on the challenge of how the United States can return to a high-skills, high-wage economy and keep America exporting more products and fewer jobs.

Economic problems are exacerbated by a shrinking pool of young workers, creating the danger that America may soon lack enough skilled labor to fuel economic growth. Already, real average earnings have dropped twelve per cent over the past twenty years and a dozen nations are now paying wages above the United States', according to the Commission on Skills of the American Workforce. Seventy per cent of the work force will lose ground in wages without higher skills, the commission says.

While most citizens are concerned about the number of young people who don't know their three R's, Americans have no clear sense of the *advanced* skills workers need to compete in the world economy, according to *Crosstalk*, a recent report on competitiveness published by the Public Agenda Foundation and Business–Higher Education Forum.



ITT employs more than a hundred and fifteen thousand highly skilled workers in companies that are world leaders in telecommunications, automotive products, electronic components, fluid handling, defense systems, forest products, and financial services. ITT companies also include ITT Sheraton Hotels and the ITT Hartford Insurance Group.

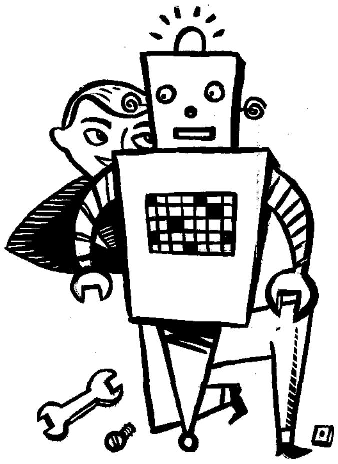
One subsidiary—ITT Educational Services—is focused solely on helping close America's skills gap. ITT Technical Institutes are increasing the number of young adults prepared for challenging careers in high-technology fields such as electronics engineering, computer-aided drafting, and robotics. The forty-one schools, located throughout the nation, educate more than seventeen thousand students annually, predominantly offering bachelor's and associate's degrees in specialized programs leading directly to career employment opportunities. Currently, ITT Technical Institutes supply American industry with more electronics technicians than any other single source.

"Our business is putting knowledge to work," says ITT Educational Services president Rene Champagne. "Our institutes help young people master technology and enter satisfying careers. ITT Technical Institutes are among the most well-respected career colleges in the country."

All ITT Technical Institutes' educational programs offer career advising and emphasize hands-on instruction. Students at the institutes spend half their time in a laboratory environment applying their learning to real problems.

The ITT Technical Institutes teach students to use and apply technology and to build proficiencies outlined by the U.S. Labor Department's Secretary's Commission on Achieving Necessary Skills (SCANS). The schools develop foundation skills to encourage lifelong learning, personal skills to promote responsibility and teamwork, and thinking skills to make decisions and solve problems.

"Increasingly, school is about work and work is about learning," says economist Arnold Packer, executive director of SCANS. "ITT Technical Institutes and other career colleges play an important role in preparing workers with the skills America needs and employers demand. I commend these schools for developing innovative programs that meet the needs of tomorrow's workplace."



The demand for ITT Technical Institute graduates will grow as the need for skilled labor increases—technician jobs will increase nearly forty per cent during the nineties—and as more employers become aware of ITT Technical Institutes' programs, according to company officials.

"We make the process of finding skilled workers for employers easier and less costly," Rene Champagne says. "Employers appreciate the knowledge, skills, and attitudes of ITT Technical Institute graduates. Companies interested in hiring our graduates should contact their local ITT Technical Institute."

ITT

ITT Educational Services, Inc.

3500 DePauw Boulevard
Indianapolis, Indiana 46268
(317) 875-7160

We taught him computer drafting. Now his family can rest easy.

Getting a solid education is more important than ever these days. Which is why more than 17,000 students now attend 41 ITT Technical Institutes nationwide. We offer studies ranging from electronics to robotics. We teach the skills to succeed in a new career with the confidence to get ahead in a competitive world. There are nine businesses in ITT. This is the one that helps you learn and grow.

ITT EDUCATIONAL
SERVICES

ITT

© 1991 ITT CORPORATION

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

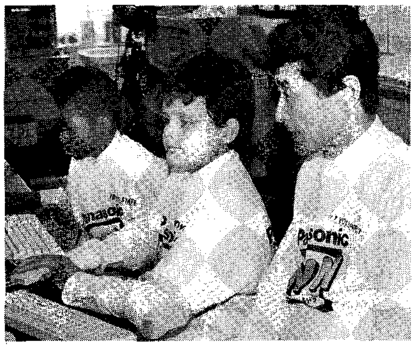
Matsushita Develops Individual Talents of America's Students

The Matsushita Electric corporate group in North America—which includes Panasonic, Technics, and Quasar—is working in communities across the country to support teaching and learning, and spark long-term change in American education.

With $5.4 billion in revenues in 1990 and eleven thousand employees working for thirty-three subsidiaries, the company has utilized its reach and resources to participate in support and volunteer programs throughout the United States.

Through national efforts such as its $10-million-endowed Panasonic Foundation and an innovative video education program for urban sixth graders entitled "Panasonic Kid Witness News," Matsushita Electric has focused most of its contribution and volunteer activities on education.

Besides the endowed foundation, the company dedicates a tenth of a per cent of its annual sales to support such national efforts in addition to diverse local programs ranging from adopting primary schools to involvement in adult literacy programs.



Although its philanthropic activity is rooted deeply in founder Konosuke Matsushita's business philosophy of serving society, Matsushita's U.S. approach is decidedly American.

According to Matsushita Electric Corporation of America's president Richard A. Kraft, "Our strength as a company and as a nation depends on how well we develop individual talent. This requires new forms of investment in education focused increasingly on meeting the needs of young people and helping schools do things better by doing them differently."

Helping young people develop pride and self-confidence is crucial to academic success.

Matsushita has provided nearly $6 million over the past several years to endow chairs of management studies at Stanford and Harvard universities and an engineering chair at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and to establish, at the Wharton School, what is considered to be the nation's first endowed chair to promote innovations in manufacturing. In addition, Matsushita also established an intercultural institute at Pacific University. But the company's main focus in recent years has been on primary and secondary education.

"Our community service effort focuses on education, because education is the basis of a good life, quality manufacturing, and a strong work ethic," says Atsushi Kageyama, former president of the Matsushita affiliate America Kotobuki Electronics Industries, in Vancouver, which produces VCRs and television combination units. "Our company provides tutors, textbooks, product donations, and financial contributions to schools, colleges, and libraries. We also maintain an open door to schools so teachers and students can have access to today's workplace," says Kageyama, who himself tutors elementary and middle-school classes about the connection between earning and learning, and the importance of staying in school.

"We run an adopt-a-school program with a local middle school and sponsor an annual competition that sends several outstanding Knox County students to Japan," says Lynn Mitchell, a personnel assistant at Matsushita Electronic Components Corporation of America, in Knoxville, Tennessee.

On a national level, the "Panasonic Kid Witness News" program, begun in 1988, helps students gain experience and self-confidence in teamwork as well as in writing, speaking, and all aspects of video production.

"'Kid Witness News' helps students learn to work in groups, accept responsibility, improve their writing and public speaking, and feel better about them-

selves and school," says teacher Jeff Goldstein, from Brooklyn's PS 41. Goldstein's fourth and fifth graders last year produced an award-winning documentary featuring teenagers from Far Rockaway, New York, dancing with senior citizens at a nursing home.

"We had a special video room, but no equipment until Panasonic stepped in," says Wendy Edwards, a teacher at Brookland Middle School, in Washington, D.C. Edwards's students have produced a documentary about the effects of drugs on young people and an award-winning television commercial about a product the students invented.

"'Kid Witness News' was designed to stimulate the creative talent and organization skills of the students. The response has been so positive, we've doubled the number of schools involved," says Matsushita Electric's chairman and CEO Akiya Imura, who has taken a personal interest in the program. The program benefits several thousand students in nearly fifty cities nationwide. Matsushita provides the inner-city schools with TV monitors, editing decks, camcorders, microphones, word processors, guides, instructional materials, and, where possible, volunteers.

While Matsushita believes helping young people develop pride and self-confidence is crucial to preparing them for academic success, their community-service programs go well beyond "feel good" philanthropy.

The Panasonic Foundation, the philanthropic arm of Matsushita, based in Secaucus, New Jersey, is using its $10-million endowment to help reform-minded states and school districts reëxamine, redesign, and restructure their school systems.

The foundation, established in 1984, is helping states and communities introduce site-based management, which encourages the transfer of decision-making power for school operations to educators and parents at each school location.

The Panasonic Foundation provides financial and technical support for three states and six school districts in five- to ten-year partnership commitments. Preliminary results show an increase in attendance, a decrease in drop-outs, and an improvement in grades in many of the districts.

As a result of the Panasonic Foundation's support, the city of San Diego, California, is shifting decision-making authority and power from centralized administration to school sites. By the end of June, 1992, decisions about curriculum, staffing, budget, scheduling, and placement of the district's 122,000 students will be in the hands of governance teams at 160 individual schools, according to Ron Ottinger, a district administrator.

Ottinger praises the Panasonic Foundation for its tenaciousness: "They don't give you a grant. They give you consultant support which doesn't leave you alone. They constantly hold us to a mirror and ask if we are following through on what we say needs to be done."

Thanks to the Foundation's support, all schools in Santa Fe, New Mexico, have introduced site-based management. According to Shari Schmitt, of Turquoise Trail Elementary School, Panasonic has helped governance teams introduce mixed-age classes, interdisciplinary study, and portfolio assessments. A teacher for more than twenty years, Schmitt says her direct involvement in decision making and the important changes taking place in her school and district have rejuvenated her interest in teaching. "I feel like a born-again educator," she says.

Larry Leverett, New Jersey's assistant commissioner for urban education, says the Foundation has provided ongoing advice and support, and connected education officials with a network of educational innovators nationwide.

With the help of Panasonic-sponsored conferences and technical assistance, New Jersey is working to turn its state education department from a regulatory agency and compliance office into a service agency, according to Leverett. Panasonic is helping the state redefine accountability systems to measure student performance in a manner that is results oriented and research based.

"Five years ago, one couldn't imagine these changes. Panasonic is exposing educators to catalytic forces. One foundation is helping shake us out of our comfort zones," Leverett says.

Panasonic® Technics Quasar®

Matsushita Electric Corporation of America

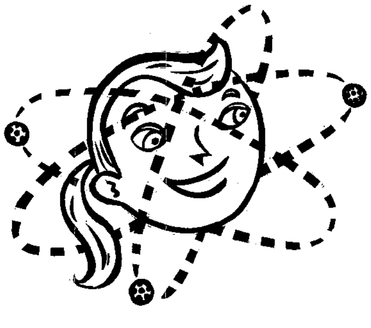
Chemical Manufacturers Invest in Science Education for America's Future

The Chemical Manufacturers Association (CMA), one of the nation's oldest trade associations, is working to improve U.S. science education to ensure that American students gain the scientific skills necessary to live and work in the next century.

CMA represents nearly two hundred corporations in the $265-billion chemical-manufacturing sector, which has a significant stake in ensuring that all students gain scientific literacy.

"We need highly skilled researchers, chemical engineers, and technicians to fill the million jobs in our industry and to create the thousand new products we develop each year," says Richard Barth, chief executive officer of CIBA-GEIGY and chairman of CMA's board committee on education. "We also need scientifically knowledgeable citizens who can understand our products and the risk/benefit factors involved in making and transporting them."

Young people need to understand, apply, and value science in order to function in society and to help solve some of the world's most pressing challenges, including how to preserve the environment and the longevity of our resources. But fewer than half of all Americans know that the earth goes around the sun, and one-third believe that boiling radioactive milk will make it safe, according to the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Only five per cent of adults say they understand basic scientific concepts, or issues in science policy, according to another recent survey.

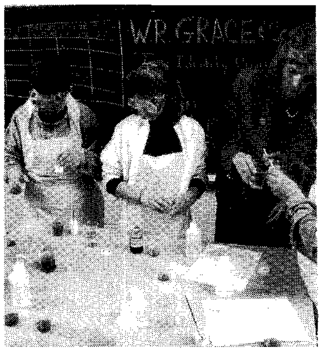


To reverse these trends, the chemical-manufacturing industry is working to develop grass-roots efforts that link local science educators with the resources of the chemical industry in their community. This summer, CMA published a guidebook identifying education-support projects sponsored by nearly seventy chemical manufacturers nationwide.

The most common initiatives (not including company matching grants for higher education) include plant tours, teacher workshops, internships, equipment and financial donations, research support, and student- and teacher-awards programs, according to the guide, which has been distributed at no cost to educators.

CIBA-GEIGY, for example, annually brings teachers into its corporate research laboratories during the summer to help them gain awareness of innovations in industrial research. Union Carbide is helping the St. Charles (Louisiana) Parish school district introduce site-based management. Exxon Chemical Company funded an eight-hundred-thousand-dollar program that produced a hands-on science kit for fifth and sixth graders nationwide. Over the past few years, Exxon has established a national partnership program for science teachers and schools to increase student interest in science, enhance teaching capabilities, and demonstrate the relationship between science education and everyday life.

SCM Chemicals, in Baltimore, has provided equipment and volunteers to establish gardening and recycling projects at a local elementary school. "We're working to make science exciting for students at the age when young people develop their attitudes toward science and science learning," says Lou Kistner, SCM's director of community relations.



"Without the support of the chemical industry, the changes we need in science education could never happen," notes Sherry Berman-Robinson, a chemistry teacher at Carl Sandburg High School, in Orland Park, Illinois. This year, Berman-Robinson organized a grant competition for CMA that will bring high-school students and teachers to elementary schools in their community. Older students will conduct experiments along with younger students, and teachers will have opportunities to exchange ideas and reflect on their teaching.

Berman-Robinson is a previous national winner of the CMA-sponsored Catalyst Award, which honors outstanding science teachers from kindergarten through college with stipends of up to five thousand dollars.

"Programs that recognize the ability of teachers, renew their skills, and recharge their interest have a dramatic effect on students," she says. "I've never worked with industry before, but I've been impressed by how CMA is bringing the resources of the chemical industry to schools to improve science education."

CMA
CHEMICAL
MANUFACTURERS
ASSOCIATION

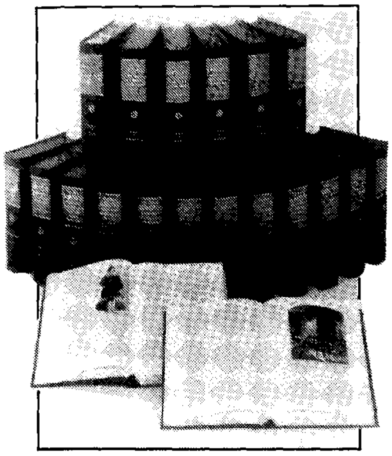
Capo d'Orlando to visit the Piccolos."

The Piccolos, who were Lampedusa's first cousins, had been his childhood friends. A sister and two brothers, they were autodidacts and occultists—spirit raisers and students of the esoteric. Casimiro, who was phobic about germs and tried to avoid touching people or things, painted Arthur Rackhamesque pictures. Lucio, frighteningly ugly, went about in pajamas or plus fours, and was an astronomer, a self-taught classicist in Greek, Persian, and Sanskrit, and a poet and a musician. "He could play hours of the 'Ring' and all of 'Parsifal' by heart," Gioacchino recalls. "His own composition was magnificent—so glamorous, after the style of Malipiero. He spent twenty-five years composing a Magnificat, which he never finished. Lampedusa used to joke that Lucio wrote a semiquaver a year." Their fierce sister, Giovanna, kept house for them at Capo d'Orlando, on a property overrun by dogs. This was Lampedusa's closest approximation to home. There are amusing photographs of Lampedusa, Lucio Piccolo, and a sleepy-looking Gioacchino lounging around in their pajamas there.

For the last three years of Lampedusa's life, he and Gioacchino saw each other almost daily. Gioacchino and his friends would join Lampedusa at his café or visit him at the Via Butera to talk about literature. Gioacchino and Mirella Radice, his fiancée, would have dinner with the Lampedusas at the Pizzeria Bellini. He would drive Lampedusa to Capo d'Orlando to stay with the Piccolos or on excursions around the island. Through Gioacchino, Lampedusa met a student named Francesco Orlando, who showed promise of becoming a serious scholar; at Licy's suggestion, Lampedusa began giving him English lessons, and these soon expanded into thrice-weekly lectures for Orlando, Gioacchino, and a few of their friends on English and French literature, with side trips into Sicilian and European history and German literature. Gioacchino, in turn, taught Lampedusa Spanish, and together they read Góngora and Calderón. It is strange and touching to think that in the nineteen-fifties a gang of young Sicilians, raised on Gramsci, was gathering regularly in a drawing room to talk of Mrs. Gaskell and George Etherege. The lectures, which Lampedusa wrote up before each lesson, run to many thousands of pages. The series on English literature, which has just been published in Italy, reveals a close understanding of language and poetics, a critical sensibility that is confident, humorous, and original, and the intelligence of a gentleman scholar who brings to his discussion of world literature a thorough knowledge of each culture's history and mores, seasoned by his own observations of human character. "Lampedusa was teaching us authors who were unheard of at that time in Italy and whom he understood from within—their allusions, their elisions: Hopkins, Mallarmé," Gioacchino says.

Lampedusa's prize pupil, Orlando, who has written a memoir of his teacher, feels that in his last years Lampedusa increasingly reverted to an aristocratic snobbishness, snubbing his middle-class pupil in favor of his cousin Gioacchino. Gradually, the classes trailed off, as "The Leopard" took shape in Lampedusa's mind and the Prince became absorbed by the need to leave some kind of memorial of the world he knew. Lampedusa was haunted by the idea of being the last of an ancient line; in "The Leopard" he writes of his hero, the Prince of Salina, "The significance of a noble family lies entirely in its traditions, that is in its vital memories; and he was the last to have any unusual memories, anything different from those of other families." It was Licy who first suggested that Lampedusa adopt a son, so that his own memories would not be obliterated. Gioacchino became the enthusiastic candidate; his own family, very much alive and flourishing, is said to have found the suggestion puzzling.

GIOACCHINO was thirty-eight years younger than Lampedusa. He was twenty when they became friends. Lampedusa describes him in a letter quoted in David Gilmour's biography: "He is sarcastic and indolent, has a vivid curiosity for intellectual matters, is full of spirit, has much superficial malice and a good deal of fundamental kindness. Besides, more than with me, one can see a mile off that he is a 'gentleman.' In short my wife and I are mad about him." In the parts of "The Leopard" about the relationship between the Prince of Salina and his nephew Tancredi, which Lampedusa asserted was modelled very closely on his own relationship with his adopted son, he describes the prickly gratitude



A Sound Investment

The New Grove Dictionary of Music and Musicians

20 Volumes

Edited by Stanley Sadie

With *The New Grove* you expand your tastes, sharpen your ear, increase your enjoyment of concerts and operas, and satisfy your curiosity about composers and their works, performances, instruments, national cultures, and historical periods.

The New Grove has 4,500 photographs and illustrations, 2,400 contributors from 70 countries, over 3,000 musical examples, and 16,500 biographies.

SAVE OVER $400

Or take advantage of our convenient extended payment plan.

☐ Prepay $1900 and save $400 off the list price of $2300 and we will pay the shipping charges.

☐ Take advantage of our extended payment plan. Make a down payment of $495 (plus $35 shipping and handling), and receive the entire set of *The New Grove*. We will then bill your credit card $495 at six months, one year, and eighteen months.

☐ Please send a free 25-page illustrated brochure.

☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard ☐ AmEx ☐ Diners

Card No. ____________ Exp. ________

Name ____________

Address ____________

City ________ State ______ Zip ______

Phone ____________

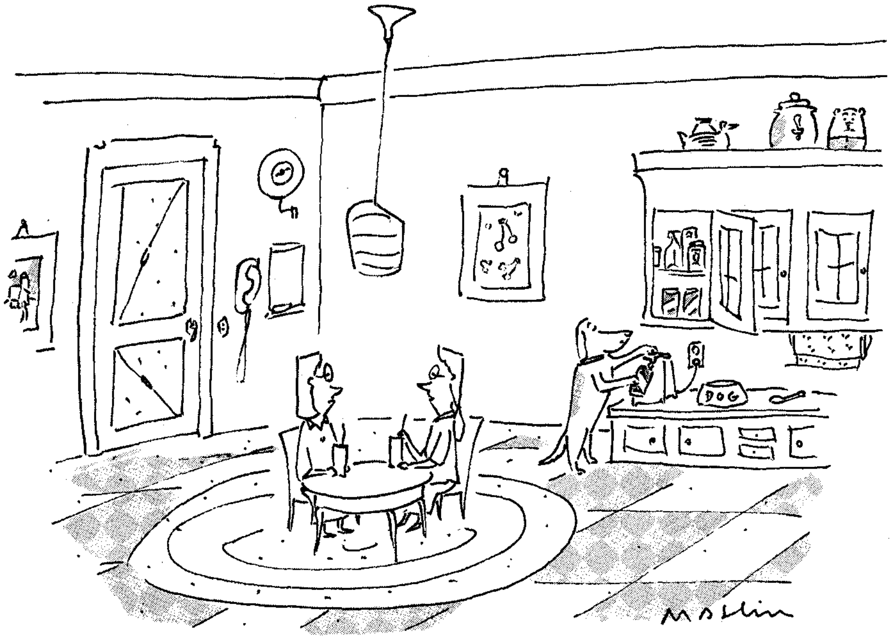
NY State Residents, please add sales tax. N1NY4

Grove's Dictionaries of Music, Inc.

257 Park Avenue South, New York, NY 10010

800-221-2123

212-673-4400 FAX 212-673-9842



"I do all the shopping, but he's responsible for his own meals."

• •

of an irascible older man for being teased out of his shell by an audacious, witty boy in whom he recognizes a kind of shrewd ambition he himself lacks. Lampedusa's feeling for Gioacchino was a proud and lonely old man's passion—tender, amused, dependent. In the Gilmour biography we read how Lampedusa became so agitated one day when Gioacchino was late that he boarded a bus and rode it to the the end of the line, returning home hours after Gioacchino had arrived.

"There was something similar in our lives," Gioacchino told me. "We had had the same difficult relationship with our fathers. He, too, was a mother's boy. And then there was the Sleeping Princess effect of Palermo: my life between '47 and '57 was quite similar to his between 1900 and 1910, as if fifty years hadn't passed. Even the jargon was the same—same kind of mentality, same kind of jokes, same points of character. We were both nasty-witty. He sometimes told me, 'You lose so many friends for a nasty joke.' Naturally, also, he was a man who had nothing to do. Today, my life has changed, but then I, too, had nothing to do. He was a gossip, an intellectual gossip. He was a very shy man, but, if one was interested in what he knew of literature and life, he spoke. My friends and I were students at the time, and his level of knowledge was different from that of any professor we could ever find, and his approach was completely different. A scholarly point of view is normal in Italy, but to make knowledge part of your life—that's rare. Then, there was this whole world. The others didn't care so much, but for me the Piccolos, his cousins, were really extraordinary."

Of the Princess Lampedusa, however, with her Baltic bossiness and crackpot idées fixes, Gioacchino speaks with irritation, even harshness. "Hers was a destroying love," he says. "When she loved somebody, she wanted to absorb him into her way of thinking, make him like her. It was a personal dictatorship that was bearable only because her husband could lie to her. She would believe anything, because she trusted him. For instance, when you are unhappy you like to buy things—silly things, for comfort. Lampedusa had for comfort two collections. One was electric razors, and he was absolutely useless with them—they always broke—and the other was Les Pléiades editions, which were expensive. And so he would arrive home with a volume in his bag, and when she saw it he would say, 'Oh, you know, this cover is torn, so Flaccovio gave it to me for ten per cent of the price.' And she believed these stories, because she kept away from his financial troubles, and she herself went out very seldom to buy things. She lived in this house—whose beauty is mostly light; it is a day house—in absolute darkness, with the shutters closed and only one small lamp. She didn't want to see anything, because, naturally, the house was in a bad state. Her idea was: If it's dark, it's perfect. All this was difficult, because it was enforced. She had, for instance, this idea of keeping up with czarist tastes. She would make black-olive paste and say, 'This is the same as caviar. No, but absolutely the same as caviar.' Another of her childhood foods was herring with sour cream. Well, there is no herring in Sicily, and no sour cream, but she would send her husband to buy smoked herring—it had to be the female of the species—and ricotta, which she let go rancid (not a problem, in the summer heat), and this, she insisted, was a heavenly delicacy. Another time, she made homemade vodka and burned all her hair in the process. They had no money, they lived in distress, but her idea of life was a fairy tale, a denial of reality."

Gioacchino's brother Giuseppe remembers the Princess Lampedusa coming to visit the Lanzas in the sixties with her friend Lila Iljascenko. When Gioacchino put on a record of "Petrouchka," these hugely fat old widows in black—best friends from childhood—rose and danced a Russian folk dance, like two black crows.

"Between the czarism and the Freudianism, the Princess's ideas were *absolutely* strange to Sicilians," Gioacchino recalls. "And so she was considered a great bore, but at the same time her patients loved her, because she adored them and tried as hard as she could to put them on their feet."

Gioacchino himself was psychoanalyzed by the Princess Lampedusa, and says that this "maybe made relations not the best," adding, "Her psychoanalytic approach was straight from Dostoyevski. She saw everything as a religious problem, with aggression against the father as aggression against God. That was her most common theme, and every case ended up like that."

According to Gioacchino, the only person who could make Licy behave was her first husband, Baron Pilar. Lampedusa had shocked Sicilian ideas of masculine honor by becoming lifelong friends with his wife's former husband, who on their first encounter after the divorce and remarriage came

DI SARONNO®

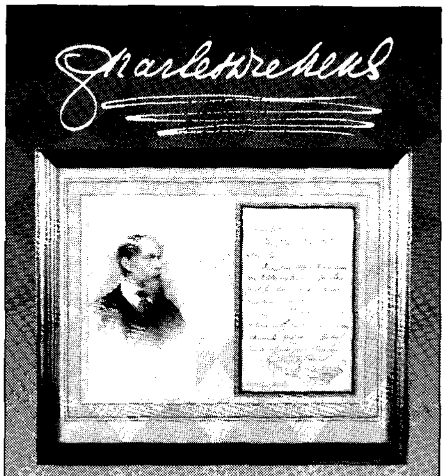
AMARETTO ORIGINALE

DI SARONNO®
AMARETTO ORIGINALE
press here to play
The Music Box
DI SARONNO
AMARETTO
DI SARONNO
ORIGINALE

28% alcohol by volume © 19 Imported by The Paddington Corporation, Fort Lee, NJ.

THE DISARONNO MUSIC BOX. IN HARMONY WITH THE SEASON.

IT STIRS THE HEART



Charles Dickens, 1860, $2,500.

ORIGINAL LETTERS & DOCUMENTS

Literature, Music, Art, Presidential, Business, Science, History, Military, Law and other fields

Framed with Portraits & Unframed

Special Christmas Catalogue $5

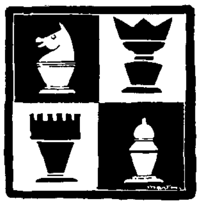
THE
Kenneth W. Rendell
GALLERY
Place des Antiquaires
125-J East 57th Street, New York, NY 10022
(212) 935-6767 (800) 447-1007

Kids After Christmas
Over Christmas Week, Children's
Prices And Programs For The Whole Family.
Find Out More, 1-203-572-0711
MYSTIC SEAPORT®
Exit 90 Off I-95, Mystic, CT

Year-End Tax Sale
Here's our choice: we either sell our fine collectibles (Audubon lithographs; autographs and documents; etc.) now, or pay **killer** taxes at year end.
We'd rather give you the cash than Uncle Sam.
So all prices are cut 15%–28% between now and December 31 only.
This sale will not be repeated.
And it's not too late for Christmas!
Call today for the best selection:
GEORGETOWN GALLERIES
1-800-877-1726

up to Lampedusa and said, "Now that we are almost cousins, we can be a little more familiar."

Gioacchino, in his introduction to the "Letteratura Inglese," recounts that Pilar, a frequent guest at the Via Butera house, would lecture his ex-wife upon the importance of "dress worthy of a married woman," railing against her "large black clothes, often stained and riddled with cigarette burns," her "hideous shoes" and "wretched old handbag." Gioacchino says of the Princess Lampedusa, "These observations were received with a docility that never failed to amaze," and he concludes, "If with her first husband there was that intimacy of rapport which leads to the elision of one's own personality, it was certainly not the case with her second marriage."



Children often fail to perceive what one parent sees in the other, and, as a man who has had two very happy, intimate marriages, Gioacchino admits his incomprehension of the kind of "double life" the Lampedusas led. Yet, however inimical her Baltic didacticism may have been to Sicilians, the Princess Lampedusa, who became the only female Freudian psychoanalyst in Italy and the vice-president of the Italian Society of Psychoanalysts, in Rome, was a figure of staunch integrity and bravery. It is excruciating to read of her return to Latvia during the Nazi occupation: many of the local inhabitants had been forced out by the Soviets, and Licy camped out alone for several years, defending her besieged estate single-handed against Nazis and Bolsheviks until she finally had to flee, with only a pair of strange-looking black-and-gold urns as a memento. For the rest of her life, she kept a suitcase packed, hoping to return once more, and in a tender moment she confessed to her husband, "I love you as much as Stomersee." Lampedusa told Gioacchino, "You must remember that for all those years she lived alone in that house in which nothing had changed since the eighteenth century, and from which she returned after the war like Robinson Crusoe leaving his desert island."

What was most endearing, she idolized her husband and believed single-mindedly in his genius: it was she who suggested that he write up for his young friends the lessons in literature, and she was from the beginning convinced that "The Leopard" was a masterpiece. This same fierce loyalty she extended to Gioacchino and his fiancée, Mirella.

Gioacchino and Mirella had been inseparable since they were teen-agers; his parents, however, frowned upon the match. Mirella Radice's father was a soccer player; her mother was the mayor of a small interior town. One acquaintance described Mirella to me as a Valkyrie, "rough but of pure generosity," and she appears, in family photos and as an extra in the ballroom scene of Visconti's 1963 film version of "The Leopard," to be a formidable beauty—majestic, blond, strong. Lampedusa's letters to her show an uncommon respect. He and his wife seem to have made it their mission to educate the girl and launch her in society—where, I suspect, she soon felt more at home than they did. They succeeded: after Lampedusa decided to adopt Gioacchino, Gioacchino's parents came around, and consented to the marriage.

It is unusual but not amazing that this lonely, neglected old couple should become so attached to, so reanimated by, what Lampedusa called "these two fine twenty-year-olds." Still more unusual is the impulse of the two lovers. Lampedusa, after all, was not yet a world-famous author; he was the depressed survivor of a once distinguished family, living with his impossible wife in near-poverty, on the margins of society—a man who had done nothing all his life but sit in cafés and read. Yet Gioacchino adopted Lampedusa as much as Lampedusa adopted him, and this combination of spunk (it must have been fun for him to outrank his older brothers—a count and a marquess, respectively—with his new dukedom) and respect for tradition has manifested itself throughout Gioacchino Lanza's career. It was cultural memory that he found in Lampedusa, yet this kind of memory involved not only preservation but a reworking of the past—an ability to mold what might seem to be unmalleable. Lampedusa, who saw everything, was powerless to stop the long slide into oblivion of his country and his class. Gioacchino understood that, as the most misunderstood line of "The Leopard" says, "if we want things to stay as they are, things will have to change."

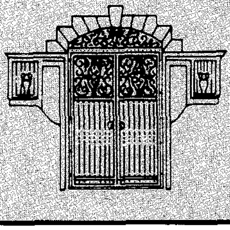
IN 1954, Lampedusa's cousin Lucio Piccolo, then fifty-three, sent a collection of his verses, "Canti Barocchi," to the poet Eugenio Montale, who found them marvellous. When Montale was invited to a conference of famous writers at which each would introduce the work of a young protégé, he chose Piccolo. Lucio Piccolo was less shy about his talents than Lampedusa but was even more of a recluse, and he persuaded his cousin to accompany him to the conference. David Gilmour, in his biography, describes the astonishment of Italy's Marxist literati, who probably had been expecting a young guy in jeans, at the sight of this pair of silent, antiquated Sicilian princes, buttoned up in dark heavy overcoats in midsummer, and followed by a manservant.

Lampedusa was not impressed by his one glimpse of the literary world. If his oddball cousin could write a successful book, so could he. Immediately after his return, he sat down and began "The Leopard," and he finished a first draft in fourteen months, hastened by the apprehension that he was dying. He also began a memoir and finished two short stories (one of them, "Lighea," translated as "The Professor and the Siren," is a masterpiece, and should be better known) and the first chapter of a second novel. He knew that "The Leopard" was good, and unequivocally wanted it published; he was disappointed only that the novel was by his own literary dichotomy *grasso*, and not *magro*—fat, not lean. It is one of the saddest things about Lampedusa's sad life that this sole venture into the arena was met with rejection, as Italian editors deemed "The Leopard" unpublishable. Five days before he died, Lampedusa, undergoing treatment for lung cancer in a Rome hospital, received word that the Sicilian novelist Elio Vittorini, acting as a publisher's reader, had issued what seemed to be the final refusal. Lampedusa's last wish was that the novel be published, but he felt that it would be too humiliating to have it brought out at his own expense. Eight months after Lampedusa's death, Giorgio Bassani, the author of the splendid novella "The Heron" and, more famously, of "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis," came upon the manu-

Estate Jewelry

RAYMOND C. YARD
Fine Jewelers since 1922

745 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10151
SUITE 1406
212-247-6222



ADAM AND EVE ALREADY LIVED IN PARADISE.
SO WHERE DO YOU THINK THEY WENT FOR THEIR HONEYMOON?

Imagine romantic formal gardens, soft pink beaches and temptingly clear waters.
Less than two hours from the East Coast lies the most delightful island ever created.
For your free vacation planning kit call 1-800-BERMUDA, Ext. 702.
Or write Bermuda Dept. of Tourism, P.O. Box 7705, Woodside, NY 11377.

Name ________ Address ________
City ________ State ________ Zip ________
129135
BERMUDA

script of "The Leopard," recognized it as a work of genius, and struggled to get it into print. The book was finally published in 1958, and became an immediate blockbuster—modern Italy's first—going through fifty-two editions in four months. Translated into twenty-three languages, "The Leopard" is now a well-loved classic. It also remains something of a freak.

The novel portrays the vicissitudes of an aristocratic Palermitan family during Garibaldi's invasion of Sicily and the subsequent unification of Italy. The Prince of Salina, its hero, is an amateur astronomer and an aging sensualist, who watches—and assents to—the destruction of his class in the name of what he foresees will be an illusory progress. While Salina sits in his observatory reflecting on the intractability of Sicilian history, his beloved nephew, Tancredi, takes advantage of the new order and launches a brilliant career by marrying Angelica, who is the only child of Don Calogero Sedàra, a comically rapacious peasant millionaire and a local mayor prominent in the new regime. The book's peculiarity lies both in its viewpoint and in its language. In the nineteen-fifties, Italian—and, in particular, Sicilian—literature was dominated by writers like Vittorini, whose working-class subject matter, folktale simplicity, and leftist politics were much admired by Hemingway. Lampedusa, in contrast, was a Sicilian prince—that is, a dinosaur—writing with an old man's ironic wisdom in a delicate and highly scented prose, crackling with malicious one-liners, about the aristocratic world into which he was born and whose passing from power he frankly laments. Lampedusa's great subject is class and national character: he is brilliant in describing, for instance, the influences that the Prince of Salina and Don Calogero, joined by the almost unthinkable marriage of Tancredi and Angelica, exert on each other—how Don Calogero discovers that good manners are not effeminacy but a way of getting what you want and enjoying it, and how the Prince, by following the self-made man's financial advice, not only fails to slow the ruin of his estates but stains the Salina good name with an undeserved reputation for rapacity.

When "The Leopard" appeared, it created an instant scandal and was attacked from all sides: by the terse, gritty neo-realists who dominated post-war Italian fiction; by the Marxists, who saw it as an apologia for feudalism; by experimentalists, who saw it as a retrograde nineteenth-century epic, undoing all their good work; and, above all, by Lampedusa's fellow-Sicilians, outraged by its acerbic disquisitions on the national character, the impossibility of progress in Sicily, and the failures of the Risorgimento. And the members of Lampedusa's own Palermitan circle were also up in arms, against what they took as a slur on their common ancestors. What offended them seems to have been not so much Lampedusa's portrayal of cupidity, sloth, vanity, and frivolity as the implication that their common ancestress was of peasant origins, with a grandfather called Pepe Shit.

Lampedusa has had a posthumous victory: not only is the book the chief pride of Palermitan grandees but intellectual opinion, too, has come around. Even the late Sicilian novelist Leonardo Sciascia, who attacked "The Leopard" when it appeared, Gilmour tells us, came to concur with Lampedusa's judgment that in Sicily the race of leopards had been succeeded by a race of jackals, and he candidly admitted that he had initially trashed the book because he was reading at the time about a Lampedusan ancestor who had helped depose the Bourbons in 1848 and toadyingly welcomed them back a year later.

FUNERAL HOME

Let us think of you spared, carried gently
in the arms of the ocean that's piped
through speakers, spreading a hush in Parmele's,
where we sit, adrift, on the parlor couch
between time, in death's caesura.

The funeral director ticks off a list
of questions. He wants the facts, reduces you
to an abstract—mother with a capital "M."
Nowhere will it say how petite you were,
that your wedding ring fits my pinkie finger,

or that, tucked into your coffin, you will look
like a doll we will never outgrow.
Downstairs, he shows us his fleet
of caskets, satin-lined, open-lidded—
music boxes whose strains are too fine

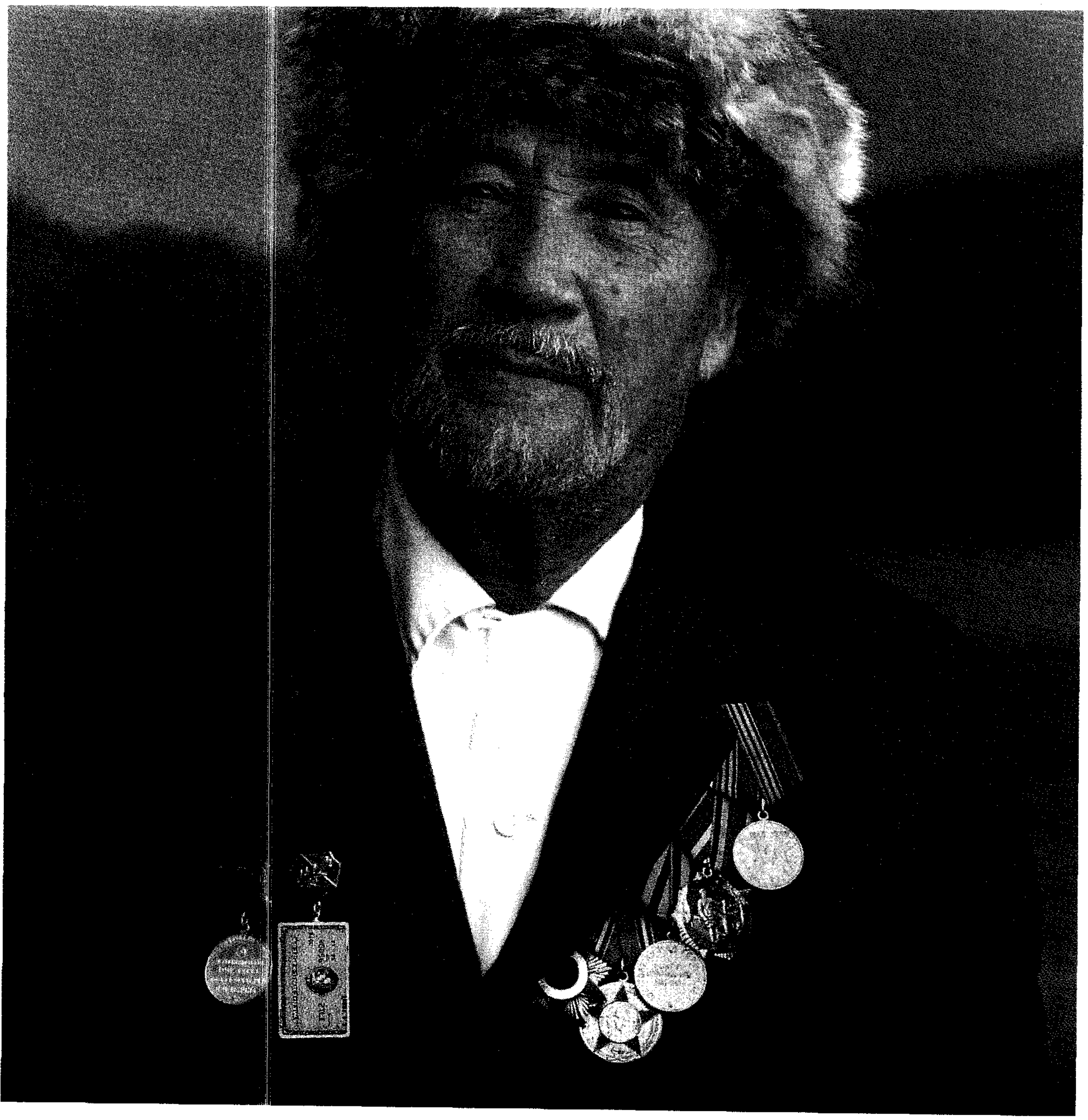
for us to hear, like your voice,
utterless, our names dead on your tongue.
Even here the ocean's cold hush.

You are lost at sea.
To think we must choose a vessel,
one that will not float but sink.
Mahogany is what we set you in—
our mother of pearl, our buried treasure.

—Marianne Burke

• •

Nicoletta Lanza is a doctor's daughter, one of three sisters. A linguist, fluent in English, French, and Russian, she works as a translator, and since she met and married Gioacchino, in 1982, she has also been his assistant, helping him fulfill his many musical obligations, and deciphering and editing Lampedusa's still unpublished works. (Mirella Lanza died, of cancer, in 1981.) In Gioacchino's introduction to the "Letteratura Inglese" he writes that it was Nicoletta who, by immersing herself in Lampedusiana and "enjoying herself like a madwoman," gradually reconciled him to the "friend of my youth," whom, after the death of Mirella and of the Princess Lampedusa, a year later, he had wanted only to forget. In retrospect, the years with Lampedusa seemed to Gioacchino—the sole survivor—a kind of Dance of Death, and he had been



You're not about to wear your financial savvy and stability on your sleeve.
There are other places.

THE CARD.
THE AMERICAN EXPRESS® CARD.

© 1991 American Express Travel Related Services Company, Inc.

J. Seward Johnson, Jr.
Lifesize Bronze Sculpture

THE PERFECT GIFT BOOK
The Museum Edition
Handbound in leather or suede, handsigned and
numbered, set in a clothbound box. An
original drawing by the artist is included.
Limited Edition, $900/$925

UPCOMING EXHIBITIONS
Seville, Spain at EXPO '92
Madrid, Spain
Heidelberg, Germany
Frankfurt, Germany

SCULPTURE PLACEMENT, LTD.
P.O. Box 9709, Washington, D.C. 20016 tele: 202•362•9310 fax: 202•944•4416

AUDEMARS PIGUET

Audemars Piguet

ONLY THE FEW WILL OWN
A CEO DUAL ZONE
For the few who cross the
Atlantic as often as they
cross the Potomac. Dual
zone watch with automatic
movement; power reserve
and date in 18K gold.
$15,500.

TOURNEAU CORNER®
NEW YORK
BAL HARBOUR • GENEVA

MADISON AVE. & 52ND ST. MADISON AVE. & 59TH ST. SEVENTH AVE. & 34TH ST. BAL HARBOUR SHOPS/FLORIDA
MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED (212) 758-6234/1-800-348-3332.

reluctant even to answer the queries of Lampedusa's biographers, making Nicoletta chief spokesman.

Russia, where Nicoletta lived for a year in the nineteen-seventies, is still her first love. She lights up when showing me how a Mayakovski poem about a girl's accordionlike skirts not only mimics an accordion's wheezes but is actually written in the shape of an accordion. Nicoletta is in her late thirties and seems younger; she is slim and tiny, with carnation-white skin that flushes when she gets agitated, a heart-shaped face in a perpetual quiver of mobility, enormous, almost imploring gray-green eyes, and a mop of black curls. She looks like a little boy caught between laughter and tears, and she often says whatever comes into her head.

Clearly, it was a brave thing for Nicoletta to move from Venice to Palermo—cities as far apart, spiritually, as Boston and São Paulo—and become the second wife of a local celebrity very much absorbed in his work, surrounded by a grownup family, and ensconced in a conservative society. Nicoletta is a child of the sixties—a feminist and a committed Communist. She left home at twenty, has lived in Glasgow and Moscow, and prides herself on her independence; she is not only indifferent to but made indignant by the things that her husband's friends regard as supreme values—their titles, their houses, their chairs, their china, their leisure. She declines to call herself Duchess, and has committed what her stepson regards as the abomination of installing a coatrack in the front hall at Via Butera—something unheard of in Sicilian palaces, since a hundred years ago there would have been servants to remove your wraps. And yet, for all these cultural clashes, which have eased somewhat with time and diplomacy, the life of Gioacchino and Nicoletta is intensely convivial, partly because they spend three days a week in Bologna and make frequent trips to Venice, Milan, and Lugano to escape Sicilian claustrophobia and to visit her sisters and school friends, and partly because she has found a congenial circle of friends in Palermo. Mostly, though, their happiness comes of love. Nicoletta adores Gioacchino, fusses over him, runs his affairs; he adores her, babies her, depends on her.

It is late November in Palermo, and

the days draw in startlingly early. Nicoletta and I wander up a twisting street that leads away from the harbor. On the steps of La Pietà, a small boy, dimpled, with sooty eyelashes, is pretending to have been shot by his friends. "This isn't from television, this is what they see out their window," Nicoletta explains. "Yesterday, I watched these children. First, they have the shoot-out. Then the child policeman comes and very carefully chalks in the outline of the corpse on the street. They play what they see."

We turn up the Via Alloro, which has deep ditches gouged in its center from pipes that are being dug up, and pass the Dominican convent, at whose portal waggles the disappearing starched headdress of an ancient nun. It is Sunday, and the street is empty: stores are closed, people are at home.

Palermo's lopsided social structure, more Spanish than Italian, is reflected in the architecture of the Via Alloro. It is the thoroughfare of a feudal city—a city of family palaces and religious orders. Unlike other Italian, and even Sicilian, cities, Palermo has had almost no middle class and was never a city-state. It was a court town without a king, centered on the viceroy. The Sicilian landed aristocracy was famous for shunning its vast estates to seek preferment and privilege at court (the eighteenth-century reformer Paolo Balsamo caustically estimated the progress that might be made if only the nobility could be persuaded occasionally to ride over its own lands, which many had never seen, instead of up and down the Marina every afternoon), and the Via Alloro is studded with gorgeous Gothic and Baroque family palaces in varying states of ruin.

The German traveller Frederic von Raumer, quoted in Raleigh Trevelyan's "Princes Under the Volcano," wrote that in the eighteen-thirties, in a population of two million, there were a hundred and twenty-seven princes, seventy-eight dukes, a hundred and thirty marquesses, twenty-eight thousand monks, and eighteen thousand nuns. Noting that many of these princes were so impoverished that in order to go out at night they had to scrape up the money to redeem their jewels from the pawnbroker, he said, "Whoever wishes to learn what distress, what ruin ensue when . . . a perverse, selfish bureaucracy seats itself upon the throne—let him go to Sicily. One must be more than a Hercules to cleanse this Augean stable."

Since the war, the same peculiar class structure has been resurrected, with the regional government and its bureaucracy as the new court. This situation makes for both grandeur and decay. The architect Umberto di Cristina explains that the difference between Palermo's ruin and the immaculately restored medieval and Renaissance towns of the North is a bourgeoisie: Umbrian hoteliers or Lombard shopkeepers would not find it amusing to operate their businesses in a slum without running water.

Today, the historical center is inhabited, just as it was five hundred years ago, by a few aristocratic families, by religious orders, and by the poor, whose masses have been swelled in recent years by an uncountable influx of Tunisians, Moroccans, Nigerians, Côte d'Ivoirians, Senegalese, Tamils, Gypsies, Mauritians, Filipinos—a reversal for an island used to exporting workers, and one that makes restoration more difficult, since new arrivals pile into condemned buildings. Meanwhile, the functioning city has gradually been moving elsewhere. Those who can afford it have gone to the Libertà district, where businesses, apartment buildings, hotels, and restaurants flourish in a cityscape that looks rather like Mexico City. Those who can't afford it have moved to ZEN, the grim, tacky fly-by-night housing projects of the periphery, which are dangerous but sometimes have running water. Immediately after the war, the old city had a population of two hundred thousand. It has recently been estimated to be as low as four thousand. Much of the area lies in rubble. You can't tell whether the bombs fell yesterday or five hundred years ago. One neighborhood was recently used as a backdrop for a film about Beirut. Along the Via Alloro, the ruins are more lordly. What until the spring of 1943 were palaces lived in by aunts, uncles, grandparents, children, tenants, with a memory going back to the Norman kings—palaces with libraries, frescoed ballrooms, boudoirs of coral and mother-of-pearl, gardens, courtyards, family chapels, and theatres—are now wall-less, roofless carcasses baring their

Now Printed in New York

INTERNATIONAL
Herald Tribune
Baker Affirms Jan
As Final Pullout I
To Avert a War in

If you like the Trib when you're travelling, why not get it at home?

Now the International Herald Tribune offers same day delivery in many U.S. cities.

For your daily international briefing – with features on travel, fashion, global investing and much, much more, call us toll free:

1-800-882-2884

Design at Harvard

Architecture
Landscape Architecture
Urban Design

CAREER DISCOVERY PROGRAM

For people of all ages considering career choices or changes

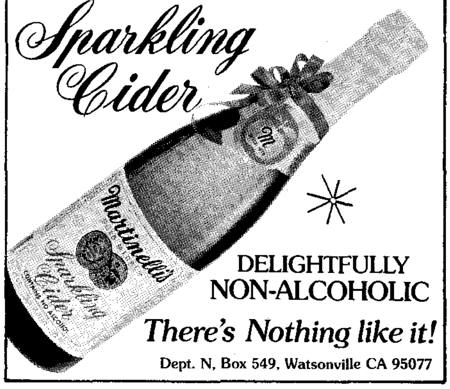
June 22-July 31, 1992

Harvard University
Graduate School of Design
Career Discovery Box N
48 Quincy Street
Cambridge, MA 02138
617-495-5453

Martinelli's GOLD MEDAL®

Since 1868

Sparkling Cider



DELIGHTFULLY NON-ALCOHOLIC

There's Nothing like it!

Dept. N, Box 549, Watsonville CA 95077

innards to the passerby and to the skies, their exposed marble staircases decomposing a little more with each storm.

"For you, the ruin looks very romantic," Fabrizio told me. "But I go past houses where last year there was a Renaissance fresco, and today there is nothing. I remember it, it was there, and now I see it vanish." What has befallen Sicily and Palermo is not amnesia but senility: civic memory is not wiped clean but corrodes, brick by brick, a fresco here, a mosaic there.

THE TAVERN
T. Goddard

Nicoletta and I reach the Palazzo Bonagia, and take turns hoisting ourselves up to peer through a slice in the tin gate. This is what we see: a garbage dump, piled with old sneakers and yesterday's spaghetti; a wall of sky-blue-and-gold stucco reliefs of Roman helmets and spears; and—most spectacular—a curving corner of what was once a grand double outer staircase. This staircase was built by Andrea Giganti and was the operatic centerpiece of what before the bombing was an extraordinarily delicate and graceful Baroque palace. Three years ago, not only the staircase but the gallery to which it led was still intact: Fabrizio has taken many snapshots to prove it. In two years, even these few remaining steps will be gone, engulfed by a sea of newspaper and orange peels.

Next door is the fifteenth-century church of La Gancia, which was once paved with a majolica-tile landscape. The church has been closed for a year, and in that time the majolica floor has vanished. Nobody knows where it went, but the diligence required to pry off, tile by tile, a church-size pavement and cart it away in the dead of night is impressive. Fabrizio, who is hunting majolica tiles for the country house he intends to acquire one day, has just been offered a tiled scene, forty-six yards square, by an antique dealer. Nobody knows where it came from. Fire sale. Fell off the back of a truck.

If the Palazzo Bonagia had been repaired twenty-five years ago—twenty, ten—everything would have been salvageable. Today, what can you do? There are too many majolica floors that walk away in the night, and no walls or roofs left to patch. The corruption of Palermo is visible—daily, mocking, progressive. It is not so much Nature's self-reassertion, her willful undermining of human endeavor, as human indifference and chicanery—not lack of funds but what Sicilians call "eating money."

Now we are crossing Vucciria, one of Palermo's famed markets, which has entered the Sicilian vocabulary with much the same significance as Bedlam. Vucciria was my first defining sight of Palermo, and made me rejoice to be in a city in which people have such a visceral approach to what they eat. Here you see dangling from the butcher's hook kids and lambs still in their matted pelts, gummy teeth bared, eyeballs glaucous, and sides slit cunningly to reveal all the innards in fine coral-pink fettle—gleaming heart, liver, lights. Here the marine things are still alive: fishmongers caress octopuses whose tentacles nuzzle at your hand, sea urchins undulate like salty black porcupines, swordfish thrust their spears skyward, little gold-red fish called *triglie* thrash in beds of seaweed laid out like hay for them to graze on. Hawkers sing in dialect their own mournful, salacious songs of prize persimmons and virginal pomegranates. On a Sunday, however, the square is like a battlefield after the battle; there are only a few tables of old men playing cards. Consequently, palaces usually obscured by ziggurats of sheep cheese, Army-surplus uniforms, kitchen soap, alarm clocks, parakeets—Palermo has more pet stores than any other place I know—stand out in raw purity.

Palermo's architecture, domestic, civic, and religious, is of a beauty that is humane, queenly, and eccentric. Part of the eccentricity comes from the city's being a colonial hybrid, genetically closer to Mexico or Goa than to Rome. Sicily was tied to Spain for four hundred years when things were happening elsewhere: it was the backwater of a backwater, steeped in a double time warp. Sicily, which has the best Greek temples outside Greece and the best Byzantine mosaics outside Ravenna, missed out on the Renaissance (just as it missed out on the Enlightenment, the French Revolution, Napoleon) and cashed in heavily on the Counter-Reformation. As a consequence, Palermo knows no Michelangelesque churches designed to re-create a classical severity. Its most splendid buildings have instead a Southern whimsy, a frenzy of ornamentation, excess. There are no straight lines in Palermitan architecture; windows are bulbous, walls curve, staircases become octopuses. Its most characteristic styles are hyphenated—Norman-Arab, Catalan-Gothic, Swabo-Gothic. Hyphenation is multiplied by the jam-packedness of Sicilian history; there are no empty spaces on this island.

Just as Sicily is most at home in the minor decorative arts (majolica, crèches, stuccowork, marionette theatres), so the Baroque, the art of metamorphosis, paradox, disguise, is its true expression: Palermitan Baroque is a baroque without tinniness or preciousness—full-bodied, leonine, playful yet sincere, provincial, and highly erotic. Balconies and courtyards reach their apotheosis here. Even churches have gaudy grilled balconies, like boxes at the opera, for nuns to sit in. Here is none of classicism's abstraction: every façade sprouts satyrs or Roman senators on medallions over the windows, saints and lions in niches. Off the Corso Vittorio Emanuele, a nuns' house for the war-wounded has over its portal a bare-breasted penitent waist high in flames, such as you see in Mexico. Palermitan life is an exercise in dislocation: in the same era that a municipal fountain in which naked ladies cavort with horses, and ancient satyrs display serpentine genitalia, was built, the Inquisition had over twenty thousand people in its employ and was executing homosexuals.

Palermitan architecture doesn't leave much room to breathe. The impulse to ornamentation has gone haywire here. In Vucciria stands a shiny red stall wallpapered in gold-and-brown coffee-bean wrapping paper; festooned with crimson poinsettias and with branches of mistletoe and bittersweet, sage and laurel; lit by strings of green and blue bulbs overhead; furnished with chairs, curtains, a television set, votive candles illuminating a tiny red altar to the Madonna; and covered with sepia photographs of the vender's stout, unsmiling mother and father, mother and grandparents, father and uncles circa 1920. All this in the background, and in the foreground the Ali Baba-like wares: mounds of slick, glistening green olives, pitted or intact, with cloves of garlic, adders' tongues of pimiento; wizened black olives aromatic with rosemary sprigs; big olives the moist, weepy gray of Sevruga; yellow three-litre tins of salted anchovies; and bottled clouds of scarlet peppers. The total effect is something between a Buddhist temple in Chinatown and a Delacroix seraglio. Here in Palermo, it seems that the uninhabitable becomes home. Houses have no walls or ceilings, while market stalls and motorbikes are made into little houses. The very stone seems to have undergone strange metamorphoses. The swollen lips of rotting limestone balconies (swaddled in striped canvas, so passersby can't see the legs of the women who are leaning over them) sprout pale-green mustaches of fern. Because there is no preservation, everything is either ruining or mutating from mineral to vegetable.

With mutability comes an astonishing bent for architectural tactlessness. The Cubula—a tiny twelfth-century stone pagoda standing in a wild overgrown garden of citrus trees—has recently been made the central square of a housing project: not even a low-income project but a middle-class luxury condo complex, insultingly ugly and already falling apart. The eighteenth-century splendors of Bagheria—a once fashionable resort now in an industrial suburb of Palermo—are jostled and shadowed by weird sixties-ish high rises, which resemble space stations. And in Bagheria the gates of the Villa Palagonia have been swallowed up by a gas station.

Nicoletta and I reach the Piazza della Magione in the last of the late Sunday light, and it is dazzling, after all these tumbled alleys and the dregs of a dead market, to come out into its white pulverized brilliance. At its center, where in other piazzas would rise a statue of a general or a saint, there is an enormous aluminum water tank, where, day and night, people who live in houses without running water queue up to fill their cannisters. The rest of the piazza has been bombed out except for a public school built in the twenties, in whose yard, emblazoned with the graffito "I promised Papa I would study," boys are playing football, and except for the church of La Magione: a Norman jewel standing with its back to the square—pure, beautifully restored, set in a garden of prickly pears and date palms. Three brown-and-white spotted ponies, dog-size, one of them pulling a painted cart, come tearing across the square, followed by small children—an apparition out of an Irish fairy tale of pookas. In the cart is a tiny brown man with silver teeth and crinkly gray hair, who jumps down and unbolts a garage door next to a disused Baroque church about ten feet wide. Inside is a stable, where he keeps the ponies and cart: they give rides to children up and down the paths of the Villa Giulia—a spectacular eighteenth-century botanical garden that is about the only thing Goethe liked about Palermo. "Of course, these horses and stables are illegal," Nicoletta explains. "The garage is probably government property, and condemned. The inhabitants are squatters, who don't pay rent."

It is dark now, and, circling the Piazza della Rivoluzione, with its fountain Il Genio di Palermo, the statue of a king wrestling with a serpent rising between his legs in a thrust at once erotic and fatal—a stone symbol of a self-destroying city that recurs, crumbling, in other Palermitan corners, other squares—we wind our way home.

AT the end of the week, Gioacchino and Nicoletta leave for Rome and Venice and Lugano, and Fabrizio,

To the world's greatest kitchens, we're home.

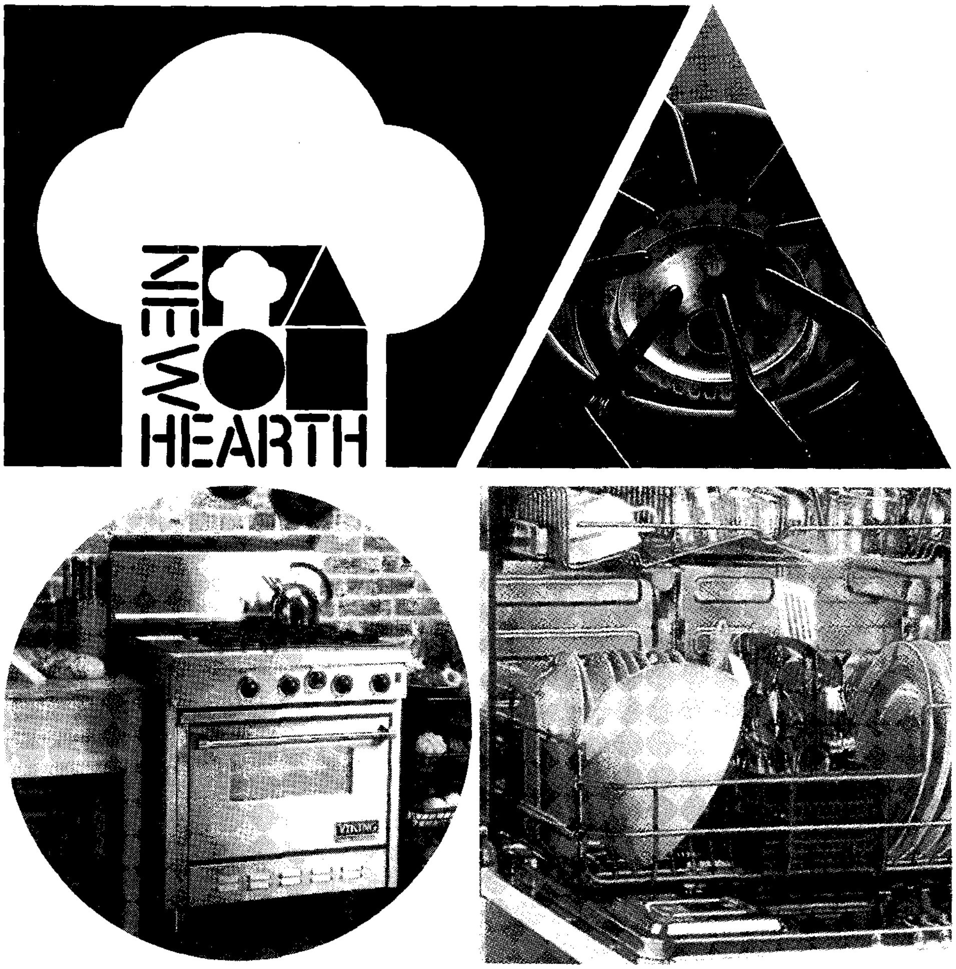
VIKING *The Viking Professional Range looks and works like it belongs in a restaurant of renown. In your kitchen, it expresses your level of dedication. With rangetops and wall ovens too, Viking is the range professional chefs call home.*

ASKO ASEA *ASKO dishwashers, clothes washers and dryers feature stainless steel interiors. Some even sanitize — a step beyond clean. They all cut energy, water use and noise levels in half. ASKO is a Swedish name you're going to hear more from. Because they build products you can't hear at all.*

New Hearth. Around great names, great kitchens are built.

*For more information, call **1-800-356-3803.***
Ask about our new Showroom in Manhattan.

New Hearth® is a trademark of D'Elia Associates, Inc. Viking is a registered trademark of the Viking Range Corp. ASKO ASEA is a registered trademark of ASKO Inc.



who lies low while his father and stepmother are around, emerges. Every night, he takes me out with his gang. The same crowd of ten or fifteen young people, all childhood friends, spend every evening together, joined sometimes by Fabrizio's beloved Uncle Giuseppe. These companions of Fabrizio's are jolly and intelligent and kind, and he introduces them, laughing, as "the cleverest lawyer in all Italy," and "an Olympic windsurfer, the best in Europe," and "a very, very rich man—he owns five castles." The owner of the castles interjects, "I own one castle, but Fabrizio's envy makes him exaggerate, so that when you learn it's not five you will say, 'Only one castle? Poor man!' " Malice, perhaps, but also the local habit of grandiosity. During all my time here, I meet not a soul who isn't at the very least "a genius." Sicily does indeed have a disproportionate share of geniuses, and one is continually being astonished that even in this inbred circle every polite down-and-out baron turns out to be an astronomer, an amateur composer, a Persian scholar, or the first translator of Hegel into Italian. Yet the result of all this flowery promotion, driven in part by a certain resentment of accomplishment, is an inflated and inconvertible currency, which only accentuates the bearer's fear of worthlessness.

One night, we go to a dinner party in the old city, in a fourteenth-century Catalan-Gothic palace with high, spindly-arched windows looking down on a narrow alley of the raucous market in Sant' Agostino, a neighborhood covered with graffiti and inhabited by Mauritian students and tough street gangs. The palace's owner, a woman with the peppy good looks of a Latin torch singer, leads us by flashlight through the upper floors, some rooms of which were renovated by her grandfather in a William Morris faux medievalism. It is a suspenseful moment, for the next day, having at last raised the money, she is going to embark upon a restoration of her own, complete with experts from Florence. We stumble through darkness, Fabrizio, at my elbow, explaining, "Above us is the finest Murano chandelier in Palermo," as a beam of light reveals a ceiling of bunched cherubs, and the owner and her husband go dancing ahead, each singing gleefully, as he or she twirls around some ruined bower ceilinged in tarnished mirror and cracked salmon-pink mythologies, "Here will be my bathroom!" or "Here will be my new dressing room!"

Other evenings, we participate in what seems to be the Palermitan nightly pastime: cruising. Oddly, this city, full of vigorous and cultivated souls with money to burn, has almost no night life: the theatres seem to be permanently under restoration, the few cinemas show only skin flicks, the streets are deserted by nine, and, since restaurants close at whim, it is often impossible to find a pizza after dark. Hence a night out on the town has the air of a steeplechase. Sixteen young people pour into four cars, agreeing to meet at the Pizzeria Bellini, famous for an owner who, it is said, killed a customer for "committing an indecent act with an apple" and was acquitted on the ground of justifiable self-defense. The Pizzeria Bellini turns out to be closed for restoration—and continues to be closed all month, but these creatures of habit keep coming back night after night just to make sure—so we wait until all the cars are rounded up, then fix the next rendezvous and tear off, only to find that that place is also closed, whereupon the drivers arrange to try next a trattoria in the suburbs. Since the search for dinner begins only around 11 P.M., what restaurants were open are now closed. Sometimes the quest takes us deep into the countryside: to Monreale, or to a lonely stretch of coast beyond Arenella, inhabited only by the ruins of lookout towers—some built to guard against the Turks, some built by the Florios to watch for tuna migrations.

It is Fabrizio who tells me about the towers. Fabrizio, at twenty-eight, seems to know everything from higher mathematics to mazurkas to Renaissance sculpture, from Napoleonic history to Asterix comics. He is a tall beauty, as attenuated as an El Greco saint, with enormous, brilliant pale-blue eyes and black lashes. He has a sharp tongue; changeable airs of mischief, gaiety, and melancholy; and a spirited blond girlfriend who favors wasp-waisted riding jackets. He reminds me of a nineteenth-century Russian hero consumed by vast longings and inchoate ambitions.

Because this is late-twentieth-century Italy, however, the hero is not free to take the waters at a foreign spa or to lose his family fortune at cards. Fabrizio, a computer scientist, is employed by Arthur Andersen & Company, and from eight in the morning until nine at night works as a consultant at the Bank of Sicily. His job leaves him no time to read or listen to music or look at paintings, and he feels stranded in Palermo, where civic institutions have broken down, and where you cannot see the latest films or plays. "Here is horrible," he reiterates, in perfect upper-class schoolboy English. (All these young people had English nannies, and speak a fluent, if stylized, vernacular.) "My father has restored this house, and in any other city an eighteenth-century palace overlooking the sea would be marvellous, but forty years ago they brought all the rubble from the bombings and left it outside our door and never took it away. Then they built a highway outside our windows. Then Luna Park. In this house, you cannot read a book. You cannot listen to music. You cannot sleep. This is an impossible, hopeless place." Fabrizio is, of all the Sicilians I met, the most intensely imbued with the past.

One wintry midnight, we drive out to the seaside resort of Mondello to look at the house where Fabrizio spent his childhood summers, and Bernardo, Fabrizio's best friend, who lived in the house next door, points out the spot where Fabrizio unexpectedly poured icy water all over his tiny guests. Mostly, though, his friends pile into the palace in the Via Butera for impromptu midnight suppers. One evening, a pillow fight breaks out, and everyone goes tearing through rooms screaming and tumbling; another time, someone brings a guitar and the guests sing until daybreak; and one evening after dinner Fabrizio produces his family albums, in which, eerily, all the thirty-year-olds now sitting around him are shown as toddlers at Fabrizio's fourth and fifth birthday parties—truly royal occasions, with miniature racing cars and puppet shows. There, too, fiercely protective, lean, elegant, is Mirella, Fabrizio's mother, who when she was alive (others tell me this) would overturn the world to spare him harm.

"THE maids are impossible. The silly girls. They do nothing, *absolutely nothing*. They sit around and gossip. They are clumsy. They don't care. You scold them, and they just laugh. They do not care about anything but having a good time. They are *completely useless*. You spend your whole day picking up after them." Ever since she got back from Rome, Nicoletta has been furious at Rosy and the other maid, Marilena. "I could strangle them, they are so useless," she says. Her enormous jade eyes flash, and she trembles in what seems to be a seizure of passionate indignation. Gioacchino clucks in deprecation, and I am worried for the heads of these unfortunates until I see that she is only pretending to be furious, for the pure pleasure of trying on this funny mood. When I come down to breakfast the next day, Nicoletta is still picking up after the maids, still saying, "No, not this cup, that cup—how many times do I have to tell you? Not this knife, the carving knife. No, you stupid girls." The girls are vastly amused that anybody could care whether you slice the salami with a curved knife or a straight one, and see the scolding as a good opportunity to shout and laugh; and for Nicoletta, too, beaming, laughing under her breath as she fusses, the scolding is a game, and even a kind of flirtation. Much as she complains, Nicoletta spends more time fussing over and gossiping with Rosy and Marilena than she does with her university friends.

Rosy D'Anna and Marilena Spitaleri are sisters-in-law. They wear skintight stone-washed jeans and tinted sunglasses, and you hear them half a house away—bawdy Sicilian voices yowling and catcalling like two Leporellos. They yell at the top of their lungs, they scream with laughter, they act dizzy, egging each other on. Marilena, short, with a snub face and a husky voice, is twenty-seven, and is slightly in the thrall of Rosy's superior powers of will and imagination. She talks a broader Sicilian. Rosy—who dives into heavy dialect when she goes back to the neighborhood where she used to live, in the old city—strives for a purer language. Marilena is married to Rosy's brother, a tall, cadaverous man with a melancholy Arab look. Several years ago, her husband got a job in a factory in Livorno, and they left Sicily, but it was too cold up north, so she begged him to take her home. As she tells the story, you start to shiver, imagining all that southern expansiveness and frivolity muted and diminished by a northern winter.

Rosy is thirty, and is tall, angular, nut-brown, with a bug-eyed, bespectacled stare. Her husband walked out on her, and now she has the policeman boyfriend who caused the Mafia boss such alarm. But the boyfriend seems to take a back seat to Fabiola, her roly-poly, shiny-eyed eight-year-old daughter.

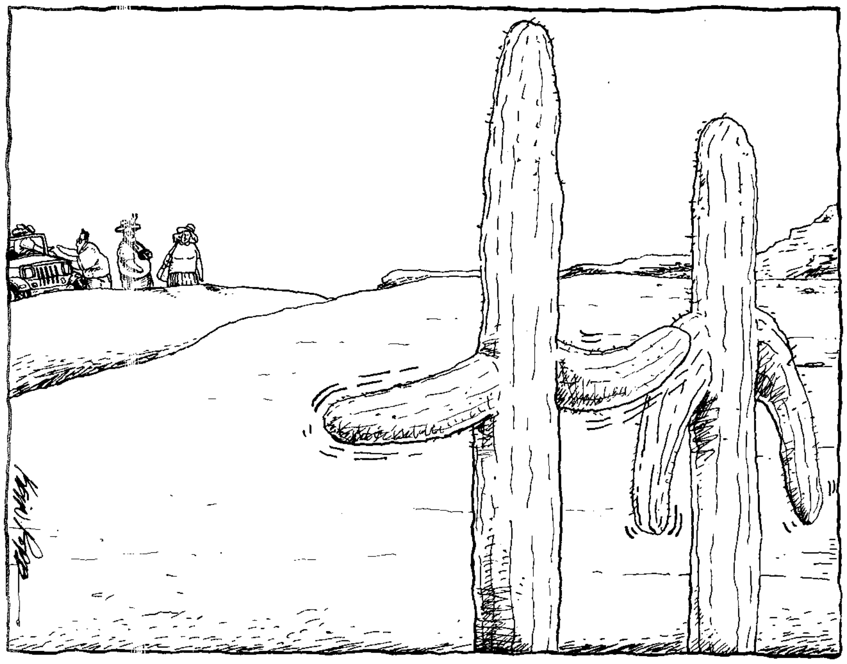
Rosy and Marilena ask me a million questions about America, mostly about cars. And rent. And men. "Do you have a brother?" Marilena asks me. "Next time, bring your brother."

"I'll kill you," Rosy retorts, genuinely insulted. "You have *my* brother, who's better than you deserve already, a handsome man, and look at you, you're as ugly as can be."

They tell me that lots of men in Palermo are *finocchi*—Marilena does a flouncy imitation—and that the *finocchi* hang out at the Piazza Santa Oliva. They teach me Sicilian obscenities and also Italian ones, which, they explain,

(*Advertisement*)

© 1991 Phoenix and The Valley of The Sun



"Arms up, Here come the tourists."

To learn more about Phoenix and The Valley of The Sun, write us at One Arizona Center, 400 E. Van Buren St., Ste. 600, Phoenix, AZ 85004-2290. Or call 1-800-447-6553 and then 30185 from a touchtone phone to hear information about Phoenix, Mesa, Scottsdale or Tempe.

PHOENIX • MESA • SCOTTSDALE • TEMPE • ARIZONA

If you knew it, you'd do it.

Comfort by design.

THOS. MOSER
CABINETMAKERS

ALEXANDRIA 703-548-3447
PHILADELPHIA 215-922-6440
CATALOG $9
415R CUMBERLAND AVE. PORTLAND, ME 04101
207-774-3791

NAGEN•DEWEY
BUY•SELL•APPRAISE
OLD NAVAJO TEXTILES
SINCE 1975
1•800•262•8256
ON THE PLAZA SANTA FE

Laraine K. Inc.
HAND MADE IN USA
103 Godwin Ave.
Midland Park, NJ 07432
Brochure Available:
(201) 848-1747
(201) 891-8734
14K Gold Jeweled Menagerie
Cat-1¾"-Sapphire Eyes/Diamond Nose-$550
Teddy-1"-Emerald Eyes-$285 Cheetah-1⅞"-Emerald Eye-$400
add $3.50 for shipping/handling • VISA/MC/CK/MO • N.J. residents add 7% tax

JAPANESE INVESTORS
STILL BUYING.
French & American Impressionist and
Important European Art.
Send photos, information and prices to:
JAMAIS, INC.
127 East 59th Street, New York, NY 10022
Telefax: (212) 249 - 9469

are much more lethally offensive to Sicilians than to Italians, and scream in embarrassed, scandalized laughter when I repeat them. Then they want to know the American curses to say to rude men.

Every day, they want to know exactly where I'm going and whom I'm seeing and how it went. When Marilena misses the recitation, Rosy gives her a full report. Eventually, the women notice an important gap in my itinerary, and they decide to fill it. I haven't been to the Convento dei Cappuccini, the crypt where until the eighteen-eighties illustrious Palermitans were buried. Neither, it turns out, have they.

"Sicilians are horrible," Gioacchino says over lunch. "They have no respect for anything, including the immortality of the soul, and this is something terrible. I will give you an example. Lovers for amusement go to the convent, which is locally called I Cappuccini, to look at the dead. They go there to kiss and laugh, as if to say, 'We are young, you are dead,' because they know that after this life there is nothing."

On the appointed day, Rosy is waiting for me in a sleek dress and high-heeled shoes. She explains that Marilena can't come, because she has to wait at her apartment for the shutter-maker. We climb into Rosy's little car. Sicilians, she tells me, say that when women drive you'd better close your eyes and say your prayers, but the only driver she's scared of is Marilena. (In fact, all Sicilian drivers are exhausting, because they consider it a dishonor equal to cuckoldry to allow another car to pull out of a parking place ahead of them. In nineteenth-century Palermo, the narrow streets were perpetually blocked by carriages whose owners found it less humiliating to sit at an impasse all day and finally pay a traffic fine than to give way to a neighbor.) We drive up the Corso Vittorio Emanuele to her parents' house, which is also in the old city, and which she is eager to show me. They live in a historical palace like the Lanzas', Rosy explains. (Later, I discover that Rosy's family applied for modern housing as soon as they moved to Palermo from the interior village of Chiesa di Sclafani, where Rosy grew up, but after fifteen years they are still waiting for a new apartment to become available.) The house is right off the Corso, near the cathedral—down an alley of tiny blackened palaces with ogrelike caryatids and bulging balconies, several of which are being restored, so that the whole area is engulfed in scaffolding and nets. Rosy shouts in dialect to the workmen above to hold their fire while we pass through a kind of crawl space underneath. The house is indeed a working-class translation of the Palazzo Lanza Tomasi. Encircling a central courtyard and staircase, her parents' apartment is a grotto of four rooms, with stuccoed ceilings still showing their original frescoes. There are hens and a rooster on the balcony, and a strong equestrian motif in the apartment—a saddle hanging on a wall, framed photographs of children on horseback on a beach, gilt trophies. Rosy's father is a racehorse owner, with a stable in the old city. He travels to the small towns around Palermo, where they hold races down the main drag at dawn, before the police are awake. Rosy's father is away, but I meet her mother, who is red-headed and fierce, with flashing gold teeth, and, as we leave the palace, her sister, Angela—a pale, sultry teen-ager, who is the baby of the family. She is downstairs leaning against a parked car, hanging out with her gang and ostentatiously ignoring the boys. Angela is studying to be a teacher and speaks a little English. We three walk to school to pick up Rosy's Fabiola, and when Angela spots her friends she grabs my arm to parade her new transatlantic acquisition. Rosy takes me to meet the elderly nun-headmistress, and Fabiola, who, like her mother, is very dressed up, gives me a great, smacking kiss and then kisses all her classmates goodbye. "La Fabiola has a big heart," Rosy explains happily.

I Cappuccini is on the outskirts of town, past the Norman Palace and the Gate of the Captive Moors. We are ushered into the convent by a young, bulky, bearded friar in a brown cassock with a strong animal smell of sweat. Rosy insists on paying for me. The dead are downstairs, and we descend the clammy steps a little nervously.

The dead are generally divided by sex or class. In one corridor are the men; in another, women and children. One aisle is signposted "Profession-

"A. T. & T. wants me back."

• •

als"; another is for monks and nuns. There is a separate section for virgins. There are eight thousand corpses, some propped up against the walls, some lying in coffin-berths like passengers in a railway sleeper carriage, all laid out in full dress, their best clothes. The degrees of decomposition have little to do with the dates of death: a seventeenth-century soldier still has his mustache, while the most recent victim has already rotted away. This sort of disparity is why believers used to assume that the rate of decomposition was the outward, literal manifestation of inner holiness or lack thereof.

Some of these Palermitans are reduced to mere calcium, and some are bones trailing lace and velvet; hair like the burst stuffing of a seat is attached to some skulls, and others are enclosed in browned casings of shrunken leathery hide in varying states of vanishing. Many of these figures are mummified—lawyers and monks and matrons preserved shrunken but intact, eyeballs gluey, fingernails gnarled, each with a distinct expression of surprise, calm, alarm, feral anger, sweetness. But the pièce de résistance, consigned to her own separate hall and flanked by two more corrupt and less appetizing attendants in cradles, is Baby Rosalia. Baby Rosalia is a Victorian tot, cut off and miraculously preserved in full flower of childhood, even though she died a hundred years ago. She lies in a little bed, pretty as a big wax doll, apple-cheeked, with long golden tresses. There is a small but perpetual throng around this shrine, reverent, affectionate, admiring. Sicilians worship children almost as much as they worship the dead: the Infanta Rosalia is a surefire winner. Upstairs, you can buy postcards of her. Rosy, Fabiola, and I join the crowd of spectators; Fabiola, who has gone scampering down corridor after corridor of this mortuary maze, looks her over with cheerful indifference. The grownups, on the other hand, have maintained the most unconvincing bravado. "It's not very frightening," we tell each other in front of every new grimace. "I'm not a bit frightened, are you? I expected it to be frightening, but it's not. Are you frightened?" And, "No, not at all. It's interesting. Very interesting. Not frightening but interesting."

Afterward, I conclude that the cult of I Cappuccini not only is based on the kind of frivolous scoffing that Gioacchino described, or on the search for a *frisson* which makes teen-agers pile into the Cyclone or go to see "A Nightmare on Elm Street Part IV," but is also a more forcible manifestation of the age-old Sicilian obsession with death. There are other Catholic countries where people still celebrate the Day of the Dead by picnicking at cemeteries, but in Sicily the dead are not just festival guests but a pervasive presence. The towns here—with their piazzas plastered with black-and-purple posters commemorating the third, fourth, fifth anniversaries of a citizen's death; with a front door or shopwindow on every street bearing a black-bordered "For My Mother-in-Law," "For My Beloved Son" to mark a death in the family; with photographs of the departed fixed to every corner Crucifixion—seem as if they had just awakened, reeling, from an epidemic. At first, these markers appear picturesque, a welcome change from modern evasiveness about mortality, but gradually they become oppressive, burdensome, until the visitor feels that here the dead outweigh and outnumber the living—that this land so frequently hit by tragedy has come to dote on it, with death the necessary vehicle for mythologizing.

"All Sicilian expression, even the most violent, is really wish-fulfillment," Lampedusa writes in "The Leopard." "Our sensuality is a hankering for oblivion, our shooting and knifing a hankering for death; our laziness, our spiced and drugged sherbets, a hankering for voluptuous immobility, that is, for death again; our meditative air is that of a void wanting to scrutinize the enigmas of nirvana. That is what gives power to certain people among us, to those who are half awake: that is the cause of the well-known time lag of a century in our artistic and intellectual life; novelties attract us only when they are dead, incapable of arousing vital currents; that is what gives rise to the extraordinary phenomenon of the constant formation of myths which would be venerable if they were really ancient, but which are really nothing but sinister attempts to plunge us back into a past that attracts us only because it is dead."

Back at Rosy's own apartment, which is on the Via Butera side of the Lanza palace—three rooms, one a pink candy box for Fabiola—we sip orange liqueur

THE NEW YORKER
DIRECT DIAL

Use our weekly listing to dial directly to advertisers. Call from any phone to reach product and service representatives:

CLUB MED 1
Free Video Cruise
1-800-CLUB MED

Beverly Bremer Silver Shop
Sterling Silver Matching Service
1-404-261-4009

Hotel Intercontinental
New York
212-755-5900
outside of New York City
1-800-327-0200

IWC World Famous Timepieces
For information and a catalogue, call
International Watch Company
1-800-432-9330

Ascot Chang
A Gentleman's Shirtmaker
Free Brochure
1-800-486-9966

ADVERTISEMENT

and look at two white leather albums of photographs from Fabiola's First Communion: a slow, glossy drama, beginning with pictures of Fabiola and her fellow-students studying with the priest, and continuing with Fabiola, dimpled, dark, in a lacy, daisy-white bridal dress, receiving the Sacrament, and with Fabiola in the Lanzas' ballroom after the ceremony, and ending with an enormous banquet by the seaside, with aunts and uncles and cousins amid roses and hibiscus. Rosy tells me how much the *festa* cost. Lots and lots and lots of money, she explains, but it was for Fabiola. "The First Communion—it only happens once."

I am reminded of Fabrizio's friend Otto when he told me about his twin sister's wedding, which lasted three days and included two dinners for three hundred guests and a reception for six hundred and a dose of English royalty, and how this was nothing compared with the wedding of one of his father's clerks, during which the bride changed her outfit three times and all the members of the bridal party, including infants of two and three, wore matching fur coats. We are very Spanish, he confesses.

At the end of my day with Rosy, she presents me with a ribboned box: inside, with a white gauze and satin-ribboned puff attached, is a miniature silvery plate on a stand, enamelled with a pastoral scene of shepherdesses and lute players much like the scenes inlaid in amber and ivory in the Lanzas' drawing room. "To take back to New York happy memories of me and Palermo," she explains.

THE mongrelizing infusion of newcomers who have settled in Sicily over the last twenty-seven hundred years makes the country almost American, with this big difference: the immigrants came to conquer, and the island was almost always ruled from afar. Pitifully, Sicilians' chief complaint over the years was not that they weren't free but that their kings never came to visit. Palermo's version of the Boston Tea Party, and a much invoked symbol for rebellion-minded patriots, is the Sicilian Vespers of 1282—during the absentee rule of the Angevin King Charles—in which a French soldier's accosting of a married woman leaving church sparked an islandwide massacre of many thousands of Frenchmen and led to four hundred lazy, uneventful years of Spanish rule.

Always a colony, never a country. The result of all these invading settlers is a lot of black-eyed blonds and blue-eyed Moors and a legendary cleverness offset by a deep, corrosive sense of futility: a feeling that you can't help yourself and that no one is going to help you (hence the love of bandits, whose bones peasants enshrined as devotional relics), and that none of these riches—the Greek temples, the Byzantine mosaics, the Catalan-Gothic churches—are really yours. The most jarring consequence of this disconnection is the tale of the Santoni, which was told me by the American writer Mary Taylor Simeti. The Santoni are a series of twelve life-size statues of the goddess Cybele—some accompanied by Hermes, some by the satyr Marsyas—which were carved into a rockface near the town of Palazzolo Acréide in the third century B.C. For years, tourists and archeologists would traipse across a peasant's field to gape at this wonder of the world. One day in the nineteen-seventies, the peasant got tired of foreigners trampling his onions, so he took his hoe and hacked the Santoni to pieces. Now they stand locked behind bars—faceless, limbless stumps attesting to the danger presented by a people that feels that its past doesn't belong to it.

It is this sense of disconnection that has made possible the unheeded decay of Palermo's old city. The principal culprit is—as it is in all Palermitan problems—the Mafia. The Mafia, I am told, smiles upon Greek temples and has an aversion to the Baroque. This preference shows an admirably austere taste, but it is prompted by a historical grudge. These billionaire capos are reluctant to see embellished the relics of an age in which their forefathers were peasants starving in the interior. Imagine what would happen if the Manhattan Indians today reclaimed their island. They might not want to be reminded of three hundred and sixty-five years in which they were dispossessed, indigent, humiliated. They might well let the Empire State Building and the Chrysler Building and Radio City Music Hall gently decay. Why not? It's not their history. So Mafia bosses build rings of flimsy high rises around the old cities, and install themselves in Beverly Hills-style fortress-villas in

"Performance Today®" from National Public Radio® pays tribute to all those zealous parents whose gentle prodding gave us the great musicians we have today. With "Performance Today's" sampling of live classical performances, plain talk about musical terms, and even the occasional bit of music trivia, we hope to continue in their proud tradition. And maybe even attract a few who slipped through their fingers. (Check your local NPR® station for broadcast times.)

WE'D LIKE TO THANK ALL THE NAGGING MOTHERS WHO'VE MADE THESE PERFORMANCES POSSIBLE.

NATIONAL PUBLIC RADIO'S PERFORMANCE TODAY

Now enjoy brilliant college lectures in your home or car

Audio and video recordings of SUPERSTAR TEACHERS™– professors ranked highest by students at top universities.

Each taped series — produced in cooperation with **The Smithsonian Institution** Resident Associate Program — is a condensed version of a top-rated professor's one-semester course on the subject. Each set consists of eight 45-minute lectures on audio or video cassettes in handsome home-library storage cases. More than 20 courses to date, such as these:

HEROES, HEROINES AND THE WISDOM OF MYTH. S. Georgia Nugent, Ph.D., Professor, Classics Department, Brown University. Course No. RP-B640. Audio or Video.

PHILOSOPHY AND HUMAN VALUES. Rick Roderick, Ph.D.,Assistant Professor of Philosophy, Duke University. Course No. AI-B469. Audio or Video.

THE LIFE OF THE MIND: AN INTRODUCTION TO PSYCHOLOGY. Richard Gerrig, Ph.D., Associate Professor of Psychology, Yale University. Course No. RP-B639. Audio or Video.

POWER OVER PEOPLE: CLASSIC AND MODERN POLITICAL THEORY. Dennis Dalton, Ph.D., Prof. of Political Science, Barnard College / Columbia University. Course No. AI-B448. Audio or Video.

GOD AND MANKIND: COMPARATIVE RELIGIONS. Robert Oden, Ph.D., Headmaster, Hotchkiss School; formerly Professor and Chair, Department of Religion, Dartmouth College. Course No. RP-B616. Audio or Video.

COMEDY, TRAGEDY, HISTORY: THE LIVE DRAMA AND VITAL TRUTH OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. Peter Saccio, Ph.D.,Willard Professor of Drama and Oratory, Dartmouth College. Course No. LI-B263. Audio or Video.

A MODERN LOOK AT ANCIENT GREEK CIVILIZATION. Andrew Szegedy-Maszak, Ph.D., Professor of Classics, Wesleyan University. Course No. AI-B421. Video only.

IS ANYONE REALLY NORMAL? PERSPECTIVES ON ABNORMAL PSYCHOLOGY. Drew Westen, Ph.D., Department of Psychiatry, Harvard University; recipient of University of Michigan's Golden Apple Teaching Award. Course No. RP-B658. Audio or Video.

COSMIC QUESTIONS: ASTRONOMY FROM QUARK TO QUASAR. Robert P. Kirshner, Ph.D., Professor of Astronomy, Chairman of Astronomy Department, Harvard University. Course No. SC-B145. Audio or Video.

THE ORIGIN OF THE MODERN MIND. Alan Charles Kors, Ph.D., Professor of History at the University of Pennsylvania. Course No. AI-B453. Audio or Video.

PRICES

VIDEO: One course, $149.95. Two courses, $129.95 each.Three or more courses, $109.95 each.
AUDIO: One course, $89.95. Two courses, $79.95 each.Three or more courses, $69.95 each.

Charge to VISA or MasterCard. Add $5 per course for shipping/handling. (VA residents, add 4.5% sales tax.)

1-800-832-2421

Ask for Operator 271. Or write for catalog plus information on Rental Option program:
THE TEACHING COMPANY
DEPT. 271 / P.O. BOX 4000
KEARNEYSVILLE, WV 25430-4000

CW

the countryside. Better build anew, let the dead die.

Other obstacles, too, arise. In the last two decades, there have been three different urban-renewal plans for Palermo, two of which were approved by the city council. What keeps going wrong? First of all, in Italy many aspects of life are controlled by the political parties: they allot every job from busboy in a pizzeria to violinist in an orchestra. (Even Gioacchino Lanza, who was a Communist—he now considers himself a Green—was made an opera-house director according to whether the Communists were in or out of power.) Since each city plan is, of necessity, the plan of a particular political party, designed by that party's architects, the other parties are honor-bound to nix it. Secondly, politics aside, every Palermitan has thought long and hard about the correct architectural and philosophical approach to restoration, which makes for wars among various schools. At the moment, the battle is between reconstruction and conservation—between filling in the gaps and leaving them blank. The idea of conservation is not, as with reconstruction, to try to re-create the building in its newborn glory, as we imagine it to have looked at its unveiling, but to leave unairbrushed the vagaries of time, age, loss—to underscore how very fragmentary and partial our knowledge and perception must be.

Among the architects I spoke to was Umberto di Cristina, who has completed many large projects around the island and is currently building a church in a Palermo suburb. He was in charge of public works under the last Socialist mayor and offended Sicilian prudishness with a poster aimed at litterbugs which pictured a hand reaching toward a garbage can above the slogan "Put It In"—a double-entendre in Italian. He is a controversial figure, partly because the Socialists in Sicily have a reputation for being greedy and corrupt.

Di Cristina lives in the old city, right by the harbor, a block away from the Lanzas, in the seventeenth-century Palazzo Spucches, which was badly bombed and—something rare in Palermo—has been refaced like a modern apartment building: white, flat, retaining only one antique detail, a florid seventeenth-century balcony. Inside, his apartment is a dark overstuffed birdcage of Tiffany lamps, artificial flowers, black leather furniture. Over lunch there one day, he gives me an account of the three different proposals for restoring the old city. The first, he explains, was designed in 1970 and was the most sweeping: it proposed destroying much of the historical center. "The urban culture of the time hadn't the sensibility to preserve," he says, adding that in the last twenty years there has been a reaction, and that in his view the climate is now too timid. "The current superintendent of monuments in Palermo, for example, forbids all innovative reconstruction," he says. "As a result, there is no possibility of the kind of interplay between old and new that you see in Paris, with I. M. Pei's pyramid within the Louvre, or in New York, with the Belle Époque town houses reflected in glass skyscrapers."

Di Cristina was one of those involved in the second plan for the old city, which was drawn up in 1980, under an architect named Giuseppe Samonà. Samonà, whom all his associates speak of with reverence, died eight years ago, and the plan, which called for clearing away the ruins and making a more open city, with garden squares, was approved but never realized. "It has become obsolete," di Cristina says. "Architectural schemes, like long-term economic plans, have a certain shelf life. After five years, they are no longer applicable. A city is a living being with a life of its own. Everything changes: neighborhoods decay and rise again; different kinds of people move in and out. Then, there are always new technical developments. Every epoch, too, has its own aesthetic ideas."

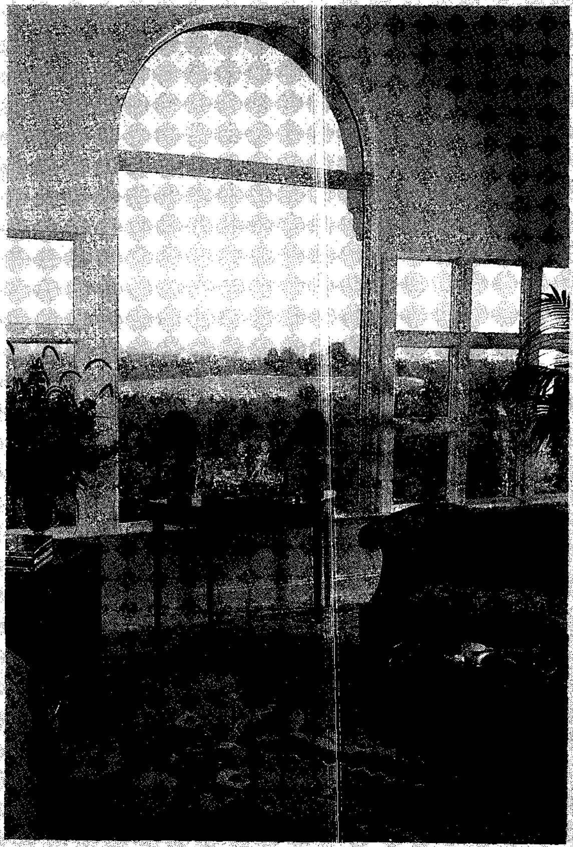
In 1988, a new plan was commissioned by the charismatic and extremely popular young mayor at the time, Leoluca Orlando, a left-wing Christian Democrat who, rather than accept an alliance with the Socialists, had formed a winning coalition with the Communists, the Greens, and Città per Uòmo, a small Catholic splinter party. Orlando ran a strong anti-Mafia campaign from within a traditionally mafioso party, and he tried to clean house. He hired a northern architectural firm, Cervellati, Insolera, Benevolo & Morales, to make a plan to restore the old city. Some Palermitans say that calling in outsiders was enough to insure the plan's failure. The most dramatic feature of Orlando's plan was for the four-lane highway that runs past the Palazzo Lanza to be diverted underground. Where Luna Park is now, there would be a real park. Many old buildings would be torn down, and gardens built in their place, but other fallen houses would be reconstructed. Perhaps the most outrageous proposal was that the whole historical center be turned into a pedestrian zone, with a parking lot under the Marina.

Di Cristina and other architects who worked on the Samonà plan maintain that Orlando's version was actually very similar to theirs, with the difference that much of what they had intended to be mere restoration would now involve actual reconstruction. "My own idea and that of the Samonà plan is to retain only what is actually standing and to leave the destroyed parts destroyed," di Cristina says. "Take Bonagia, for instance"—the Baroque palace turned dump, with its famous crumbling staircase. "Cervellati and Benevolo proposed to reconstruct the building. You cannot reconstruct Bonagia. What you can do is what was done to my own house: make a fantasy, put on a modern front and retain only the Baroque staircase. Anything more is a false historicism, a forgery."

Orlando's plan, although controversial—"utopian" is the word most used to describe it, an extremely disparaging word in Sicily—was accepted. But in the summer of 1990, several months after being reëlected in a historic landslide victory, Orlando quit. He had won popularly, but he had no backing within the Christian Democratic Party and consequently no power to act. He has since formed a new splinter group, called La Rete (The Network)—it is Catholic, anti-Mafia, and in favor of moral renewal—which in regional elections this June won a quarter of Palermo's vote. Since Orlando's resignation as mayor, however, the city is back in the hands of the most corrupt, tired, do-nothing branch of the Party (he had won enough votes in the last election for the Christian Democrats to rule without a coalition of smaller parties), so nobody is likely to hear a word about restoration.

"Every few years there is a new administration, each with its new plan," di Cristina concludes, "and meanwhile the city falls apart."

Individual projects proceed nonetheless. I talked with the Communist architect Cesare Airoldi, at his palace on the outskirts of Palermo. Airoldi belongs to the old Palermitan nobility, and is trying to put into effect one tiny corner of Samonà's plan—a renovation of the back-alley quarter of Sant' Agostino. At its heart is the church of Sant' Agostino, one of Palermo's faded beauties, with almost effaced Romanesque reliefs around the portals, which lead into a white-and-gold hemisphere of Serpotta saints. Surrounding the church on all sides is a loud, roiling market selling clothes, radios, toys. For Airoldi's purposes, Sant' Agostino is ideal, since except for the church it is a poor neighborhood without important buildings. His blueprints envisage a tidy, spacious community of small houses and stores, gardens, artisans' workshops, a library. "No school,"



UNIVERSITY VILLAGE
We provide the luxury. You enjoy the view.

In addition to commanding Charlottesville's most dramatic views of the Blue Ridge Mountains and the University of Virginia, our spectacular homes offer beautiful imported tiles, crown moulding, high ceilings, and picture windows so large they'll take your breath away. Our luxury services include a full-service concierge, complimentary limousine service, a porter, and 24-hour security. And The University Club provides extraordinary amenities including an indoor tennis center, indoor swimming pool, fitness center, health spa, and fine dining.

Please telephone us toll-free to learn more about the special ownership opportunities at Charlottesville's newest community.

UNIVERSITY
VILLAGE
We'll change the way you view retirement!
1.800.UVA.LUXURY

2401 Old Ivy Road
Charlottesville, Virginia 22901

Adjoining the University of Virginia
Furnished Models Open Daily

Void where prohibited by law, including New York and New Jersey.

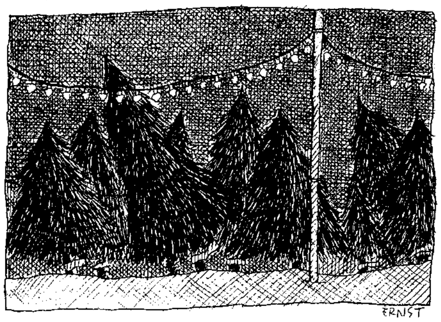
he says. "Students are very destructive. Well, maybe little students." He lifts his hands to demonstrate—eight or ten inches high. *Very* little students.

Looking at Airoldi's blueprints, I am dismayed by the contrast between the gamy thronged alleys I have seen and this clinical ideal, the more so when he asserts that the market would, of course, have to be regulated. But how do you regulate a market without creating such disembowelled and over-dressed cadavers as London's Covent Garden or New York's South Street Seaport?

There are, however, many examples all over Palermo of exquisite restorations, undertaken either privately or by the regional government. The politician in charge of restorations for Sicily is Turi Lombardo, the regional assessor for public works and cultural welfare—which means he is an important and powerful man. Lombardo's thesis, which he unfolds to me one evening at the Socialist Party headquarters—a splendid Libertà building, with a different modern fresco on the ceiling of every room—goes like this: Sicily has declined in wealth and power ever since it turned its back on Africa and became part of Europe. Today, the developed nations of Western Europe are about to join as a united power, and Sicily will be made even more of a stepchild. Is it not therefore in Sicily's interests to look south again, as it did in its glory days—to see itself not as the littlest and poorest country in the European Community but as the first and greatest in the Southern Mediterranean, in North Africa? With this in mind, he is turning the twelfth-century Norman pleasure palace La Zisa into an Islamic museum, he is building mosques in Palermo, he is consulting with curators and diplomats from the Arab world.

The architect for the La Zisa project is Salvo LoNardo, an up-and-coming young man (he is di Cristina's son-in-law) who specializes in Arab monuments in Palermo. LoNardo is one of the new breed of Palermitan maneuverers—haters of red tape and bureaucracy, who believe in private investment and in getting things done. Sadly, the things done are not always done very prettily or sturdily. La Zisa is another architectural problem child. Gioacchino Lanza tells me, "When I was a boy, the Zisa was owned by the Notarbartalo family and lived in by the Prince of Belmonte, who was an adorable man—a cousin of mine and a great friend of my father's. Then it was confiscated by the government as a great historical monument, and there ensued an artistic-scientific quarrel about how the renovations should proceed. The Department of Public Works decided to put the building back the way it might have looked in Norman times. They tore down a Baroque balcony and cupola and Baroque fresco scenes, expecting to find beneath them the medieval structure. Instead, they found nothing, because the method in those days had been rebuilding, not covering up. So they have a mess, because they made a big ogival arch in front of it, and two-thirds of it is fake. A fake monument? This is absolutely out nowadays. So they stopped work on it for many years, and no one took care of it. As a consequence, half of it has collapsed."

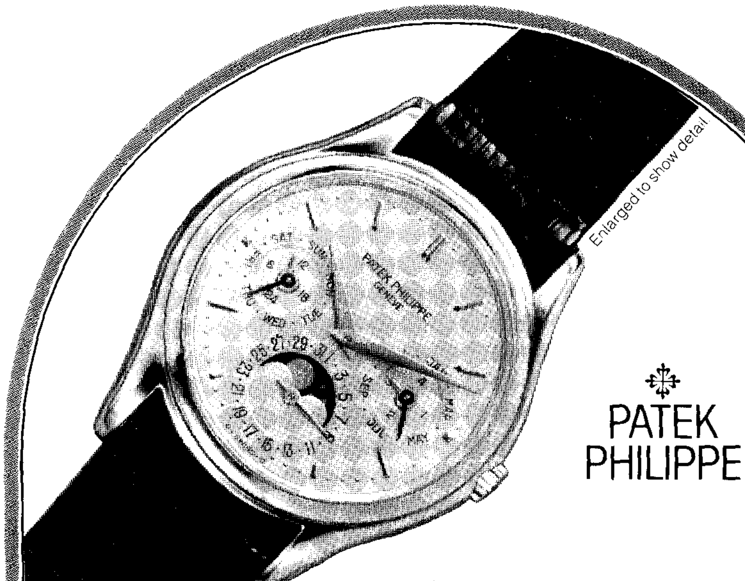
One day, LoNardo drives me to La Zisa, which sits in a vacant lot on the outskirts of Palermo. One of the rare pieces of purely secular Arab-Norman architecture surviving, it is intensely Moorish in flavor: a pleasure palace to which William the Bad (who wasn't very bad) is said to have retired with his harem—a miracle of fountains and shade, double-walled to keep in the coolness, and surrounded by an artificial lake. Eight hundred years later, little of this perfumed garden survives—only the red brick walls and one golden mosaic of archers and birds, which is being polished by an Irish restorer. What began as restoration is now, by necessity, reconstruction, and as LoNardo leads me up flight after flight of plywood-and-metal steps to survey what may or may not, with or without help from rich Arab countries, wind up being an Islamic museum, I am struck by the realization that bad restorations, like period movies, all look like the year in which they were undertaken, so that La Zisa resembles not La Martorana or San Giovanni degli Eremiti but the museum inside the Statue of Liberty.



"THE Lanzas were Germans who arrived in Sicily in the twelfth century with the Hohenstaufen kings after the Norman princess Constanza married Henry VI," Gioacchino tells me. "They became the Princes of Trabia, and one of the most powerful families of Sicily. In the nineteenth century, the last Prince of Trabia had eighteen children—one of them was Lampedusa's great-grandmother, and the youngest was my great-grandfather. There was a split in the family, because the Prince of Trabia had a younger brother who was a businessman—something that had never happened before." Gioacchino laughs. "Anyway, he didn't like his elder brother, the Prince, and therefore left all his fortune to his youngest nephew, my great-grandfather. My great-grandfather married one of the new rich—in this period, there were many such marriages, between the aristocracy and the new rich—and they took over the Palazzo Mazzarino." (The Palazzo Mazzarino, named for the couple's only son—Gioacchino's grandfather, who was the Count of Mazzarino—is a vast seventeenth-century fortress on the Via Maqueda, in which Gioacchino and his brothers lived for most of their lives, and in which Fabrizio and a sister, Concita, who now lives in Rome, were born.) "My great-grandmother was a very tough personality," Gioacchino continues. "When she died, in 1911, her children, who had been bossed too much by her, all decompressed. They were rich people with great ideas, full of whims: they decided that it was impossible to live in Palermo, because it was so provincial, and they shut up the Palazzo Mazzarino, which had been restored at great expense in the eighteen-eighties and equipped with all the newest devices—gaslights, and bathrooms imported from England—and they fled to Rome. My grandfather had four children: the eldest, Giuseppe, who was quite an original personality, a musician who played chess; my Aunt Vivina, a famous beauty of the time, whose picture was always in the magazines (one of the reasons for leaving Palermo was to find a Prince of Wales to marry Vivina—instead, she found a Neapolitan duke and the marriage lasted six months); then another daughter, who remained a spinster; and, finally, my father. I would say that children's positions in a family are very important in the choices they make. My father was the youngest brother, and probably in his youth he was considered a mere boy, of no importance. So he decided to make himself the important man in the family, and he had this idea of restoring the Palazzo Mazzarino, which had been damaged in the war, and of becoming a leader in Palermitan society." Gioacchino, himself the baby in a family of three brothers, has thus continued a tradition by making himself the head of the family, winning his own independent inheritance from his distant cousin Lampedusa, and restoring Lampedusa's palace on the Via Butera.

"After the First World War, the family lost nearly all its money," he goes on. "In the thirties, my father returned to Sicily and started to work as a farmer on some lands on the east coast. In 1944, he came back to us in Rome, where we had been living in rented flats—I was born there in 1934—and he told us, 'It is time to go back to Sicily.' I remember very well the three-day journey by car. The Allies had arrived in '43, and my father came up to Rome the next year to collect us. We went first to the country, and arrived in Palermo in November, and reopened the Palazzo Mazzarino, which hadn't been lived in for thirty years. It was like the Palace of the Sleeping Princess. My mother was enchanted by Palermo. She was Spanish; her mother had grown up in Guatemala—we still have Guatemalan cousins, who come to visit every few years. Her father was a descendant of several colonial governors of Cuba, and was raised there. He was a distinguished historian who wrote about Egypt, and became the Spanish Ambassador to Paris. My mother found Palermo absolutely charming, just like Barcelona. So my father made this very glamorous life at the Palazzo Mazzarino. He had huge collections and gave many parties."

Gioacchino's cousin Maita di Niscemi, who grew up in America, has told me of her first meeting with Gioacchino, on her return to Palermo, as a girl. "Gioacchino and I were the same age, and we were the youngest in the family, and consequently we were not in the slightest bit interested in each other," she said. "We were



Enlarged to show detail

PATEK PHILIPPE

PERPETUAL MOONPHASE CALENDAR
Gives day, date, month and moonphase dial.
A completely hand-crafted collector's item.
This masterpiece comes complete with both an 18K gold solid back and an interchangeable sapphire crystal skeleton back.
18K gold, $38,500.
With 18K gold bracelet, $50,000.

TOURNEAU CORNER® NEW YORK BAL HARBOUR · GENEVA

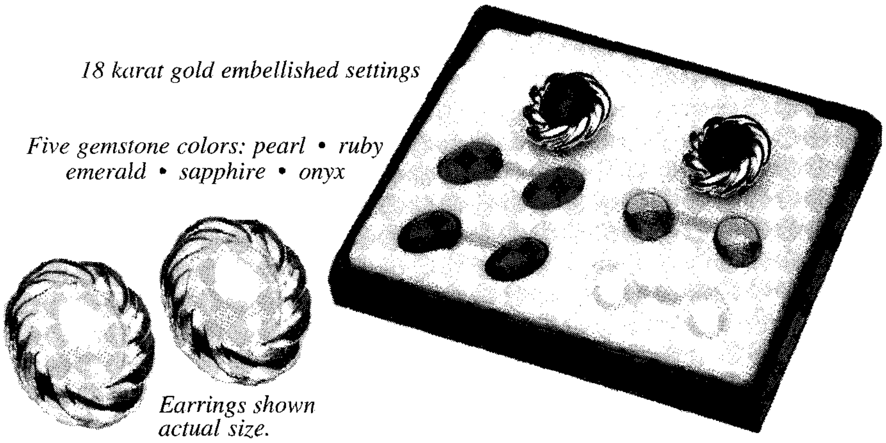
MADISON AVE. & 52ND ST. MADISON AVE. & 59TH ST. SEVENTH AVE. & 34TH ST. BAL HARBOUR SHOPS/FLORIDA
MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED (212) 758-6234/1-800-348-3332.

Five Pairs of Earrings for the Price of One

Clip or pierced . . . yours for just $29.95
Exclusively from Kenneth Jay Lane

18 karat gold embellished settings

Five gemstone colors: pearl • ruby emerald • sapphire • onyx



Earrings shown actual size.

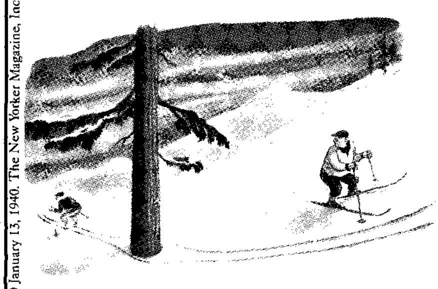
FIRST LADIES, royalty, and movie stars wear jewelry created by Kenneth Jay Lane. Now you can wear it too.

You can change the inset stones in these earrings to suit your whim or wardrobe. They come in five colors. Magnets hold them in place. Slip one off, slip another on. It is fast, easy, and fun. Available clip or pierced.

This five-in-one set is yours for just $29.95, including the compact travel case. 30-day money-back guarantee. Lifetime warranty against breakage or tarnishing.

Call Toll-Free (24 hrs., 7 days)
1-800-233-3489, ext K75
to order with VISA or MasterCard. Or mail check for $29.95 plus $3.95 shpg/hdlg (NY & RI res. add sales tax) to KJL (Dept. K75). Specify clip or pierced.

K·J·L by Kenneth Jay Lane
"Jeweler to the World's Most Admired Women"™
417 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10016



© January 13, 1940. The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

National Academy
of Design

presents

Hallowed Haunts: The
Drawings and Watercolors
of Charles Addams

A retrospective of over seventy
privately owned works spanning
the years 1935–1989
with the support of
LEXUS
and THE NEW YORKER

November 3, 1991-January 12, 1992
National Academy of Design
1083 Fifth Avenue
at East 89th Street
New York City
(212) 369-4880

Hours:
Wednesday-Sunday,
noon-5:00 p.m.
Tuesday,
noon-8:00 p.m.

ADVERTISEMENT

very serious, philosophical fourteen-year-olds at a time when the air was sticky with romance and our older sisters and brothers and cousins were all flirting and falling in love. At balls and parties, he would take me around the room, explaining to me the inner workings of Palermitan society—how this one and that one were having an affair, and those two weren't speaking because their great-grandparents had quarrelled a hundred years ago. It was only many years later that I discovered that in fact Gioacchino had arrived in Palermo only a year before me."

"And so I have always lived here," Gioacchino concludes. "I'm a Palermitan. And my family lived in the Palazzo Mazzarino until we finally had to leave it, in 1964, because of a family lawsuit."

Every Sicilian family has its lawsuit. The lawsuits all stem from the British-made Constitution of 1812, which abolished primogeniture and allowed property to be divided among all descendants. Created to break up the estates, these inheritance laws have instead caused terrible impasses. The celebrated Villa Palagonia, in Bagheria, for instance, with its garden of stone grotesques and its distorting-mirrored ballroom, is falling down because it belongs to fifty-two warring heirs and no improvements can be made or money invested or spent until the estate is settled—something that, with legal slowness and Sicilian quarrelsomeness, can take half a century.

When Gioacchino's grandfather died, in 1947, there was a suit among his uncle and aunts over the property, and the Palazzo Mazzarino finally passed to a cousin who lived in Milan, and from him to his Milanese widow. In the meantime, Lampedusa, too, had died, and Gioacchino, living out in Mondello, set to work restoring his adoptive father's ruined palace—a more herculean enterprise than he had initially imagined. Only after fifteen years of reconstruction was the house completed—in the same year that Mirella died. In his introduction to Lampedusa's "Letteratura Inglese" Gioacchino writes of his sudden horror at the stench of death that seemed to fill the ruins of Palermo. "The restoration of the palace at Via Butera had seemed to me an attempt to withdraw from the confines of a *Totentanz*, which outside my small sphere of action continued all around, desolate and undisturbed. The restoration, too, had required a human victim, and so I remarried in a hurry."

"I don't know why I restored this house," Gioacchino confesses now, curled up on the sofa over a glass of *grappa*. "First of all, there is always the imitation of one's father. I always had a strained relationship with my father. This is the rule with fathers and sons, but here, in a society like ours, it is still more difficult. Everyone lives in the same house; in these palaces, the children never leave, which makes even easy, natural relations bad. Then, nobody works, so there isn't an individual life, which makes things rather unhappy." (In addition to, or perhaps because of, this unhappy family life, an unusual number of Sicilians don't marry. In the old days, they would enter Holy Orders; now they just go on living at home.) "In the last years, when my father was dying, I remember he told me something that made me think," Gioacchino says. " 'You've always been afraid of me. But why? I'm one of the kindest and simplest human beings in the world.' This was true." He laughs. "But it was also true that I was always afraid of him. So I had in my mind this model, this ideal, this sense of tradition that made me restore the Via Butera. Now that it has succeeded and it is done, I don't know if it is right or wrong. You never know, even afterward."

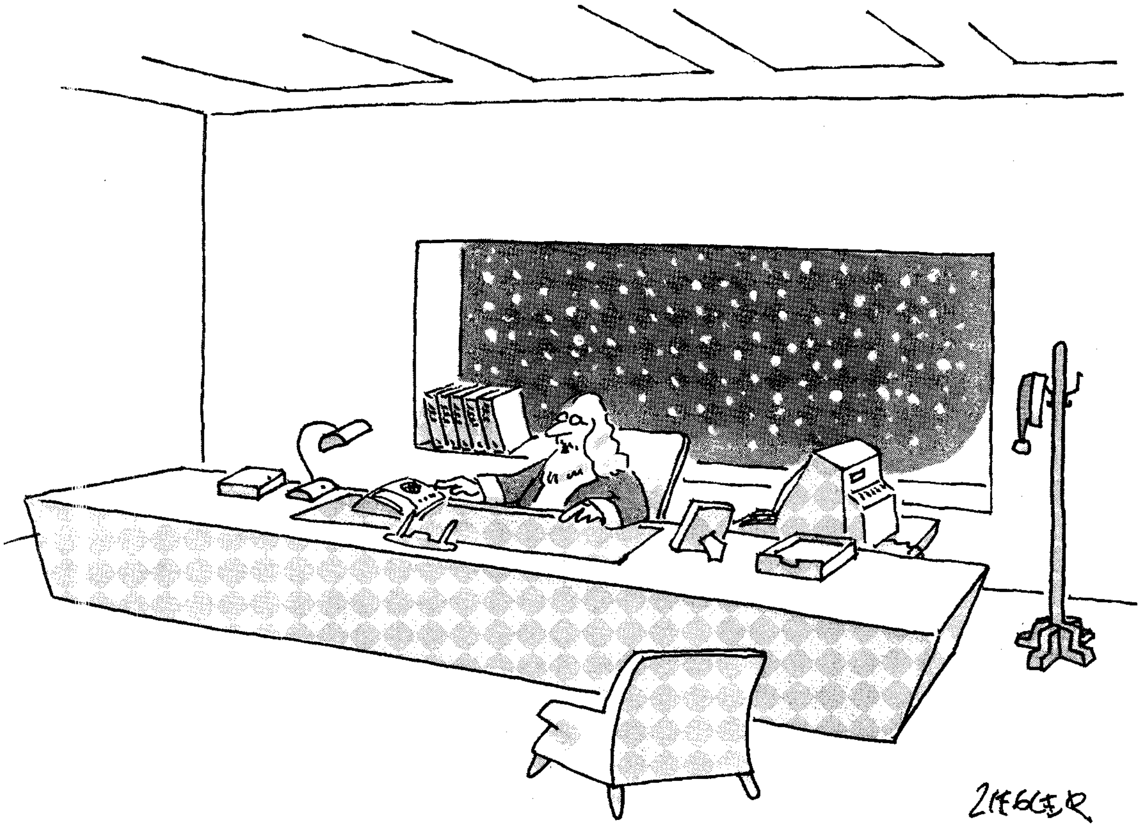
IN 1858, Giulio Tomasi, Prince of Lampedusa, who was Lampedusa's great-grandfather and the model for the Leopard, bought the Via Butera palace with a payment he received from Ferdinand II for the island of Lampedusa, which lies between Sicily and Tunisia. Tomasi was an astronomer and used the house as his observatory. Half of the palace, whose entrance was at No. 28 Via Butera, was sold in the eighteen-sixties to a shipbuilder named Guido De Pace, who was related to the Florios. (Palermitan shipowners liked town houses by the sea.) Lampedusa's great-grandfather kept his half, with an entrance at No. 42, and this division continued until the Second World War. The place was bombed, Gioacchino writes in an unpublished essay on the house, "not radically but conspicuously."

In 1949, Lampedusa's wife, Licy, bought all but the third floor of No. 28 from De Pace's heirs. Meanwhile, No. 42 had been broken up into small flats and sold by the descendants of Lampedusa's great-grandfather. In 1968, eleven years after Lampedusa's death, his widow sold her portion to Gioacchino, who began a gradual renovation, buying up over the next ten years the remaining floor of the De Pace half and also the Tomasi half, from the seafront to the second internal courtyard, so that a complete overhaul might be done.

"These houses in Palermo are not pieces of architecture but stage sets," Gioacchino says. "There are, of course, some good Renaissance and Baroque houses, but most are merely scenery—theatrical. Up to the end of the Middle Ages and the beginning of the Renaissance, walls were all cut stone, but in the Baroque period they used timber crossings and made the interior walls of cane, plastered over in two layers, with sand in the middle, to keep the house cool. This house, for example, is very strange. No. 42 is made in big blocks of sandstone, while No. 28 is walled to the first story with interior walls of straw. Sometimes you make a hole in the wall and sand comes pouring out. Really, it was a stage set. Every generation, the master of the house would redecorate. Let's make it Louis XIV. Now it will be Louis XV. Now Louis XVI. The architect was like a stage designer, and the craftsmen would arrange everything haphazardly, because it had to last only forty years, until the next transformation. This house has survived simply because it was built on the ramparts. It is a strong house. During the 1968 earthquake, we lost not so much as a chimney."

Restoring the palace, Gioacchino discovered something of its diverse origins and its odd progressions. Like most Sicilian buildings, the Lanza palace was not all of a piece but seems to have been at least two houses (corresponding to No. 28 and No. 42), both built toward the end of the seventeenth century. No. 28 was a seminary for Bourbon noblemen, and No. 42, Gioacchino surmises, was a military building connected to the bastion of Tuono, which stood against the ramparts. At certain times, the two houses were slapped together, at certain times they were split up, and at certain times each of them was gussied up by new owners according to the latest fashion. The first major reconstruction was done in the seventeen-nineties by the Prince of Galati, who enlarged No. 42 and also acquired its next-door neighbor, giving the two houses their present, unitary character. On the sea side he imposed a Louis XVI façade with ten windows surmounted by little stucco garlands, and commissioned interior panelled murals and frescoes, which still survive. The next serious overhaul was left to the shipowner De Pace. De Pace's renovations—doubtless urgent after seventy years of decay—were skillful and were done with choice materials. He resurfaced the Via Butera façade, decorated its front rooms in the Romantic style (one of these rooms was later subdivided, and is today the apartment in which Rosy and Fabiola live), built the front door, courtyard, and balconies, and added a grand stairway and a splendid balustrade of russet marble, all of eighteenth-century materials culled from buildings that had been recently demolished to construct the Via Roma and the Teatro Massimo. He also raised a third story on the Via Butera side. De Pace redecorated the ballroom and the library in murals "of Umbertine style," and installed English parquet floors of walnut and cherry.

All this, Gioacchino says, was in a disastrous state by the time he set to work. The Tomasi half was rented to poor tenants unable to make the smallest repairs, while the De Pace half, owned by Lampedusa's wife, had been badly bombarded, with an unexploded shell lodged in the vaulted ceiling of the ballroom. Gioacchino tells me, "I had to do all the big stuff, replacing the roof and gutters and drainpipes, and the sewage system, which was totally blocked. I think these houses survived because there were no pipes. The most severe damage came from water that leaked through the walls and made the wooden timbers rot. The dampness of the climate destroys everything. The third floor on the Via Butera side, built



"Put Mattel and Fisher-Price on hold, Miss Leahy. I'll take Nintendo on Line Six."

Give a child a subscription to LADYBUG. And get thanked 12 times a year.

Ladybug

The magazine for children ages 2 to 7. Once a month, a smile will say it all.

$19.97 for an eight-issue trial subscription. Order now by calling toll free **1-800-284-7257, Ext. 5LDQ**

MicroRacer

ORIGINAL Schuco TOOLING

Mercedes
190SL 1958

LENGTH: 4.25" WEIGHT: 5.5 OZ. SCALE: 1:45 #1044

A rare and early Micro-Racer, the fifth in a series of over twenty cars, is back in production. *Very detailed and beautiful,* the 190SL deserves a very special place in your collection. **Features:** long running key-wind clockwork motor; tinted window glass; clutch/brake lever; precision Micro-steering via knurled tailpipe; rubber tires, and rubber bumper inserts. *Most irresistible!* **$45**
Colors: Red, Silver, Yellow-Gold, Dark Blue.
Shipping $6 ea. In NV add 6% tax. **Satisfaction Guaranteed.**
Pay by: Visa, MasterCard, American Express or check.
Lilliput Motor Co. Ltd. P.O. Box 447, Yerington, NV 89447
Call: 1-800-TIN-TOYS (846-8697) **Fax: 702-463-5581**

HIKE THE SWISS ALPS

- 1 and 2 Week Tours
- Inn-to-Inn Trekking
- Scottish Highlands Tours

RYDER-WALKER
ALPINE ADVENTURES
5 Lake Fork Junction
Box 947 Dept. Y
Telluride, CO 81435
303-728-6481

RYDER-WALKER ALPINE ADVENTURES

by De Pace, was greatly decayed. It leaned directly upon the antique terra-cotta gutters, and those had broken under the crushing weight, causing two wide collapses in the external wall. The internal partitions, which were lined in cane, were crumbling. I built bathrooms, and for the inside cloister, with its juttings of outhouses and kitchens, I put in a central elevator. The *piano nobile* and the first floor were restored with materials in keeping with the period and the original flavor of the rooms—majolica floors of eighteenth-century patterns, parquets. I installed electricity, running water, and heat, and finished the terrace in a pattern from a French eighteenth-century original. The courtyard and the ground floor were still occupied by tenants—the courtyard was a sort of warehouse, full of little hovels, kitchens, toilets; one tenant was a stall-owner, who kept salted sardines there—and the renovations there were essentially conservative, returning to the palace its late-eighteenth-century character without removing De Pace's neo-Renaissance flourishes. The most serious gap is in craftsmanship, for today it is always prefabricated rooms. To get a workman to repair something very minor—a fig leaf on a façade—becomes a major production, for which you must call in a famous sculptor from the North. In older days, it was easy. My father employed older workmen, who knew these kinds of things. For this house, I called in a master mason who restored the Jesuit church Casa Professa in the old city and knew how to do everything, not scientifically but so that it gives the right effect. Palermo was not a real earthquake-suffering part of the island, but all the same these buildings move, as you can see from the splits in the walls. A house like this is like a child—it has a headache, it has the flu, it always has something. Every winter, you have water coming in from some spot, and the sea also destroys it."

"Why did you choose this house?" I ask.

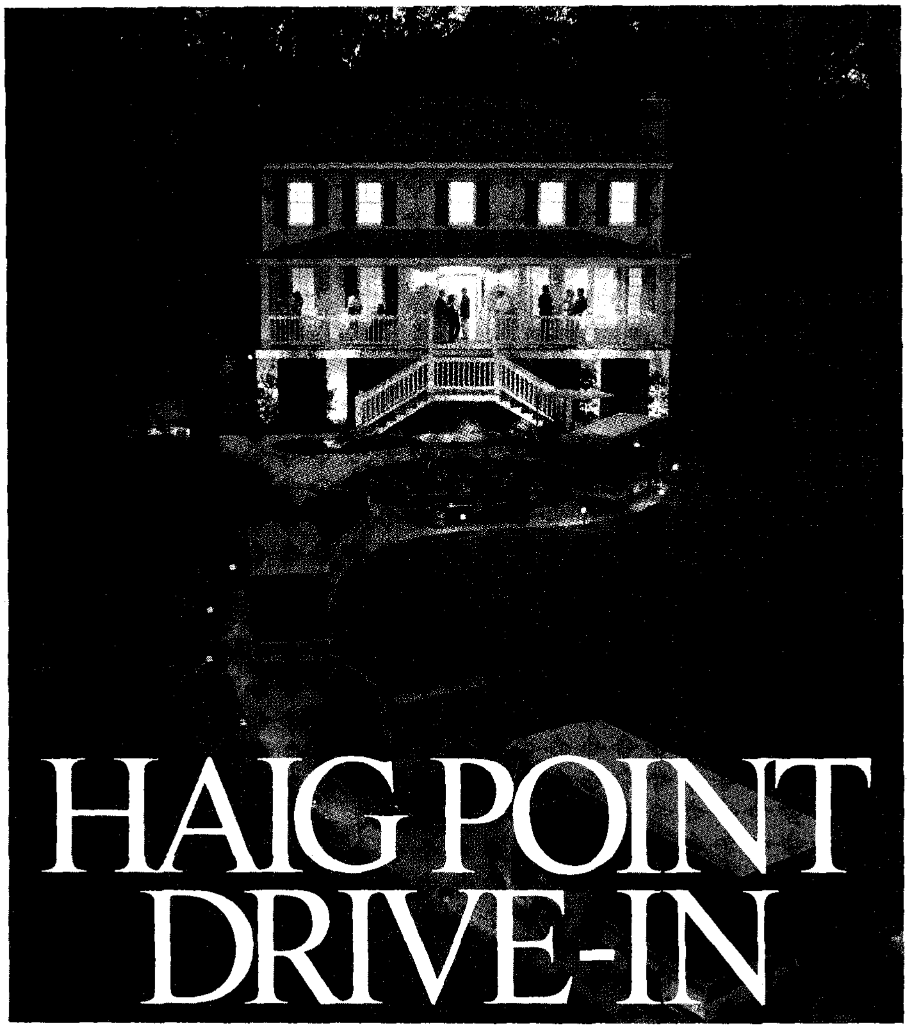
"This house has chosen me," he says.

"I have read that Lampedusa didn't like this place. Is it true?"

"Of course, he loved his own palace, which was destroyed. Yes, it is true. He always said, 'I have done this for my wife, who has lost her beloved Stomersee. This will be a substitute for her lost love.' He liked it up to a certain point, but you must also remember that after the war this had become a district that was very poor, a district of oil merchants, and the house was in disastrous condition, very cold, with rain coming in through the roof. He had no money to make his situation less drastic, because all his income came from small rents on what had become destroyed property where no one wanted to live. He was certainly pushed by his wife, for if you had been wise in '47 you could for the same amount of money have bought a comfortable apartment in the new town and lived better than here. Many people of his class had moved elsewhere. Yes, he liked it, but then he was a bitter man. He liked it, he liked it—yes, to a certain point, but it was something difficult for him. He didn't look for comfort, exactly, but a minimum you must have."

THE Lanzas live on two floors of the old palace. Because the building is so huge, you can find yourself condescending to the lived-in corner of it—which is about twice the size of Mount Vernon or Monticello—as a cozy little apartment. Here there are two immaculate tiled kitchens and two dining rooms—one a provincial professor's dining room, to which a brass trolley bearing pastas, meat, and fruit is wheeled across the circular second-story balcony surrounding the courtyard, and the other, upstairs, a solemn banquet hall, with jade doorknobs and ancestral portraits and tall glass-fronted cabinets full of pistachio-green Capodimonte china. There are two adjoining sitting rooms downstairs, with rustic tarred wooden beams overhead, which consort humorously with the delicate Venetian glass of Murano chandeliers, and huge pieces of furniture, which, in rather plain white-and-blue cotton skirts, look like medieval warhorses, and on the walls are cutouts from an eighteenth-century crèche. Both sitting rooms, which are shaken by Luna Park rock and roll and the mechanical barking of Il Bassotto, open onto the wild paradise of the garden. On this floor, too, are Giuseppe's suite and Gioacchino and Nicoletta's bedroom—darker and more Oriental, and with a splendid Russian icon of the life of St. Nicholas—and upstairs is Fabrizio's room, with glass vitrines of tin soldiers, and a blown-up photograph of his first girlfriend, and a shelf full of comic books bound in good leather for him by his Uncle Giuseppe. It is Giuseppe who possesses the more intimate, anecdotal collective memory of the family, in contrast to Gioacchino's more abstract view: where Gioacchino tells you about the invention of artillery, Giuseppe (who would rather not be quoted verbatim, since stories are not the same as historical fact) tells of a long-ago cousin's butler, who after dinner passed injections of morphine on a silver platter.

Down a long corridor from Fabrizio's childhood room is the guest bedroom, where I stayed, and which I now recall with a truly Lampedusan, although undeserved, nostalgia: an iron bedstead, a crucifix, a set of Japanese prints, the inevitable Murano chandelier—this one with delicious pink-and-blue swirled-glass tulips—and a balcony looking out to sea; a room at once splendid and monastic, fit for a Duca Santo. Across the hall from the guest bedroom is the study in which Gioacchino and Nicoletta work—an interior room, with French windows giving onto the balcony of the glassed-in courtyard. As high as it is wide, the room looks like a Dutch oven: it is floored in blue-and-brown tiles and frescoed in chipped-away Bruegelesque winter scenes of brown skaters on ponds. In the middle is a long Biedermeier table obscured by the tentacles of computers and printers and by gangly black metal halogen lamps like cranes, and here and there are chaise longues deep in magazines, old books on architecture, music programs. In this house are a hundred thousand volumes, in four libraries. Beyond the study is one of the libraries, also with chaise longues, and it is lined with French and English novels from the Palazzo Mazzarino—an antechamber that in former times might have been a waiting room for servants but is now a solitary, slightly soporific lair in which it seems perpetually to be a late afternoon in winter, so that all you can imagine doing here is nodding off over the pages of Victor Hugo or "Martin Chuzzlewit," except that it is a little too cold; there is nothing that penetrates the bones quite so chillingly as a Mediterranean house in winter. This antechamber serves as a kind of isthmus joining the inhabited island to the time-warped mainland: the preserve of Lampedusas and Galatis and Branci-



Drive-in gatherings of friends – just a part of the unique lifestyle at Haig Point.

Step aboard our private ferry and cast off from Hilton Head. Only a mile away is this premier, carefree as well as car-free community on Daufuskie Island, South Carolina.

Here you can purchase a luxury country club home from only $249,000, or island homesite from just $85,000, for weekend getaways, retirement or year-round living.

Then tee up on our top-ranked, members-only Rees Jones golf course. And get away from tourist crowds, noise and traffic forever.

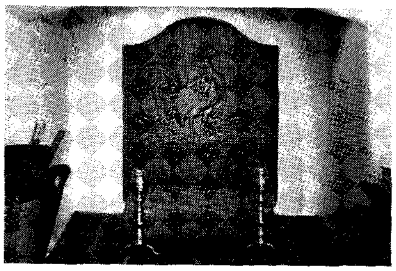
Call us now toll-free at **1-800-992-3635** to experience "A Taste Of Haig Point"– stay with us and view the outstanding real estate opportunities and the uncommon quality of our lifestyle. Or, write us at Haig Point Center, P.O. Drawer 7319, Hilton Head Island, S.C. 29938.

Haig Point definitely isn't for everyone. And that's the beauty of it.

HAIG POINT®
on Daufuskie Island.

Obtain the Property Report required by Federal Law and read it before signing anything. No Federal agency has judged the merits or value, if any, of this property. Void where prohibited by law. Property is registered with the New Jersey Real Estate Commission. Registration does not constitute an endorsement of the merits or value of the project. Obtain and read the N.J. Public Offering Statement before signing anything. IL. App. #IL-90-178 #85-15-134 NJREC ©1991 International Paper Realty Corporation of South Carolina.

F·I·R·E·B·A·C·K·S
The classic way to protect your fireplace



A beautiful, hand-cast Country Iron Foundry Fireback will protect the back wall of your fireplace from dangerous and costly heat damage, while radiating more heat into your home.

Our catalog, containing 35 antique and contemporary designs, is available for $2.00 (refundable with purchase).

Dept. N112, P.O. Box 600, Paoli, PA 19301
(215) 296-7122

THE COUNTRY IRON FOUNDRY

fortes and Bourbon seminarians—the focus of Gioacchino's filial piety.

Tall sets of double doors open into that lost-and-found wing, and onto a series of enchanted rooms: a mirrored, stuccoed maze of ballroom, library, drawing room, sitting room, halls, pantries, plus panelling leading to a secret passage and stairway intended for spiriting a demon lover down into the garden and away—rooms that, because they are all shuttered against the violence of Sicily's depredatory sun, constitute a chain of caverns so dark you would never guess that the French windows open onto a brilliant seaside, not to mention a four-lane highway and a Luna Park. The effect is hypnotic, one room opening onto another, drawing you along in a trespasser's skittishness—an effect described in "The Leopard" when the young lovers flee their chaperons and spend days getting lost in disused wings of the palace, in a wilderness of cracked mirrors and tattered silk hangings, in the erotic torture chambers of family sadists and the religious torture chamber of the family saint.

The Lanza Tomasi palace is more compact, more wholesome, and more finished than Lampedusa's fictional country house. Indeed, these rooms are astonishingly cheerful and alive: you switch on an army of lights at the door, and the ballroom springs into action, like a clockwork toy that has been stopped in mid-pirouette. The ballroom is a playful lemon-custard yellow with white piping and, over the doors, dark painted panels, which were uncovered by De Pace's renovations; with a barrel-vaulted ceiling, from which are suspended in rows of three a family of Murano chandeliers of crimson-and-blue glass; and with, underfoot, a scuffed herringbone of cherrywood alternating with walnut. About the room are ranged bright-gold brocade Louis XVI sofas, yellow brocade chairs, chaise longues, a love seat, a table topped in kaleidoscopic *pietra dura*, with bronze eagles and lions' heads below. On the walls are a pair of seventeenth-century tapestries of mythological and zoological scenes in the same rich shades of gold, auburn, and brown-green as the garden outside. Tortoiseshell vitrines that look as if they had once borne a saint's bones now display china and a crèche, and on one wall is a scarlet coral holy-water font carved with figures of Oriental microscopicness, backed by a shield of peach satin and silver-embroidered brocade. The room is a kind of delicious cream puff.

From this ballroom—where several years ago Fabrizio, having engaged a dancing master for the season for his thirty best friends, threw a ball for six hundred people—opens Lampedusa's library, which was also restored in the nineteenth century, and in which he spent every afternoon and evening reading. It is a blue-and-white room with gold-leaf moldings and inlaid-fruitwood floors in a violent lightning-bolt pattern, and with a dark St. Jerome above a white Carrara-marble fireplace—a room lined with tall mahogany bookshelves bearing red-and-white leather-bound histories in German, Italian, English, Spanish, French. And, finally, off the ballroom is a smaller sitting room, with black-and-white marble floors, pink-and-white candy-striped silk sofas, painted panels depicting tropical queens, and walls the biliously dark turquoise favored in the eighteenth century. This little room is dominated by the presence, in oil and pastel, of Gioacchino's Aunt Vivina—the famous beauty who went searching for a Prince of Wales but found instead a Neapolitan rake. Here she is seen first as a teen-ager and then, Boldini-style, with her ravishing velvet-suited little boy, who broke her heart by getting killed in a car crash in his early twenties. This tragic beauty is given much space, Nicoletta points out, because the other Lanza ancestors (relegated to the outer hall) are rather homely, though doubtless more edifying.

If the effect of walking through this palace is one of moving through a series of tall, shining caverns, they are caverns inhabited by mythical beasts—the tables, desks, mirrors, cabinets that live here, almost all of which are Lanza, not Lampedusa. The impression created by this furniture concocted of amber, coral, mother-of-pearl, gold leaf, malachite, inlaid fruitwood, *pietra dura*, marble, faux *marbre*, ivory, bronze is of ornament run amok. Nothing is what it seems, mirroring in miniature Gioacchino's theory of Palermitan architecture as mere stage set. Here the Sicilian principle of metamorphosis reaches a concentrated frenzy. Each table leg or desk drawer not only is fluted to look like the columns of a Greek temple but also sprouts a bronze lion's head, an eagle, a sphinx, a cherub, a swan's neck, a lute, a tambour, a crown, a garland, a cornucopia, a Bacchus, a revelling harvester, or, in one case, Arabic calligraphy. Item: a table in the library has a top that is a kind of rustic Technicolor takeoff on classical marble, and is made of turquoise, green, purple, orange, and black woods inlaid in a geometric pattern around a medallion of a naïvely drawn charioteer whipping on his horses; the top rests upon the crowned eagle heads of two mammoth, shiny cherry-wood griffons with curly tails and prominent ribs. Item: an ebony cabinet spangled with ivory stars and flowers has central panels of Elizabethan couples wearing ruffs and accompanied by falcons, pelicans, caged parrots, with ogres as pedestals below. Item: a golden clock is borne on a litter by two black Nubians with gold-leaf skirts and turbans. Item: a tortoiseshell cabinet built in the shape of a Greek temple with ivory pillars has a mini bronze goddess emerging from the portals like a cuckoo from a clock. Item: a gorgeous amber mirror has amber niches for amber cupids cummerbunded in gold, and ivory panels engraved with pastoral scenes of lute-playing peasants picnicking on a plain, with Actaeon spying on a bathing Diana, and with more cornucopias. (The two relics from the Princess Lampedusa's Stomersee, the pair of elongated black-and-gold-leaf metal urns, have bare-breasted winged mermaids for handles, and show that Russian Orthodox taste can be as giddy as Roman Catholic.) This high Sicilian syncretism is the offshoot of an age in which everything is accessible and nothing has any weight. After the Golden Age comes the Silver and then the Lead, and after the Age of Lead comes the age of tortoiseshell and amber and mother-of-pearl and cherry wood.

"You cannot understand anything about these Palermitans until you understand how they feel about their houses," I had been told before I came. Italians have rarely been caught up by the spirit of a wider nationalism—*paese* here means "home village," not "country"—but it is nonetheless a very strange consequence of this island's contentious history that all the ardor that in other peoples fixes itself to fields, mountains, provinces, even family, in Sicily explodes within four cane-and-sand-filled walls.

"I loved it with utter abandon, and still love it now when for the last twelve years it has been no more than a memory. Until a few months before its destruction I used to sleep in the room where I was born, five yards away from the spot where my mother's bed had stood when she gave me birth. And in that house, in that very room maybe, I was glad to feel a certainty of dying. All my other homes (very few, actually, apart from hotels) have merely been roofs which have served to shelter me from rain and sun, not homes in the traditional and venerable sense of that word. So it will be very painful for me to evoke my dead Beloved as she was until 1929 in her integrity and beauty, and as she continued after all to be until 5th April 1943, the day on which bombs brought from beyond the Atlantic searched her out and destroyed her." This is how Lampedusa memorializes his childhood home in "Places of My Infancy," summoning up with Proustian particularity the scent of violets that clung to the kidney-shaped petticoated dressing table in his mother's dressing room and the feel of leather in the saddle rooms, the effects of different concentrates and dust-moted diffusions of the barbarously intense Sicilian sun as it was filtered through silk curtains and shutter slats. This was Lampedusa's essential loss. Interestingly, he married a woman who was even more of an uprooted provincial misfit, even more of a fanatic for home than he, and it was only after the childhood homes of both were plucked away from them that the marriage began, in the cold, uncomfortable exile of the Via Butera, and that Lampedusa could endeavor to recoup these losses in prose.

Sometimes it seems to me that everyone in Palermo has a piece of property he or she is mourning. One night, Fabrizio drives me to the Palazzo Mazzarino, in which he and his father and uncles grew up—an age-blackened Spanish immensity, bisected at a strange angle by the Via Maqueda (a high street built in the sixteenth century), and with a towering ficus tree trailing its shoots over the walls of an upstairs garden. "You cannot imagine its beauty," Fabrizio tells me. "My uncles Vences and

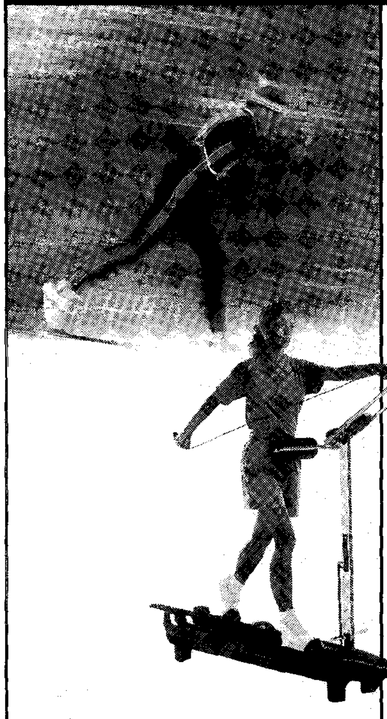
Cartier
CARTIER

THE TANK®
Distinctive and elegant. A classic timepiece. 18K yellow gold case tank watch, Swiss quartz accuracy.
Large, $3,400. Medium, $3,200

TOURNEAU CORNER® NEW YORK BAL HARBOUR · GENEVA

MADISON AVE. & 52ND ST. MADISON AVE. & 59TH ST. SEVENTH AVE. & 34TH ST. BAL HARBOUR SHOPS/FLORIDA
MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED (212) 758-6234/1-800-348-3332.

Bring the world's best aerobic exercise indoors.



The glide is so smooth, the sound so soft, the physical challenge so real—you hardly notice the snow is missing.

The new NordicSport™ Ski from NordicTrack lets you set the resistance to suit your needs.

Skiers and non-skiers alike will enjoy the aerobic benefits of the NordicSport Ski, including a strengthened cardiovascular system, toned body, and reduction in body fat with an increase in lean muscle mass so you burn more calories.

And you'll feel like you're doing it all outdoors. A patented flywheel and one-way clutch mechanism simulate the smooth, non-jarring motion of gliding across snow. The upper-body exercise simulates poling, giving you a whole-body workout.

You'll also enjoy the sturdy, state-of-the-art graphite composite construction that makes the machine as cutting edge as the workout itself.

Call today to discover the exhilaration of cross-country skiing, right in your own home.

Experience nordic sport by NordicTrack

For a free video and brochure, call 1-800-445-2231 Ext. 35TL1

NordicTrack, 141 Jonathan Boulevard North, Chaska, MN 55318
©1992 NordicTrack, Inc., A CML Company • All rights reserved.

PETER MATTHIESSEN'S
"haunting novel"*

AT PLAY IN THE FIELDS OF THE LORD

In a malarial outpost in the South American rain forest, two misplaced gringos converge and clash. Out of their struggle, Peter Matthiessen has created "an entertainment full of glittering color, nose-to-nose conflict, and heroic gestures."—*Washington Post Book World*

"Inventive and extremely well-written...incredibly moving and disturbing...a remarkable performance."
— *San Francisco Chronicle*

"A huge fund of compassion illuminates its pages."—**Newsday*

Now a major motion picture

VINTAGE BOOKS

A MYSTERY OF ROYAL PROPORTIONS.

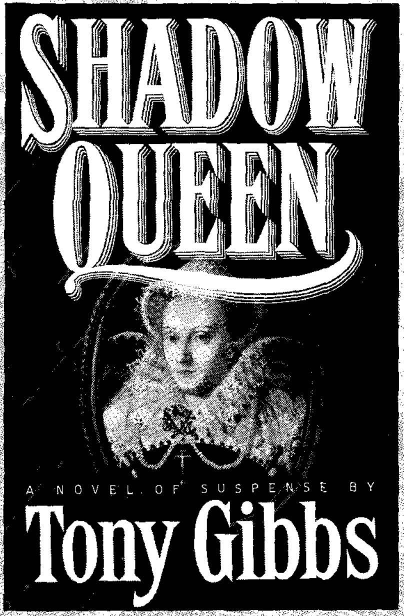
With two well-received thrillers to his credit, Tony Gibbs has established himself as an accomplished author adept at tightening the screws. Now, he delivers a tale that combines a centuries-old mystery with modern intrigue and nerve-tingling suspense.

"Very charming, very witty, totally absurd, and thoroughly beguiling."
—*Kirkus Reviews*

- An Alternate Selection of the Mysterious Book Club

A NEW HARDCOVER

The Mysterious Press name and logo is a trademark of Warner Books, Inc.
© 1991 Warner Books, Inc.



Giuseppe to this day cannot bear to speak of this paradise, which they lived in until they were in their forties and lost it in the lawsuit."

This is Gioacchino Lanza's hard-pressed act against oblivion: that he has succeeded, in a private, partial way, in restoring some of these ancestral, childhood, national, and class losses by making the dry bones of the Via Butera rise in all their original gaiety, vigor, grace—by taking the bartered, degraded fragments of this unhomey half home of Lampedusa's and gluing together the pieces, the scattered fragments, including his own family's furniture, and restoring everybody, almost, to one roof. But there is no such thing as a complete restoration. That's why when the exiles returned from Babylon and built the second temple everyone shouted for joy except those old enough to remember the first temple, who wept aloud, so that you couldn't tell the sound of the joy from the sound of the weeping. That's why, here in Sicily, even when Demeter won back her daughter from the shades it was only for eight months of the year. Because this is an imperfect, fallen world, the restoration is faulty, as in a dream. The Lanzas are restored not to their house, or even to Lampedusa's family house, but to one that was partly, briefly Lampedusa's, and partly, briefly connected with an ancestor of his, and none of them fully live there; and constantly assaulting the walls of this former rampart, this barricade against sea and Turks, are the modern-day marauders, a battalion of three divisions—highway, funfair, Gypsies, each in its way an exemplar of perpetual motion. But this, I suspect, is part of what Lampedusa saw in Gioacchino and what he adopted him for—that twenty-year-old, who had taught him Spanish, tried to teach him music, and took him to see for the first time the other monuments of his forebears, had the backbone to secure in some measure what was vanishing, restore what was lost, make himself the head of this extinct family, leave a monument. Homes are for a few people and last a few years. For the rest of the world, this touchy, talented, eccentric Sicilian society can be found not in tortoiseshell cabinets and ivory Dianas but in a great novel pierced by such knowledge, such pity, such acerbity of accusation.

—FERNANDA EBERSTADT

START EACH DAY WITH A SMILE.

WITH THE NEW YORKER DIARY FOR 1992, IT'S ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE NOT TO.

We've selected 60 all-time classic New Yorker cartoons and sprinkled them through the pages to be appropriate to the season. And we've supplied you with ample room in which to keep track of each day's appointments and all the things you want to remember.

The design is distinguished and very New Yorker: Eustace Tilley-patterned endpapers. The New Yorker's own distinctive typeface, even a special About Town listing of phone numbers and addresses at the front.

The diary's format is a large 10¼ x 8". The leather-textured covers are midnight blue. And you can have your name or initials imprinted* to match the gold-embossed title on the cover.

It's the most cheerful appointment book you'll ever find. It's appropriate for business or personal use. And to spread the smiles around a bit, it makes a wonderfully civilized gift for friends and associates.

Please send me:

____ Copies @ $17.95 (211441)

____ Copies with name imprinted @ $20.45 (211458)

____ Residents of CA, CO, GA, IA, IL, KY, MA, MI, NY please add applicable sales tax. Canadian orders must include 7% GST.

____ Add $3.25 for shipping per copy within U.S., $6.50 for Canada.

My check or money order for $____ is enclosed.

☐ American Express ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard

Account # ____________ Exp. Date ________

Signature ____________

Send Order to:
The New Yorker, PO Box 10214, Des Moines, IA 50336

Name ____________

Address ____________

City / State / Zip ____________

*Imprint name(s) ____________

*(Please print clearly. Imprint limited to 22 letters. Use separate sheet if necessary.)
Please allow 4 weeks for delivery.
Offer only available in US and Canada. 235614

POPULAR MUSIC

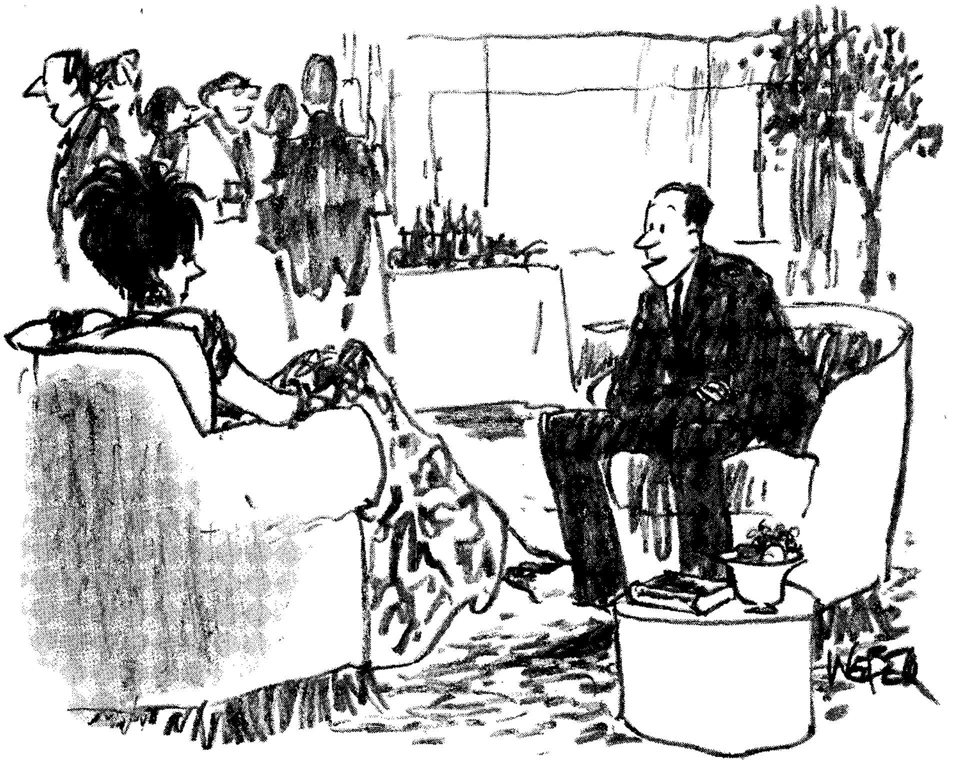
Boxed In

WHEN I was growing up, my friends and I used to come home from school in the afternoon and watch reruns from the bell-bottom era and beyond, straight through to suppertime. We were too young to have a developed sense of camp or irony, so we just thought this was all great fun, and we even fantasized about being Agent 99 or Laurie Partridge or Jeannie in her pink harem outfit. But we knew there was something very funny about the commercials we saw during the shows—they all seemed to be selling Ginsu knives or other products that you ordered by calling an 800 number or by sending a check off to some address in Nebraska. Strangest of all were the ads offering collections of top disco hits or the most cherished love songs of all time or the best of such singers as Slim Whitman, Bobby Vinton, Engelbert Humperdinck, and Teresa Brewer. We always supposed that if we were to order those records they would arrive in pretty pastel boxes with lots of fan-club photos and other memorabilia.

It may be that those collections were the prototypes of what are now known as boxed sets. The main difference is that television mail order was usually a marketing gimmick or a way of recycling an era's remaindered junk, while today's boxes are touted as timeless classics. According to my count, at least thirty boxed sets were released this year in time for Christmas, all of them multi-CD packages with booklets of criticism, biography, discography, chart positions, and other information meant to buttress these releases as historically relevant—and even *necessary*. Recent boxes celebrate the career of Barbra Streisand, the guitar virtuosity of Les Paul, the rhythm and blues of Ray Charles, the previously unreleased brilliance of Bob Dylan, the harmonizing of Crosby, Stills & Nash, the disposable pop of the Carpenters, the Columbia years of both Aerosmith and Billie Holiday, the big voice of Judy Garland, the soul-godfatherhood of James Brown, the mop-top rock of the Monkees, the complete recordings—thirteen CDs!—of Glenn Miller, the spirit of the British Invasion, and the studio genius of Phil Spector and his famous "wall of sound."

As a phenomenon in popular music, the boxed set dates back only to the Bob Dylan collection "Biograph," which appeared in 1985—a time that can still be considered part of the vinyl era. Classical music and opera, of course, had long been sold in "boxed sets," with extensive liner notes and glossy artwork. Jazz, too, occasionally came in this form, with memorable Charlie Parker and Miles Davis releases from as far back as the seventies. But pop music had always seen itself as too hip to bother about nostalgia. And many people had thought it was too lowbrow to be worthy of historical retrospectives: something as unimportant as rock and roll could not be worth so much trouble. The CD revolution, in the late eighties, and the aging baby boomers' highly marketable yearnings for the past, together with their sense of self-importance about everything that happened in their youth, changed all that. *Of course rock music matters*, the new dogma decreed—*it changed the world*. Though "Biograph" was a commercial and critical success, the boxed-set revolution didn't really get going until 1988, when Polydor released a four-CD Eric Clapton box, "Crossroads," which surprised everyone by selling more than six hundred and fifty thousand units and winning two Grammys. By all accounts, this minor miracle clued the industry in and "gave retrospective boxed sets a good name," as Bill Levenson, the director of catalogue development at Polygram, Polydor's parent company, puts it.

The notion that multi-disk packages were viable in the marketplace was reinforced in 1990 by the success of a four-CD Led Zeppelin box: it is now at nearly double-platinum status—meaning it has sold close to a million copies—and is said to be the best-selling boxed set ever, despite a list price of $69.98. (For boxed sets, the units for certification are halved: a box goes gold after two hundred and fifty thousand copies have been sold, and platinum after five hundred thousand have been sold.) But perhaps even more remarkable was the fate of "Robert Johnson: The Complete Recordings," a modest, two-CD set that the people at Columbia/Legacy had hoped would—if they were lucky—sell twenty-five thousand units, to old blues mavens and diehard collectors. Johnson, a Mississippi Delta bluesman, had obvious marketing drawbacks: for one thing, he died in 1938, so the set could



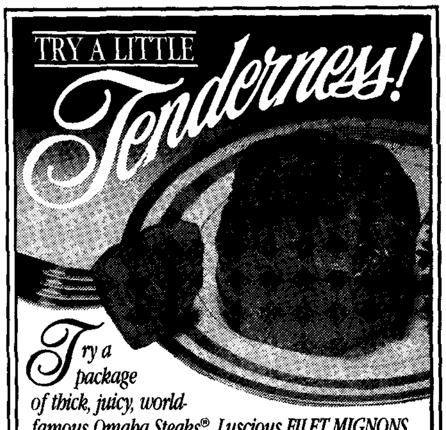
"I like walks in the rain, old barns, and Edna St. Vincent Millay. Does that ring any bells?"

hardly be promoted for airplay on contemporary-hits radio (C.H.R., or what used to be called Top Forty). Still, the Johnson box was a phenomenal success: since its release, in the fall of 1990, it has sold more than four hundred thousand copies. The critical community lavished such praise on this collection—and on Robert Johnson himself, finding him the precursor of just about every subsequent musical development—that even young people who had been exposed to Johnson only through updated versions of "Love in Vain" by the Rolling Stones, of "Cross Road Blues" by Cream, and of "Traveling Riverside Blues" by Led Zeppelin (which was first available to the general public on its boxed set) turned out in force to buy the Johnson box.

The boxed set suddenly seemed to be the cleverest, most-unlikely-to-succeed success story since MTV introduced the world to the music video. (And, for once, music journalists could legitimately pat themselves on the back for being the prime motivator of a trend.) Record companies began taking a serious look at their catalogues, and virtually all of them have found ways to mine their vaults profitably and enhance their prestige at the same time. This year, for instance, Atlantic Records issued a nine-CD set of most of the singles, and some significant B-sides, released between 1958 and 1969 on Stax and Volt, two Memphis-based rhythm-and-blues labels. Yves Beauvais, the director of catalogue development at Atlantic, says that his company is "not expecting to sell millions" of the Stax-Volt set. But he also says, "It's a very important musical project as part of our heritage here at Atlantic, and it's an image-maker. It's gotten us a lot of critical praise." He claims that the set had tripled sales expectations even before the Christmas season arrived—no small feat, considering its price tag, which is $99.98. "These sets get reviewed and noticed by the press, and often a whole new generation of listeners hears them for the first time," Beauvais explains. "They read about this stuff in *Rolling Stone* and they've never heard of it, but they buy it, because they're told that this is essential music."

ONE of the reasons there have been so many boxed sets in the last couple of years is that they are relatively cheap to produce, and, while not all of them take off the way the Led Zeppelin and the Robert Johnson boxes did, they can usually guarantee some profit. Producing a boxed set spares a company the considerable costs of signing and developing a new act—costs that include about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars just for recording the album, with touring, video, and promotional expenses often bringing the total to more than a million dollars. Boxed sets can certainly be labor-intensive, though: time must be spent on research, and archivists must search company vaults and artists' own collections for old tape reels to find the earliest possible generation of masters and mixes, so that the digital remastering can be of the highest quality. Critics and chroniclers must be hired to write and edit the liner notes or booklets, some of which run to more than fifty pages. Finally, an art director has to design an enticing package. Bill Levenson places the average cost of developing a boxed set at about a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and says that if a company owns and controls its own catalogue as much as twelve dollars can be earned on each unit sold. At that rate, a company can begin to turn a profit after about fifteen thousand units have been sold, whereas a brand-new release, which yields no more than three dollars per unit, can't usually recoup costs unless it goes gold. "It's a safe bet," Levenson says of the boxed-set gamble. "It's a rare artist that you can't sell fifteen thousand copies of."

However, the buying patterns this Christmas may well reveal that many fans are either growing bored with the boxed-set format or feeling overwhelmed by the daunting array of "essential music" they are suddenly faced with. And, while there are very few boxes that are completely unwarranted, there are several otherwise excellent sets that contain at least some material of little real value to anyone. It's virtual sacrilege to say anything negative about the Robert Johnson package, but I am not the only listener to object to the number of alternate takes it includes: twelve of twenty-nine songs are played twice. None of the alternate takes add much to the originals that they follow, partly because production at that time was too primitive to allow much variation in sound. I assume that these takes


TRY A LITTLE Tenderness!

Try a package of thick, juicy, world-famous Omaha Steaks®. Luscious FILET MIGNONS, aged to tender perfection. Closely trimmed by hand. Delivered to your door, frozen under dry ice, in a reusable cooler. A FREE COOKBOOK inside. Your satisfaction is Unconditionally Guaranteed!

INTRODUCTORY OFFER...SAVE $22.00!
#469 6 (5 oz.) FILET MIGNONS,
each 1" thick
Regularly $51.95...for just $29.95!
(plus $6.50 shipping/handling)
LIMIT OF 2 PKGS. AT THIS SPECIAL PRICE!
NEW CUSTOMERS ONLY, PLEASE.

OFFER (valid in 48 mainland states) EXPIRES 1/31/92
TO ORDER, CALL RIGHT NOW... TOLL FREE
1•800•228•9055
(Ask for Free Catalog & 10% Discount Coupon!)

Omaha Steaks International®
Dept. AD1123 • 4400 So. 96th Street • Omaha, NE 68127

AUDIO-FORUM offers the best in self-instructional foreign language courses using audio cassettes, featuring those used to train U.S. State Dept. personnel in Spanish, French, Thai, German, Japanese, Arabic, Chinese, Urdu, Greek, and many others.

Learn a foreign language on your own! Free catalog

☎ Call toll-free 1-800-225-5400
Audio-Forum,
Room 2439, 96 Broad St.,
Guilford, CT 06437 (203) 453-9794

GALÁPAGOS

You, 9 other adventurers and our licensed naturalist will sail by yacht to explore more islands than any other Galápagos expedition. 60 trip dates. Machu Picchu option. Free brochure.

Inca Floats 415-420-1550
1311-Y 63rd St., Emeryville CA 94608

Call 415-822-8988 Fax 415-822-7327
VISA • MC
SHELL CORDOVAN
The Michael St. Michael Co.
1075 C Revere St. San Francisco, CA 94124
HIPSTER $109
Catalog

MEIER'S Always Rises To The Occasion.

For all your celebrations, choose Meier's Sparkling Grape Juices. All 8 festive flavors are naturally crisp, bubbly and delicious, without alcohol or added sugar.

100% Fun 0% Alcohol

MEIER'S
MEIER'S
SPARKLING
PINK CATAWBA
NON-ALCOHOLIC
NO SUGAR ADDED

800-346-2942. John C. Meier Juice Co.

BARNARD'S SUMMER IN NEW YORK

A Pre-College Program: Jul. 5 – Aug. 1, 1992

Young men and women: Participate in a college-level program while you enjoy the world's most exciting city.

Summer in New York is for bright, highly motivated young men and women who have completed the 10th or 11th grade.

For further information, contact: Beth G. Kneller, Director, Box NYKR, Barnard College, Columbia University, 3009 Broadway, New York, NY 10027-6598

(212) 854-8866

Blazer Buttons...
The Perfect Stocking Stuffers...

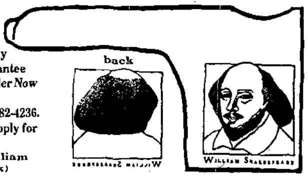
School crested Blazer Buttons, with the university, college or prep school crest hand enameled in authentic detail in French cloisonne, velvet gift boxed in a set of three large and six sleeve buttons. Monogrammed and specialty designs also. Write or call for our new catalog.

THE BEN SILVER COLLECTION

The Ben Silver Corp.
Department NYB
149 King Street
Charleston SC 29401
800-221-4671

SHAKESPEARE FOR XMAS? HURRY!

The Original Design by B. I. Silber • Hefty White Sweatshirt with Black Ink • Made Entirely In USA • One Year Guarantee *$29.50 plus $4.50 S/H • Order Now* (VISA or MC accepted): 1-800-MUCH-ADO/1-800-682-4236. Additional charge may apply for rush orders. (Mirror Image of "William Shakespeare" on back)



were included to gratify the blues historians/archeologists who maintain that every available Johnsonian nuance is essential to their scholarly purposes. (Those of us who are in it for enjoyment rather than excavation will just have to reprogram our CD players.)

But the Johnson set is commendable despite its flaws, because it serves the boxed set's noblest purpose, which is not scholarship but education. These days, rock stars refer reverentially to their idols in interviews, produce their comeback albums, write new songs for them, invite them onstage to perform with them—and suddenly young people want to know more about John Lee Hooker, Sippie Wallace, Hank Williams, Patsy Cline, and other artists who are frequently named as major influences. Undoubtedly, the boxed-set market could not have flourished if the generation gap that has characterized musical taste in America since the advent of rock and roll had not narrowed in recent years. Rock and roll is almost forty years old, and now, except for rap and heavy metal, it is devoid of the rebellious tendencies that once divided parents and children along musical lines—that dictated that you couldn't be hip *and* listen to Frank Sinatra. But the popularity of boxed sets is not only about closing a generation gap; it's also about closing the genre gaps now so ubiquitous in music that we have radio stations splitting pop music into rigid categories like album-oriented rock, country, urban, adult-contemporary, and alternative music—all of which say more about what they exclude than about what they contain. I think the interest in boxed sets, and in reissues in general, may be related to a yearning to get back to a time when the rock audience agreed that there were two kinds of music—good and bad.

A RECENT boxed set that came as a surprise to me was "Les Paul: The Legend and the Legacy" (Capitol). Like most people born in the sixties, I know Les Paul only as the guitar inventor and innovator whose name graces Gibson's most popular model—a solid-body instrument that was, and still is, a favorite of bluesmen and of rock guitarists like Eric Clapton, Jimmy Page, Jeff Beck, and Slash. Though Les Paul and his wife and singing partner, Mary Ford, had many Top Ten singles in the fifties, even major hits of theirs like "How High the Moon" were new to me when I first listened to this collection. They had simply not been played anywhere in decades, except possibly on radio stations geared to listeners of retirement age. I would never have guessed that, right from the start of the first disk, this collection would be so engaging that I'd find myself almost giggling with glee at the novelty of Les Paul's sound. Here was the sweetest, corniest, most precious Americana mixed with science fiction and twisted fantasies and musical LSD trips. It was as if elevator music had met Philip K. Dick at a Hawaiian luau. When Paul plays the guitar—and thanks to his innovations in high-speed recording, it often sounds as if he were playing it quite fast—it zings like a xylophone and rings like a bell.

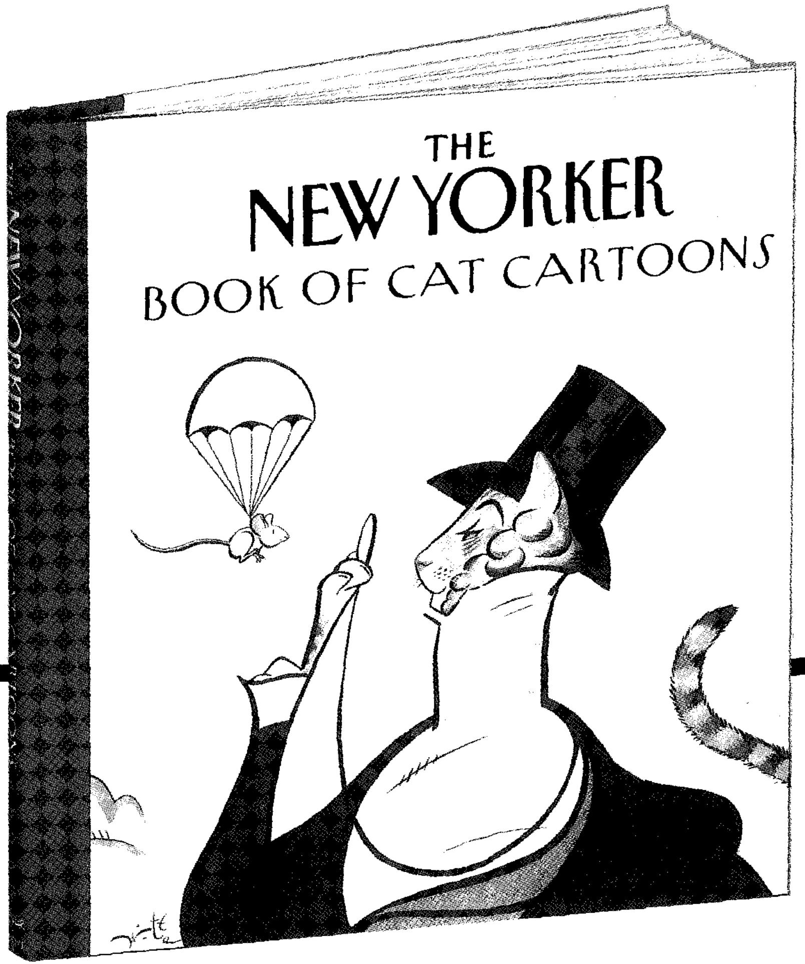
Rock and roll is generally thought to have sprung up at the confluence of white country music and black rhythm and blues. I'm not quite sure where Les Paul fits into this scheme. Occasionally, as in the song "Brazil," his music is so discordantly lovely that he seems to have more in common with postmodern, experimental composers like Philip Glass than with anyone on today's pop scene, and his playful use of sounds probably had a greater impact on the strange psychedelia of the Beatles and the other acid-tinged bands of the late sixties than is generally acknowledged. After all, Les Paul invented multitracking, eight-track recording, and the Les Paulverizer, a machine that allowed a single voice to sound like six and a lone guitar to sound like an orchestra.

In the box's accompanying booklet, which is somewhat disorganized—its disorder seems to be in the spirit of the guy's goofball genius, though—Les Paul comes across as the kind of man who might, say, sell insurance and wear suits during the week but tinker in his basement workshop on weekends. And, in fact, Paul has invented everything from a wire holder for his harmonica to a prototype of a synthesizer. Les Paul is a great deal more professional than this image suggests, but there is a wonderful hominess both to the booklet and to the whole collection. That accidental-Edison quality makes the fact that he was given a special Grammy Trustee Award for his technological innovations—and that many of his inventions will eventually be placed in the Smithsonian—seem even more dazzling.

NOSTALGIA for the seventies is a phenomenon that seems inexplicable even to those who partake of it joyfully. One can only speculate that if people are longing for the days of polyester and disco it must be an indication of just how dreadful things are today. At any rate, no amount of yesteryear lust can be offered as an excuse for the Carpenters' boxed set, "From the Top" (A&M), which offers four disks of forgettable memories as it documents one of the most undistinguished successful music careers ever.

Sure, Karen Carpenter's voice was sweet—as long as you prefer saccharine to the real thing—and, yes, the tunes were catchy enough so that twenty-eight of them charted between No. 1 and No. 74 during the hot years of the siblings' career. And songs like "We've Only Just Begun" and "Close to You" have actually become pop standards—if you measure a standard by how often it's performed at a wedding or in a hotel cocktail lounge. Certainly, I'm no fan, and, unlike the hip Carpenterites who have come out of the closet recently—Sonic Youth's Kim Gordon, for instance, and the performance artist Ann Magnuson—I can't say that Karen's mellifluous contralto interpretations of Burt Bacharach and Paul Williams songs, not to mention the many tunes by her brother Richard, are what got me through the seventies. My guilty pleasure in that era was the Bee Gees—and they got a boxed set of their own last year, so I suppose I shouldn't be so flabbergasted that the same thing could happen to the sweetheart duo from Downey, California. But even if I were a fan I would have to say that two CDs would have been plenty, especially since three songs that were undeniable hits ("There's a Kind of Hush," "It's Gonna Take Some Time," and "I Won't Last a Day Without You") were passed over in favor of Christmas songs and jingles for a Japanese soft drink. This collection, having left off some "essential" material, includes at least two CDs' worth of filler.

To be fair, the Carpenters have in some sense become more interesting in recent years. Karen died in 1983, at the



The book of the year for connoisseurs of cats & cartoons!

It's crowded with great cats

from George Booth cats (hyper) to Helen Hokinson cats (tolerant) to Charles Addams cats (eerie)

in 101 cartoons, the cream of the cream from 65 years of The New Yorker.

It's the cat's meow, a charming and hilarious book that embodies the comic essence of catness—cats consorting with cats, cats dealing with dogs, mice and men, cats doing what cats do—as envisioned by the funniest, most brilliant cartoonists of our time, including

William Steig and Saul Steinberg, Ed Koren and George Price, Roz Chast, Sempé, Shanahan, Richter, Modell, James Stevenson and Mick Stevens, Lee Lorenz, Warren Miller, and many more.

To order your own copy and gift copies, use the coupon below.
Or call toll free: **1-800-733-3000**
(Mention select code 008-44-NYCC)

To your bookseller, or make check payable to Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., (Dept. CH), 201 East 50th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022

Please send me ____ copies of **The New Yorker Book of Cat Cartoons** at $16.95 each plus $2.00 shipping cost per book.

My check for $__________ is enclosed.

Name ______________________________

Address ____________________________

City ______________ State __________ Zip __________

Allow four weeks for delivery

THE NEW YORKER
READER SERVICES
1·800·447·6553

Timely Information

Special Promotions

Retail Location

Use our convenient touch-tone phone line
to hear special messages about the
quality products and services listed below.
Call toll-free from any touch-tone phone:

The Ritz-Carlton
For those who can't get enough of the
sun... spend a few shining moments with us.
Palm Beach, Naples, Amelia Island
For further information:
30109

The New Yorker "At Large"
Receive a free copy of The New Yorker marketing
department's quarterly travel newsletter, "At Large," which
features in-depth coverage of travel-related advertisers'
destinations, properties, and services.
For your free copy:
30110

Regatta Sport
A collection of superior quality men's and women's
sportswear for today's casual lifestyles.
For more information:
30103

Ladybug & Cricket Cartoon Caption Contest
Delight a child and fifteen friends when you win
a private party at the local zoo! Look for contest
details in the December 9, 1991 issue of *The New Yorker.*
Brought to you by Ladybug & Cricket, the magazines for children.

ADVERTISEMENT

age of thirty-two, of a heart attack brought on by anorexia. Since then, this bland, treacly all-American pair has taken on an air of tragedy and oddness: one has to wonder what else was wrong with this brother-sister team who were so smiley and so lacking in sexuality that Karen's skinniness seemed almost grotesquely fitting. However their shiny plastic finish was perceived when they entertained Richard Nixon in the White House in 1973, it seems utterly creepy today.

It's not really as musicians but as cultural icons—or relics, depending on your viewpoint—that the Carpenters are now remembered. Todd Haynes' 1987 short film about Karen Carpenter, using Barbie dolls instead of real actors, has become an underground hit, and Karen Carpenter entered the Zeitgeist again in 1990 when Sonic Youth included "Tunic (Song for Karen)" on its highly praised major-label début, "Goo." Sung from the point of view of Karen, who is hanging out in Heaven and happy at last, "Tunic" had her playing drums in the ultimate rock-and-roll band, with Elvis and Janis—finally liberated from both the shackles of the flesh and the flatness of her image. (And in case this wasn't enough to convince fans that Sonic Youth dug the Carpenters, the band would often have "We've Only Just Begun" piping through the P.A. as they came onstage at concert performances last year.) Perhaps this boxed set, while it most certainly cashes in on the new curiosity, is also someone's attempt to give the Carpenters a chance to be appreciated from a strictly musical perspective. Richard Carpenter wrote the liner notes, yet he's provided scant biographical information. He mostly just describes the circumstances of a recording or a performance; the point seems to be for us to try to listen without gossip ringing in our ears.

But it's hard. The best that can be said about the Carpenters is that they were ahead of their time in that their prettily produced music anticipated the studio-slick smoothness of so much of today's wimpy, "adult contemporary" music. Where would Gloria Estefan and Amy Grant be now if Karen hadn't done it first? The Carpenters' work also foreshadowed the current fascination with and appropriation of certain sixties symbols and lingo in a way that deprives them of their meaning. Richard actually describes the lyric of one early song as "our way of rebelling against the 'establishment' (of which we were later to become a part)." And what are they doing singing the Woodstock Nation anthem, "Get Together," on a radio show called "Your Navy Presents"? By 1979, when Karen sings a disco song called "My Body Keeps Changing My Mind," it's hard to believe that she wasn't aware of the title's double edge. At any rate, it is probably the Carpenters' good luck that their career inspires this sort of perverse personal speculation, because their music doesn't inspire much of anything.

IT is difficult to speak critically about Barbra Streisand and her protuberant ego without lending voice to a chorus of nastiness, because so much of the criticism levelled against her for being just too much is sexist in tone; she has claimed this, and she is quite right. To almost anyone who hears her sing with that big, lustrous voice, which is arguably the most polished and most powerful—if not the best—in recent pop-music history, or sees some of those warm and adorable romantic comedies that she made in the sixties and seventies, it is obvious that this is a woman with a great many talents. (And awards: two Oscars, one Tony, two Emmys, and eight Grammys.) One wonders why, with so much evidence already out in the world to prove this, Barbra Streisand finds it necessary to produce "Just for the Record . . ." (Columbia), a boxed set that only gives her detractors another excuse for saying she's a power-mad egomaniac.

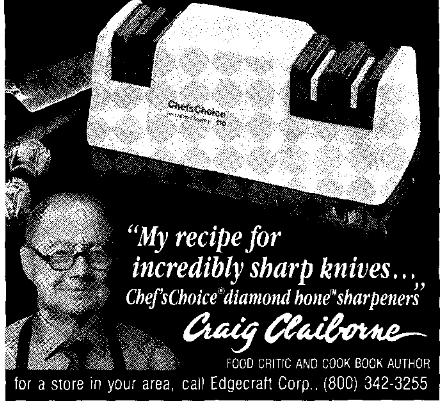
And in this case they would not be wrong. The set is a mess. What could have been four disks of Streisand's best work from her early days on Broadway to her 1985 "Broadway Album" is instead a jumble that includes testimonials at award ceremonies and benefit dinners—Orson Bean describing her "charming manner" on Jack Paar's TV show, several composers singing her praises at a Friars Club tribute—not to mention the audition tapes of songs from "Yentl," used to try to sell studios on the movie. These disks seem to be four parts talk to three parts song, and even the choices of music are odd. A shoddy acetate recording of Barbra singing "You'll Never Know" at thirteen may be a nice touch, but do we really need to hear her mother's rendition of "Second Hand Rose," taped at a family gathering?

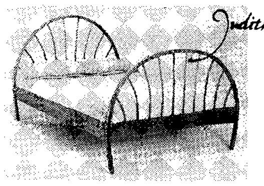
What went wrong? Well, for one thing, in typical Streisand style, Barbra compiled the set herself (with a little help from her manager, Marty Erlichman) and wrote the self-congratulatory liner notes herself; as almost anyone left alone with this sort of project might do, she ended up erecting a shrine to her triumphs, when presenting them unadorned would have been perfectly satisfactory. "It's very difficult for an artist to compile his work alone," Atlantic's Yves Beauvais generously offers in defense of this set. "Their perspective is a private one and probably has very little to do with how the audience sees them. It's hard for the artist to be a listener."

"Just for the Record . . ." almost suggests that Streisand doesn't understand the nature of her own fame. While she is certainly a fascinating star, who has attracted a large cult of personality, people's interest in her private life actually has nothing to do with her musical ability, just as the media's obsession with Madonna has nothing to do with *her* musical ability. Which is not to equate the two: Streisand has an enormous musical gift, and Madonna, even when given the benefit of every doubt, does not. But both women, although they came into their own in different eras, are famous for their fame—and the implicit power that goes with it. There are plenty of people who couldn't care less about Streisand's music but who bought the recent issue of *Vanity Fair* with Streisand on the cover in order to read about her before seeing "The Prince of Tides." And there are plenty of people who buy Streisand's albums because they love to hear her sing, and that's all.

What Barbra Streisand really should have done—and what I believe she thought she was doing, in a way—is write a book. She has had an interesting and accomplished life—one that could certainly make good reading. And the egomania that Streisand has always been accused of is precisely the sort that is forgiven in memoirs. (That's how Katharine Hepburn got away with titling her life story "Me.") Barbra Streisand's listeners are adults—and by that I mean mature adults, who are less likely to hang on an artist's every

NEW! NEW!
INTRODUCING
OSO Sweet®
Sweeter than Vidalias!
The only sweet onion available in winter.
Fresh from the Andes Mountains of South America, available Jan. & Feb.
These make ideal gifts for the person who has everything and for the person who loves delicious sweet onions.
8 LB. Gift Boxes
Only $18.95 + $4.50 S&H. Visa/M.C.
1-800-533-6913
HUSTON PRODUCE
201 West Big Beaver, Suite 740
Troy, MI 48084


ChefsChoice®
"My recipe for incredibly sharp knives... ChefsChoice® diamond hone® sharpeners"
Craig Claiborne
FOOD CRITIC AND COOK BOOK AUTHOR
for a store in your area, call Edgecraft Corp., (800) 342-3255


Judith Ames Furniture
625 Western Ave.,
Suite 3
Seattle, WA 98104
206-624-4869
Brochure $3

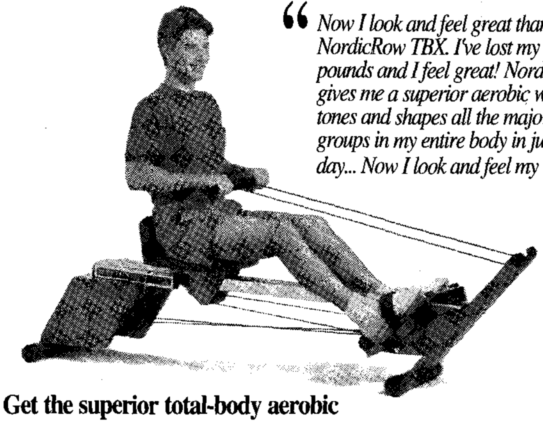
HAND MADE IN EGYPT
Cartouche
18 K Solid Gold from $150.00
Sterling Silver from $ 40.00
A talisman with your name in Ancient Egyptian Hieroglyphics.
Free info. 1-800-283-4978 Visa • MC • Am-Ex • Disc.
Or write: Cartouche, Box 8474-2* Pgh., PA 15220

word and to long to hear every outtake. For this reason, "Just for the Record . . ." was a mistake from its conception: planned as a musical autobiography rather than as a retrospective, it's all wrong for the audience her singing reaches.

STREISAND's mistake is understandable, though, and it illustrates the flaw inherent in the whole idea of the boxed set: since these collections are culled from so much material, they need clear direction from the outset. Before anyone begins haunting the vaults in search of lost masters, the producers need to establish a very specific purpose. A three-CD Ray Charles box that was just released is one of the best sets of the season, precisely because its aim is unmistakably true: "The Birth of Soul" (Atlantic) is a collection of Charles' rhythm-and-blues recordings from 1952 to 1959, at which point he left Atlantic for another label. Here it is, this set seems to say—everything Charles did in this particular style, all in one place at long last. Similarly, the Glenn Miller and the Stax-Volt sets, both of which are too unwieldy for most people's purposes, have clearly defined audiences—people who feel that every one of these songs is worth owning. (As compensation for those who can't afford or can't stomach the entire Stax-Volt lollapalooza, Atlantic has also reissued individual albums from the labels.)

But even if the time does come when the boxed set starts to look like an idea that has had its day, there's no doubt that the market for CD reissues will continue to be exploited—if only because it must be. Certainly, many people want to replace out-of-print and often thoroughly scratched and warped albums with newly minted CDs, which boast not only apparent indestructibility and improved sound quality but also the convenience of sequence manipulation and the advantage of not needing to be flipped over every twenty or thirty minutes. The only unfortunate aspect of all this retreading is that these attractively packaged neo-oldies can work as a deterrent to listeners' discovering new talent. If pop audiences were to take more chances on music that's being created now, they could help prevent the past from becoming the future.

—ELIZABETH WURTZEL



Until I discovered NordicRow TBX, I used to hate:

"Now I look and feel great thanks to my NordicRow TBX. I've lost my "gut" and 15 pounds and I feel great! NordicRow TBX gives me a superior aerobic workout that tones and shapes all the major muscle groups in my entire body in just minutes a day... Now I look and feel my best."

- My gut
- The beach
- Exercise
- Tight jeans
- My reflection
- Body builders
- Anyone athletic
- Looking at my old football pictures
- Taking off my shirt
- Buying new clothes
- Asking someone out

Get the superior total-body aerobic exerciser— NordicRow TBX.

The NordicRow TBX workout is better than ordinary exercisers because it works both your arms and legs simultaneously. So you'll burn calories and lose weight up to 20% faster. Other exercisers like stairclimbers, treadmills or exercise bikes can't say that — they only work your lower body. Get a total-body workout with NordicRow TBX and you'll look and feel your best, too!

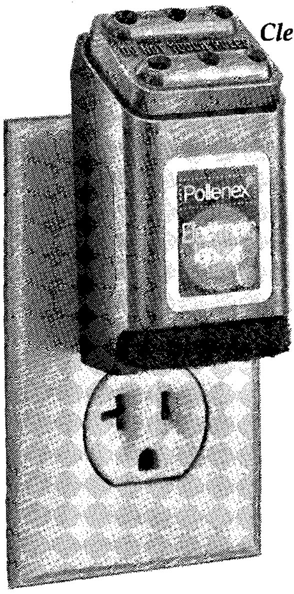
- Try NordicRow TBX in your own home for 30 days.
- Experience the innovative design and quality workmanship you've come to expect from NordicTrack.

NordicRow TBX™ BY NORDICTRACK

FREE VIDEO AND BROCHURE CALL 1-800-468-4491 Ext. 713L1

Or write: NordicTrack, 141 Jonathan Blvd. N., Dept. 713L1, Chaska, MN 55318

©1991 NordicTrack, A CML Company All rights reserved.



Clean your air, make it pleasant and healthy with the...

Pollenex™ Plug-in Ionizer only $39.95*

*But read this ad for an even better deal!

At home or at the office, human activity and crowded conditions make it almost inevitable that the air we breathe is dirty, stuffy, and full of pollutants. It's unpleasant and detrimental to your health. You can end all that with the Pollenex™ Ionizer. Plug the unit into any 110 volt outlet. Within seconds, the Ionizer will generate millions of negative ions. These ions work like little "magnets." They attract and neutralize dust, dirt and pollen particles trapping them inside the unit so you won't have to breathe them any more.

We are one of the largest United States distributors of the Pollenex™ Ionizer and can bring you this unique product for just $39.95. But we have an even better deal: Buy two for $79.90, and we'll send you a third one with our compliments—absolutely FREE! Feel better, breathe easier, and enjoy a more pleasant and healthy environment. Protect your family and friends and clean your air.

• Pollutants in the air get trapped on the filter inside the Pollenex Ionizer. For best results, rinse out the filter every month or so. U.L. listed.

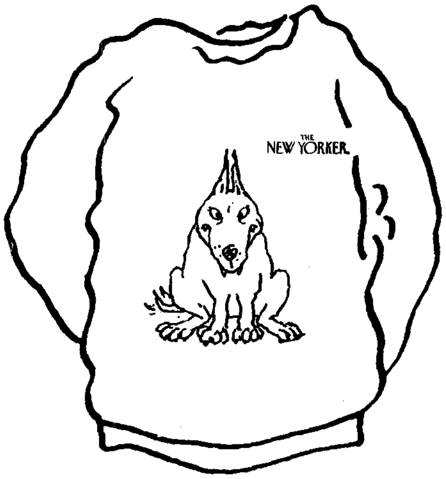
FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER TOLL FREE (800) 882-3050
24 hours a day, 7 days a week

Please give order #2105B095. If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone number for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. Shipping/insurance: $3.50 for one, $10.50 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30 day return privilege and one year replacement warranty.

Looking for a bargain? Come in and visit our Catalog Outlet in San Francisco.

since 1967 haverhills® of San Francisco
139 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

PUT ON THE DOG



Now you can wear all the personality and wit of The New Yorker. Our cotton sweatshirt and t-shirt feature the irascible bull terrier created by New Yorker artist George Booth.

670455

send order to:
New Yorker Wear™
P.O. Box 10214
Des Moines, IA 50336

please send me the following:

Booth dog sweatshirts @ $24.95
large ___ (111104) ex. large ___ (111112) $______
Booth dog t-shirts @ $14.95
large ___ (111013) ex. large ___ (111021) $______

on back of shirt

sales tax* $______
shipping @$2.50/shirt $______
check or money order enclosed $______

Name ______________________
Address ______________________
UPS will not deliver to PO Box - use street address.
City ______________________
State & Zip ______________________

* Include sales tax in CA, CO, GA, IA, KY, MA, MI, NY
Please allow 4-6 weeks delivery. U.S. and Canada only.

© The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

THE THEATRE

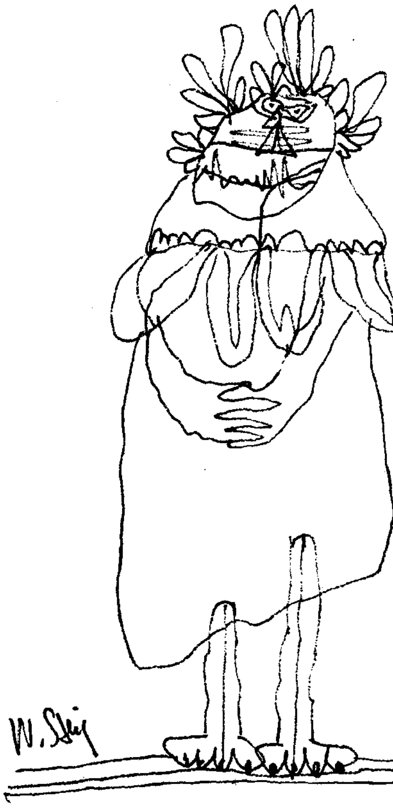
Obituary

"NICK & NORA," moribund or semi-moribund from start to finish, expired at the Marquis after nine performances and heaven knows how many previews. To recap as quickly as possible: The musical is set in Hollywood, and the title refers to Nick and Nora Charles, the hero and heroine of Dashiell Hammett's sharp, sparkling detective novel "The Thin Man," who were brought to permanent life by William Powell and Myrna Loy in that sharp, sparkling movie. Barry Bostwick and Joanna Gleason, playing the roles here, in no way interfere with our memory of Powell and Loy, because they've been given little in the way of wit or heart or, come to think of it, blood. They have a shadowy quality even when they are together. In this version, Nick and Nora are in temporary residence at a cottage in the Garden of Allah; a bookkeeper at a film studio has been murdered; Nick is asked to solve the crime, but Nora persuades him to give her a try at it (what a dumb idea for a libretto); the crime is solved by one or the other of them, and who cares?

In a flop of this dimension, it is customary to assign blame, which is a bore. The best I can do is a roll call: forgettable score by Charles Strouse ("Bye Bye Birdie," "Annie"), drab and witless book and direction by Arthur Laurents ("Gypsy"), undistinguished settings by Douglas W. Schmidt ("Runaways," "Porgy and Bess"), unbecoming costumes by Theoni V. Aldredge ("A Chorus Line," "Annie"), unmemorable lyrics by Richard Maltby, Jr. ("Ain't Misbehavin'," "Closer Than Ever"), and arrangements by Jonathan Tunick ("A Little Night Music," "A Chorus Line"). The arrangements sounded O.K. The actors in support included Christine Baranski, Chris Sarandon, Remak Ramsay, Jeff Brooks, and Faith Prince, none of whom can be held responsible for the prevailing lassitude. At one point, by the way, Miss Baranski called Los Angeles "the City of Lousy Men"—from "Angels" to "Lousy Men" in just two years! My hunch is that the idea was a bum one to start with—elegant Miss Loy and elegant Mr. Powell are irreplaceable, in and out of character, and so are the glorious novel and script that gave them their chance—and that it drained the energy from everyone concerned. The show should have been abandoned early on.

THERE is energy to spare at the Lunt-Fontanne (right across the street from the god-awful Marquis), where the four comics of "Catskills on Broadway" supply enough jokes and enough skill in telling them for several seasons of laughter. The humor is ethnic, of course, and it must be said at once that no one comes within seven leagues of the great Jackie Mason. But eight leagues is good enough in the cases of Freddie Roman and Mal Z. Lawrence, Jewish comedians who ring more funny changes on the subject of food than you would think possible—food in the Catskills and food in Florida. Mr. Roman is both comedian and host, and before he steps forward, at the beginning, slides are projected of traffic jams and mountains and hotels (most of them familiar to the audience, which lets out little screams of recognition: it's that sort of show). Mr. Roman's jokes are full of surprises, hard though it is to believe that there are any surprises left in Jewish comedy. (Every once in a while, the thought crossed my mind: Should I be laughing at this? And then it slipped away.) Mr. Lawrence, who closes the show, is a bolder performer than Mr. Roman, with a knack for physical comedy—imitating a crowd of people, hip to hip, getting off a bus or slouching across the dining room—as well as for lines. What lines! Dick Capri is an Italian comedian, who mentions a grandfather with Alzheimer's who can remember nothing but grudges; his manner is milder than that of his colleagues, but I was grateful for the change of style and, again, for the good jokes. The only dull performer is Marilyn Michaels, who, with unwarranted confidence, does imitations of imitations of past and current celebrities. Larry Arrick directed.

—EDITH OLIVER



"What is your honest opinion of me?"

More Weight

THE news from the Belasco, where Tony Randall's National Actors Theatre is reviving Arthur Miller's "The Crucible," is pretty depressing. It could hardly have been otherwise, given that Mr. Randall's idea of how to found a repertory company of national standing was to throw money and publicity at the problem. The plan to launch the National Actors Theatre was announced last year, at which point Mr. Randall set about raising funds and trying to interest potential benefactors. He put in over a million dollars of his own money and raised seven hundred and fifty thousand more by giving a once-only performance of Neil Simon's "The Odd Couple" with himself and Jack Klugman in the title roles. He announced a season featuring three celebrities not particularly known for their stage acting—Martin Sheen, Michael York, and Rob Lowe. He placed a two-page ad in the *Times* listing other big-name actors who had not categorically refused to have anything to do with the project. And he ran print and broadcast ads suggesting that the National Actors Theatre would rival London's National Theatre, the Comédie-Française, and the Moscow Art Theatre in intellectual weight and historical importance.

Weight the company certainly has. So plodding is the production—and so empty of any of the underused first-rate stage actors one sees just in New York, let alone elsewhere—that it would break your heart, if this revival were not exactly what Mr. Miller and his play deserve. The one bright spot in the evening is Maryann Plunkett, who plays Elizabeth Proctor with great insight, skill, and intelligence. She's the only actor in the cast who is able to control her voice; certainly she's the only one playing to anyone or anything that's actually there. The others all seem to be pitching their performance at some abstraction—an idea of what classical acting is, or of what's worthy of an important playwright like Mr. Miller.

Mr. Randall has clearly been at pains to do Mr. Miller justice. Except in the case of the director, Yossi Yzraely—of whom one is not surprised to learn that English is not his native language—he has assembled an all-star creative team. There are costumes by Patricia Zipprodt, lighting by Richard Nelson, musical direction by John Kander (of Kander and Ebb), and a ferociously gloomy set by David Jenkins, which plunks down a lot of furniture in the middle of a stage darkly hemmed in by giant tree trunks. But it's all for naught. Between the portentous music and the portentous lighting cues, the dust flying off the props and costumes, and Miller's addled notion of how seventeenth-century America talked, the audience is more likely to experience church giggles than catharsis.

The actors are like so many schoolchildren performing in an end-of-term play. Mr. Sheen, always a strong screen presence, is out of his natural habitat in a Broadway theatre. He plays John Proctor honestly enough—if you consider that he has almost no voice—falling down only on Proctor's most trumpeting utterances. In his rush not to seem actorly, he cuts off a lot of Miss Plunkett's lines, but at least he *doesn't* seem actorly—which is more than you can say for the rest of the company. Fritz Weaver, in the role of Danforth, is playing Charlton Heston in "The Ten Commandments." But the show's true anti-star is Michael York, who gives an eye-popping, arm-waving performance as the Reverend Hale. The well-meaning but deluded character he's playing is there to make human error more human to us, by demonstrating how a relatively rational man could believe in the Devil, but Mr. York seems, rather, to be trying to approximate various alien life forms. He plays his role now like a Welshman, now like an Irishman, and always like a Martian, but settles in the end for merely playing a bad actor. He's wrestling with the accent, you can see that—but it's no excuse.

Next hardest to take after Mr. York is Patrick Tull (albeit in a comparatively minor role); after that, it's difficult to choose. There's Brian Reddy's Reverend Parris (a Jewish mother), John Fiedler's Ezekiel Cheever (as ever, Mr. Fiedler is playing Vinnie in "The Odd Couple"), Peter McRobbie's ranting Thomas Putnam. It's a company of such flamboyant ineptitude that an actor like George N. Martin actually looks good. Here he is Giles Corey, the saintly Salemite who while being pressed to death has only two words to offer his tormentors: "More weight."

Giles is a true naïf—a man who inadvertently incriminates his own wife. It should be possible to see how Giles' innocence could be preyed upon, but as Mr. Martin plays the role, it's difficult not to suspect that what he's really thinking about is marrying again. Similarly, it should be possible to see why the people of Salem find the malevolent Abigail (the source of all the trouble) either virtuous or vulnerable. Madeleine Potter's Abigail seems dangerous, cagey, and shifty-eyed. I wouldn't let her near a potted plant. But, of course, that's the way Miller wrote the role; it's one of the things that make "The Crucible" such a nonstarter. In order for Miller's allegory to work, and for his play to have any impact, the "bad guys" would have to have had a point of view. And for that to happen Abigail would have had to be an accomplished dissembler. But, although Miller in his stage directions describes Abigail as a girl with "an endless capacity" for deception, the play itself, instead of giving us an accuser who seems holy, makes Abigail as transparently ugly as Joe McCarthy.

Why Miller failed to make the character of Abigail Williams into an effective literary device—whether it was a function of his own inadequacy as a dramatist or because American realist theatre has always favored literalism over metaphor—is an interesting question; and a production that sent us out wondering about it would have been worthy enough. Unfortunately, Mr. Randall has merely succeeded in erecting yet another monument to bad acting in the name of lofty intentions.

—Mimi Kramer

"The position of New Orleans certainly destines it to be the greatest city the world has ever seen."

–*Thomas Jefferson*

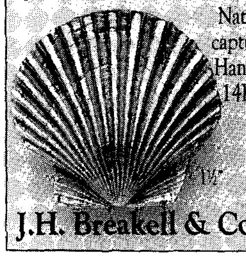
FOR A FREE GUIDE
TO NEW ORLEANS CALL
1-800-932-1400

SPECIAL HOLIDAY PERFS.
Mon. Dec. 23 8:00 • Fri. Dec. 27 2:30
Sun. Dec. 29 7:00 • Sun. Jan. 5 7:00

"A BRILLIANT COMEDY"
–Edith Oliver, The New Yorker

LIPS TOGETHER TEETH APART

Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center
131 West 55th Street • Tkts. 239-6200
Groups 645-5590 • Info: 581-7907



SILVER SCALLOP PIN
Nature's design beautifully captured by James Breakell. Handcast in sterling $35. In 14K gold $450. Add $3.50 handling. Brochure on request. VISA/MC/AMEX
1-800-767-6411
J.H. Breakell & Co.
69 Mill St. Dept. NYSC
Newport, RI 02840

HAND-MADE SWEATERS
A Great Gift for the Whimsical Dresser

"The Friendly Elk"—Made in Aspen. 100% Cotton. Red, navy, or forest green with natural. Great on the ski slopes or at a cocktail party. $280
Lollipop Knits
P.O. Box D-3 Aspen, CO 81612
303/925-9286 800/421-1505

MUSICAL EVENTS

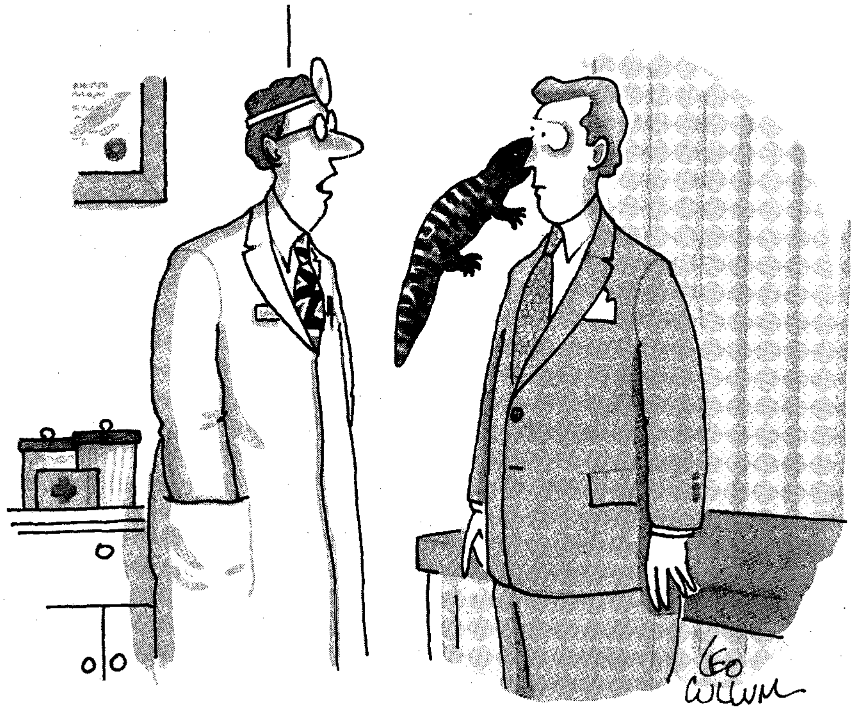
Fancy's Rainbows, Wit's Momentary Fires

ELLIOTT CARTER's Violin Concerto, a beautiful and arresting composition, was commissioned by the San Francisco Symphony and the Norwegian violinist Ole Böhn, and had its first performances in May last year, in San Francisco. It has since been played in Vienna, Paris, London, and Moscow, in The Hague and Amsterdam and Brussels, thrice in Lyons, and in five other cities. A Virgin Classics recording, with Mr. Böhn and the London Sinfonietta, conducted by Oliver Knussen, is on the way. This month, the concerto reached New York, at an American Composers Orchestra concert in Carnegie Hall. Mr. Böhn has been the soloist of all performances so far. His full, pure tone, truth of intonation, and rhapsodic phrasing make him an ideal interpreter.

The work begins with a swift surge of orchestral activity, from which a long, lyrical melody for the solo violin, *di più in più espressivo*, arises, and thereafter the soloist dominates the discourse, in a sustained three-movement song. He is seldom silent for more than an occasional bar, between phrases. The new concerto is not a jostling antiphony like the Double Concerto (1961) for harpsichord, piano, and two chamber orchestras, in which each soloist commands his own cohort of instrumental companions; and not a dramatic conflict like the Piano Concerto (1965), in which the orchestral forces—all but a supportive solo septet—are the soloist's foe. In its songfulness the new work is closer to the Oboe Concerto (1987); however, in that work the orchestra (a chamber orchestra, with but two woodwind players and two brasses) can challenge the soloist with ideas of its own, whereas in the Violin Concerto a large orchestra (triple woodwinds, full brass consort) plays second fiddle to the soloist. The composer's program note is short enough to quote in full:

> In this violin concerto I have given the soloist an almost continuous leading role—one that changes from mood to mood in the first (*Impulsivo*) section, which is predominantly lyrical, and in the last (*Scherzando*) section, which is more light-hearted. Meanwhile the orchestra comments in various ways on the solo part.
>
> The middle section, however, consists of a dramatic recitative (*Angosciato*) played by the violin solo against slowly rising and falling waves of sound (*Tranquillo*) in the orchestra.

The scoring is limpid, spare. Roger Sessions in his brilliant Violin Concerto insured that the solo part would stand out in relief by omitting violins from his orchestra; Carter delights in string kinship. The soloist emerges from a covey of divided first violins, and at the close—in one of Carter's "vanishing like a puff of smoke" endings—he escapes from view in a company of evanescent strings. Sometimes a high, glistering line that the ear takes at first to be the soloist's proves to be that of the first violins, as a stronger melody sails out beneath it. The three movements—the fast-slow-fast of tradition—are laid out within a single metre but are clearly defined, with bars of measured silence between them. For the slow central movement the composer has suggested two similes: the soloist should sound "like a person who could speak only in single words" (David Schiff in a good *Tempo* article recalls the first violin's *Beklemmt* episode in the Cavatina of Beethoven's Opus 130); and he should be like a lone swimmer in the vast sea. The first likeness can be misleading until one hears that the "single words," followed by rests, form long statements; the second brings to mind the imagery, though not the music, of Carter's early Hart Crane song, "Voyage." The finale begins with perky wind phrases and a near-Mendelssohnian tarantella from the soloist; the orchestra has some jazzy breaks. The soloist's mood becomes serious again. The music pauses for a page of shy-sounding, uncertain exchanges; a tutti chord—modern evocation of the classical concerto's 6/4 cadenza launch—builds up in the orchestra; the soloist plays a brief, passionate cadenza, and suddenly the work is over.



"It's pronounced 'hee-la' monster. The 'g' sounds like an 'h.'"

The duration has been variable. The San Francisco première, which was conducted by Herbert Blomstedt, and the London première, in which the London Sinfonietta was conducted by Mr. Knussen, lasted about twenty-eight minutes, and the Hague performance, in which the Residentie Orchestra was conducted by Mr. Knussen, lasted about twenty-five. (Those performances reached me on tape.) The New York première, which was conducted by Michael Gielen, lasted less than twenty-three minutes. That's a big difference. A quick mathematical scan of the score, which has six hundred and twenty-six measures, mostly in 4/4, at quarter note 105, suggests an intended duration of about twenty-four minutes. But the stopwatch and the calculator are not musical instruments. The arrival of Dulness, at the close of "The Dunciad," prompted Pope's exclamation "See Mystery to Mathematics fly!" Carter's concerto holds much mystery and no dullness: fancy's gilded clouds and varying rainbows gleam, wit's momentary fires and meteors sparkle; and in each performance that I have heard spur-of-the-moment response has played a part.

The Sinfonietta realized the orchestral writing most vividly. The players know Carter's music, for it has been in their repertory for years. (The Virgin disk will be completed by the Concerto for Orchestra and the "Three Occasions.") They accord full value to the phrases (a short cello solo in the last movement is especially striking), and they have the necessary boldness. But in New York Mr. Böhn, I thought, gave his most eloquent performance so far. He played with a freedom and an ecstasy founded not only on his own familiarity with the piece (this was his twentieth public performance) but also on his confidence in Mr. Gielen, a celebrated Carter interpreter, and the efficiency of the A.C.O. players. Mr. Gielen has been missed here since, five years ago, he left the Cincinnati Symphony, which visited Carnegie often. His return was welcome.

AT Da Capo's first concert of the season, in Merkin Hall last month, Nicholas Maw's Flute Quartet (1981), a substantial work, lasting about half an hour, was given a poetic performance by Patricia Spencer (flute), André Emelianoff (cello), and—guest artists with the ensemble—Eric Wyrick (violin) and Ira Weller (viola). Maw's slow movement holds some of the most tenderly radiant love music of our day; the finale—his endeavor to write "really fast music"—has quicksilver episodes. Maw is a generous, rewarding composer. Is it too late for the Carnegie management to persuade the City of Birmingham Symphony and Simon Rattle, due here for three April concerts, to play his "Odyssey"? Debussy, Stravinsky (the "Rite"), Prokofiev, Ravel ("Daphnis"), Carl Nielsen are billed; also Elgar's "Falstaff" (1913), which is an excellent piece, but is unenterprising as the sole representation of British music. The Birmingham-Rattle recording of "Odyssey," on EMI, has left one eager to enjoy the rich, remarkable, ninety-five-minute adventure in a live performance. That would be a big event, not just another band, however splendid, passing by in Carnegie's visiting-orchestra parade.

Da Capo's Mozart tribute was the Adagio and Allegro for clockwork organ, K. 594, in an arrangement by Miss Spencer for flute, violin, clarinet, and cello. There was a new work, Jeffrey Mumford's quintet "A Diffuse Light That Knows No Particular Hour," in which I heard little meaningful movement, little merit. And, finally, a profoundly stirring account of Shostakovich's Second Piano Trio, played by Mr. Wyrick, Mr. Emelianoff, and Sarah Rothenberg. The first and third movements hold some of the saddest music of our day, the second and fourth some of the most bitter.

In Alice Tully Hall last month, the Arditti Quartet played a program of—by Arditti standards—old music: Webern's Five Movements (1909), Schoenberg's Fourth String Quartet (1936), and Zemlinsky's Second (1915). The LaSalle recording of the last, thirteen years ago, did much to bring Zemlinsky (whom Schoenberg called "a great composer") before an international public; his operas, his orchestral works, his other quartets have now been revived, and the discography in *Opus* fills nearly a column. But nothing heard since has quite matched, for sustained beauty and interest of composition, that forty-minute Second Quartet. The Webern—eight minutes of compact, closely argued music still astonishing in its emotional span and its range of string colors—was at once exquisitely wrought and romantic. The Arditti's Schoenberg was finely alert but seemed to have been conceived for a space smaller than Tully.

String quartets today provide our most reliable, most thoroughly mastered ensemble fare. At the Frick, the Maggini Quartet—new young star in a dense-packed firmament—made a New York début and shone brightly, especially in an exhilarating account of the Third Razumovsky. Four players of character—Thomas Bowes, David Angel, Martin Outram, and Michal Kaznowski—combined in an uncommonly fresh and virile performance, and in the Frick's intimate music room their tone sounded wonderful. David Gow's mild, nicely made Seventh String Quartet, fairly subtitled "Quartetto Amabile," had its New York première.

A RAFT of new or newish music played in recent weeks included Christopher Rouse's "Étude Fanfare"

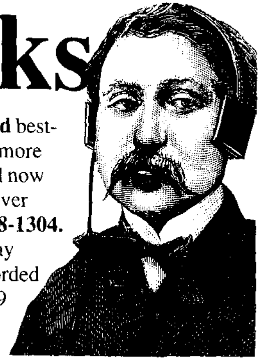
DO YOU TEACH?
IF SO, PLEASE READ ON...

"*I first saw The New Yorker when my high school English teacher gave me a copy.*"
-Garrison Keillor

For information and materials to help you use The New Yorker in your high school or college classroom, please call Elaine Berman at (212) 536-5415 or write to her at the address below:

THE NEW YORKER
EDUCATION PROGRAM
20 West 43rd Street, New York, NY 10036-7440

Recorded Books

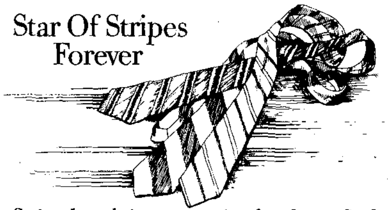


Listen to **unabridged** best-sellers, mysteries & more while you drive. Call now for a free catalog of over 450 titles: **1(800)-638-1304.** Ask about easy 30-day rentals by mail. Recorded Books, Inc., POB 409
Charlotte Hall
MD 20622

VIRGIN GORDA
Biras creek

"Still rather a well kept secret." *Travel & Leisure*
Brochure: **Ralph Locke Islands, Inc.**
Call: 800/223-1108 Nationwide & Canada
or call your Travel Agent

HISTORIC FIND!
Original hand-colored lithographs
(120-150 years old)
John James Audubon's
"Birds of America"
Amazingly beautiful. *Surprisingly affordable!*
Supply limited. Call today.
GEORGETOWN GALLERIES
Investment Quality Collectibles
7315 Wisconsin Ave. Bethesda, MD 20814
1-800-877-1726



Star Of Stripes
Forever

Striped neckties are getting harder to find.

However, at Ben Silver we have expanded our collection of extraordinary pure silk authentic English handmade neckties to provide the finest as well as the largest selection. Write or call for our new catalog.

THE
BEN SILVER
COLLECTION

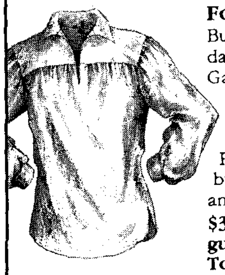
The Ben Silver Corp.
Department NYT
149 King Street
Charleston SC 29401
800-221-4671

Visiting the Florida Keys? Stop at the famous GREEN TURTLE INN. Meanwhile, savor these very traditional favorites.

- TURTLE SOUP CONSOMME
- TURTLE CHOWDER
- CONCH CHOWDER
- MANHATTAN CLAM CHOWDER
- NEW ENGLAND FISH CHOWDER
- NEW ENGLAND CLAM CHOWDER
- KEY LIME PIE FILLING

MIX or MATCH a 6-pack, 16oz. cans $14.95 includes shipping. MAKES A GREAT GIFT!

GREEN TURTLE CANNERY
P.O. Box 585, Islamorada, Florida Keys 33036
Dept. N 305-664-9595



Buccaneer Shirt

For women & men
Buckle your swashes in our dashing, handcrafted shirt. Gathered cuffs and yokes. Smooth woven cotton in Black, Dusty Rose, Sand, Royal Blue or White. Please state height,weight, bust/chest measurements and colour choice.
$33 postpaid. Moneyback guarantee. VISA/MC call Toll Free (800) 222-8024.
Send $1 for swatches & catalogue. (Free with order.)

DEVA Lifewear
a cottage industry
(301) 663-4900

Box NYM1
303 E. Main Street
Burkittsville, MD 21718

ST. FRANCIS
36" - $350.00
24" - $200.00
16" - $130.00
10" - $ 50.00
Catalog on Request
24 VILLAGE DRIVE
CHICKASHA, OK 73018
1-800-367-1714

Ortega Family
Wood Carvers
from
Duane Colcord
Gallery
It's like shopping the backstreets of Santa Fe!

ENTRANCES & EXITS
A Life In and Out of the Theatre
by Norris Houghton
"A consistently amusing, pertinent and touching book ... by the illustrious producer, director, artistic director and conscience of Off Broadway." -New York Times Book Review
At your bookstore or
Limelight Editions 118 East 30 StreetNew York, NY 10016

and Jonathan Kramer's "About Face," at the A.C.O. concert; Aaron Jay Kernis's "Symphony in Waves," played by the New York Chamber Symphony, at the Y; Keith Jarrett's "Bridge of Light" and Terry Riley's "June Buddhas," at the Brooklyn Philharmonic's Next Wave concert, at BAM; Kamran Ince's "Ebullient Shadows," Stephen Hartke's Second Symphony, Lawrence Rapchak's "Sinfonia Antiqua," and Peter Lieuwen's "Angelfire," at a National Orchestral Association concert, in Carnegie; and Ellen Taaffe Zwilich's Second Symphony, played by the Orchestra of Mannes College, in Tully. Disappointing pieces, all but one. Kernis, once promising, seems to have lost his way; there is even some Adams imitation in his new work. If Jarrett's banalities and Riley's rude sketches represent a Next Wave, I'll not be riding it. The N.O.A. scores were four of eight selected for a second performance from over five hundred submitted. (The other four are due at a May concert.) If these were four of the best, what were the rest like? Ince's piece offered Straussian minimalism, Rapchak's was a mess, and Lieuwen's was sixteen minutes of color music with a near-quotation of Stravinsky its best moment. Only Hartke's Symphony (which was first played by the Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra, under John Harbison, earlier this year) showed urgency of vision, and thoroughness of craft in its realization.

THE "Liverpool Oratorio," a collaborative composition by Paul McCartney and Carl Davis, had its New York première, in Carnegie, last month. The much publicized work has been given a rough passage by serious critics. But McCartney (need one say it?) can write tunes—he wrote "Yesterday" and "Eleanor Rigby"—and he sets words well. Davis in theatre, film, and dance scores has shown himself an able composer—in an easy, eclectic manner—and an orchestrator versed in Wagner, Strauss, and Prokofiev skills. I rather enjoyed their honestly communicative oratorio. The motto of the Liverpool Institute, where McCartney and George Harrison were educated—*Non nobis solum sed toti mundo nati*, "Not for ourselves alone but for the whole world are we born"—set to strong, memorable chorale-like phrases, opens the work and recurs as an ennobling refrain. The matter is autobiographical: Paul's birth in a Nazi-bombed Liverpool, his school days, the death of a parent, his marriage, matrimonial tensions, and parenthood. But the closing pages turn preachy:

> God is good.
> The universal saviour.
> Trust in Him
> To lead us through the darkness.
> Live in love and when the battle's won
> Live in peace for ever.
> Live in peace together.

The sentiments may be unimpeachable, but the text is soggy and the music for it sentimental. The oratorio lasts nearly a hundred minutes; before it was done, I had tired of Davis's recourse to brasses and bells, and become bored with formulaic something-big's-going-to-happen episodes, such as he uses more aptly in film scores. The "Liverpool Oratorio" cannot be considered in a breath with Charles Wuorinen's "Genesis," a new oratorio not slick but profoundly and challengingly composed. Yet it cannot quite be dismissed, either. Some of McCartney's tunes stick.

The première was given earlier this year in Liverpool's Anglican Cathedral, a Gothic glory designed by Giles Gilbert Scott at the age of twenty-two. The Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Society commissioned the work to mark its sesquicentenary, and the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra came over to take part in the New York première. Davis conducted, and four of the five original soloists repeated their roles. The treble Jeremy Budd rang out clearly and truly. Sally Burgess and Willard White—Britain's latest Fricka and Wotan—were impressive. Jerry Hadley, the protagonist, sang with freedom, with firmness, and with a command of English transcending pedantic observance of written note values. The newcomer, Barbara Bonney, was a soprano soloist more direct, less affected than her predecessor, Dame Kiri Te Kanawa, is on the Angel recording of the première. The choirs were the Collegiate Chorale and the Boys Choir of Harlem.

—ANDREW PORTER

•

LIFE IN CALIFORNIA

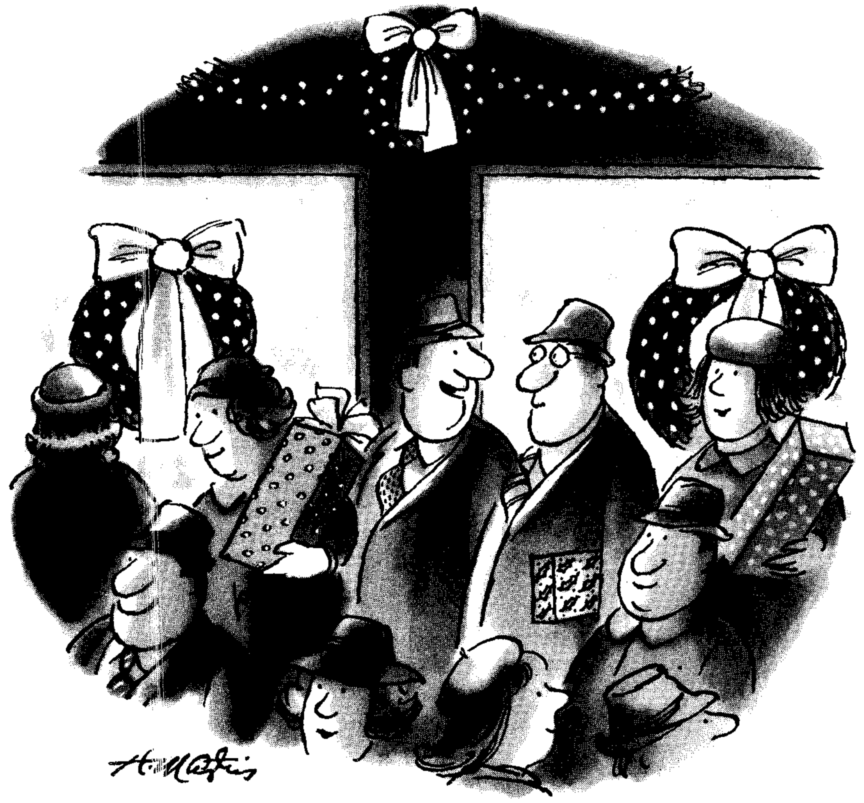
[*From the Marin* (*Calif.*) *Independent Journal*]

COMMUTEWATCH

A southbound Rolls-Royce ran out of gas at the north end of the Golden Gate Bridge at 7:29 p.m., delaying traffic.

© 1983, The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

(*Advertisement*)



"Did you feel that? The holiday season just shifted into high gear."

High Time To Wrap Up Your Gift List!

If you're still desperately seeking different presents for different people . . . now's the time to give *yourself* a present: Peace of mind. Simply check off name after name on your list with one gift that will delight them all: THE NEW YORKER.

THE NEW YORKER

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS RATES

$32 for the first subscription (52 issues)

ONLY $20 for each additional one-year gift

Please send a New Yorker gift subscription to each of the following:

NAME
(Please print)
Address Apt. #
City State Zip
Gift Card to read "From ______"

NAME
(Please print)
Address Apt. #
City State Zip
Gift Card to read "From ______"

☐ Enter or renew my own subscription.
☐ Enter my subscription plus gifts. ☐ Enter gifts only.

SPECIALLY DESIGNED GIFT CARDS WILL BE SENT IN YOUR NAME

YOUR NAME
(Please print)
Address Apt. #
City State Zip

I enclose $ ______ to cover ______ subscription(s). ☐ Bill me later

Charge my ☐ American Express ☐ Master Card ☐ Visa

Account Number Exp. Date

Signature

For faster service on credit card orders call toll-free, 1-800-444-7630, 24 hours a day, 7 days a week.

Please mail completed order to:

THE NEW YORKER Subscription Department
20 West 43rd Street, New York, NY 10036

Additional postage: Canada $24 per subscription (add 7% GST to total); other foreign $34. (Payment in US funds with order.) 4X2A7

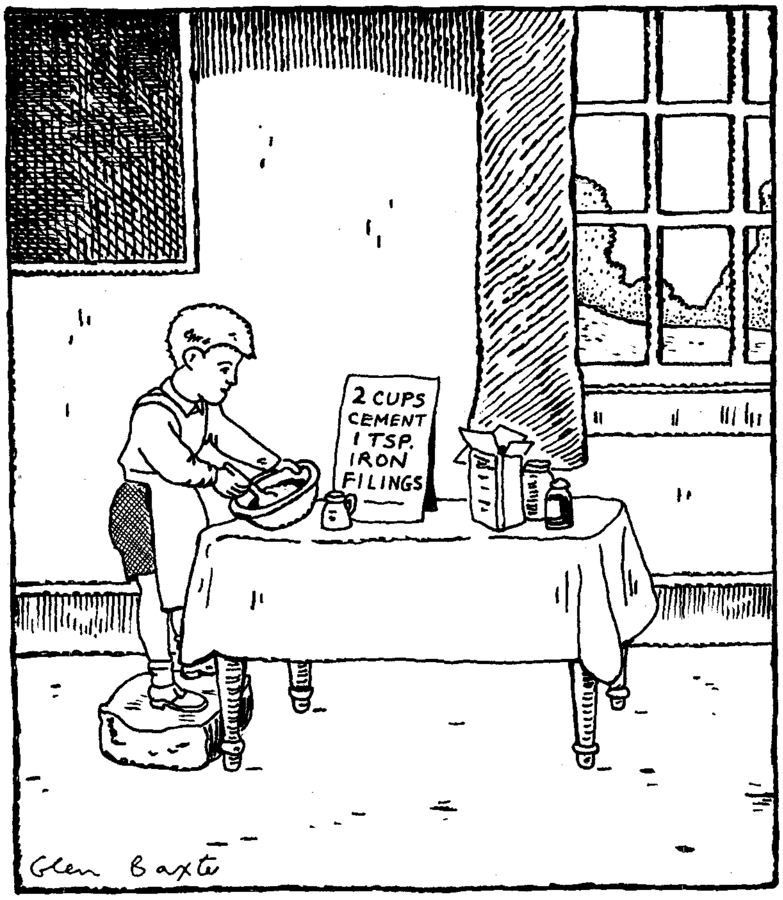
BOOKS

The Fidelity of Things

"THUS I am in Holland, the kingdom of things, great principality of objects," the Polish poet Zbigniew Herbert jubilantly declares in the first of sixteen "essays and apocryphas" that make up his remarkable book on the golden age of Dutch art, "Still Life with a Bridle" (translated from the Polish by John and Bogdana Carpenter; Ecco; $19.95), and the cry reverberates through the rest of the collection. He is a latter-day pilgrim with a "laconic Baedeker from 1911," a Michelin guide, and a well-thumbed copy of Eugène Fromentin's "Les Maîtres d'Autrefois" ("The Old Masters of Belgium and Holland"), published in 1876, and the object of his pilgrimage is the Netherlands of the imagination, the realm of what he calls his "collective hero": the seventeenth-century Dutch bourgeoisie. For a time, he dutifully paces the parquet floors of the great museums and haunts the town squares and clean pavements of once thriving but now out-of-the-way cities, such as Veere, but he feels that the whole experience will be inadequate and somehow sterile if he can't gaze at least once upon the exact, unsullied world of the Dutch Masters.

The problem is that the specific country of three or four centuries ago, so compellingly evoked by thousands of genre paintings, scarcely exists today, or exists only in fragments—in bulging archival files, in the rear stacks of local libraries, and in regional museums of everyday life that display frock coats, kerosene lamps, spinning wheels. The views painted by the Dutch artists of the golden age—the landscapes of the Mannerists Coninxloo and Sebery, the deaf-mute Avercamp, the prodigy Potter, and, of course, the towering figures Ruisdael and van Goyen (to name some of Herbert's favorites)—can be seen inside frames on museum walls but hardly anywhere in nature itself. Then, on the way to Rotterdam, in the valley of the River Lek and the River List, Herbert suddenly glimpses the elemental Dutch scene he has been seeking. He sees a valley shaped like a bowl and steeped in damp greens, an ash-colored river, and a group of motionless windmills; thereafter he carries this view in his memory like a charm. Every now and then, he summons it up, to remind himself that he has journeyed into the interior of Holland and confirmed with his own eyes the reality of the world of the Dutch Masters, a landscape anachronistic and eternal.

"I call on you Old Masters / in hard moments of doubt," Herbert once confessed in a poem, and those hard moments have now ripened into a full-length collection of six independent essays, associatively linked, and ten shorter apocrypha—deliberately marginal commentaries that read as a kind of cross between parables and literary sketches. Herbert's way of attacking a subject is deceptively informal and off-the-cuff—angular and playful—and yet emphatically analytical. His erudition is unpretentious and profound, his style as immaculate as a Delft street or a Vermeer painting. The "semantic transparency" that he has said he seeks in poems is evident in his prose, and, indeed, he shares with the Dutch painters he admires a strong sense of balance and of tact, an imperturbable technical skill, a cleansing visual honesty and forthrightness, an unwavering commitment to a complex clarity. He loves descriptive detail, and the attentive eye is itself one of his primary poetic subjects. "Accuracy is essential," his alter ego Mr. Cogito announces in one poem: a moral imperative.



I WAS DETERMINED TO INSURE THAT UNCLE FRANK'S BIRTHDAY CAKE WOULD NOT BE FORGOTTEN IN A HURRY.

Zbigniew Herbert is one of the finest and most original writers living in Europe today and one of the greatest Polish writers of this century. He is a figure comparable to, say, T. S. Eliot or W. H. Auden: a classical-minded avant-garde poet, playwright, and essayist who has created a cosmopolitan body of work remarkable for its intellectual and moral astringency. His writing is, to use one well-known designation of it, "eminently sane" in a century and a part of the world which haven't always seemed so. Herbert belongs to a war-torn generation of Polish writers (he was born in Lvov in 1924) sometimes referred to as Kolumbowie, or Columbuses, because, having come of age during the Nazi occupation of Poland and the bitter years of the Stalinist repression, they were subsequently committed to exploring the new postwar reality. But he has written, "Something makes me different from the 'War Generation.' It seems to me that I came away from the war without accepting the failure of the earlier morality. It is still attractive to me most of all because I painfully feel the lack of tablets of values in the contemporary world."

Herbert is a stubbornly idiosyncratic poet of isolation, disinheritance, and grief—what one critic terms "multilevel orphanhood." He is also a poet of "historical irony" (the phrase is Czeslaw Milosz's), continually confronting his own experience and juxtaposing it with the experience of the past, seeking the grounds for what he has called "universal compassion." This most ironic, civilized, and historically conscious of European poets (the exemplary personages in his poems tend to be figures such as Marcus Aurelius and Hamlet, Roman proconsuls and Greek gods) has spent his adulthood in opposition to totalitarian society, and of this he has written in "The Power of Taste":

> It didn't require great character at all
> our refusal disagreement and resistance
> we had a shred of necessary courage
> but fundamentally it was a matter of taste
>   Yes taste
> in which there are fibers of soul the cartilage of conscience

Herbert has deliberately cultivated a cool, economical, and anti-rhetorical style, dispensing with punctuation in his poems and suspicious of grand effects—what one poem calls "the piano at the top of the Alps" and "the artificial fires of poetry." He seeks the pristine word that will stand against contemporary debasements of language and describe the world as it is, and this ideal unquestionably informs his enthusiasm for the best of provincial Dutch culture.

"Still Life with a Bridle" is Herbert's fifth book to be translated into English. Thus far, he has been majestically served by his translators, all of whom note how much texture and resonance is lost in the transposition from Polish into English. True as this is, Herbert does seem to be one of those rare writers, simultaneously modern and classical—like the Greek Alexandrian Constantine Cavafy—with a sardonic wit and a startling intellectual clarity that come through linguistic barriers exceptionally well. To date, there have been two different versions of Herbert's "Selected Poems"—one translated by Milosz and Peter Dale Scott (1968) and one by the wholly admirable Carpenters (1977), who have also given us "Report from the Besieged City" (1985), perhaps the most influential single volume of Polish poetry to appear in the eighties. Herbert perfected his prose style in "Barbarian in the Garden" (translated by Michael March and Jaroslav Anders, 1985), a book of ten essays which begins in Lascaux and concludes with memories of Valois, taking up along the way such subjects as the ruined Greek temples at Paestum and the construction of French Gothic cathedrals, Orvieto's Duomo and the paintings of Piero della Francesca. "Barbarian in the Garden" is ostensibly a travel book (the author is the so-called barbarian—the outsider, the Eastern European, the Pole—and the sunstruck "garden" is Mediterranean culture), yet it stands in relation to most contemporary travel books the way Frans Hals' group portraits stand in relation to most commissioned portraits of the seventeenth century. Similarly, "Still Life with a Bridle" has as much relation to most art-history texts as the Rembrandt painting known as "The Night Watch" has to most seventeenth-century history paintings; that is, Rembrandt's work is not a history painting at all but an imaginative group portrait disguised as one. Composed over a period of many years, the sixteen chapters of "Still Life with a Bridle" are neither a survey nor a definitive study of Dutch painting so much as the well-sifted results of a lifetime of thinking about Dutch art and the culture that fostered and embraced it.

HERBERT characteristically approaches seventeenth-century Dutch culture with curiosity, affection, and a good deal of hardheaded pragmatism. One might subtitle each of his pieces "Skeptic at Work," as he seeks the elusive pattern in the tapestry, the articulated skull beneath the smooth skin, the underlying moral. Like a flower painting by Bosschaert or a still-life by Claesz, Herbert's work presents a surface so cleanly rendered

A new book by
Alec Wilkinson
He writes about the lives of Americans at work on the water—in
THE RIVERKEEPER
In three moving acounts of people profoundly connected to river and sea, he introduces us to
- The insular daredevil lives of the Portugese-American fishermen of Provincetown, Mass.
- The Tlingit Indians of Admiralty Island off the coast of Alaska, fiercely determined to protect their ancestral hunting-and-fishing ways of life.
- America's only official riverkeeper—a man passionately devoted to the protection of the Hudson River.

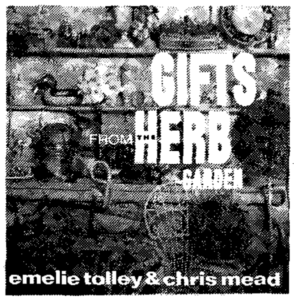
"His sentences unleash the sheer force of reality, creating bursts of fresh vision and comprehension...[His] adept and engaging investigations expand our perception of America." —Booklist

And now in Vintage Paperback
BIG SUGAR
His report on the exploitation of West Indian migrants in the cane fields of South Florida. "One of the finest works of reportage to have appeared in years." L.A. Times
WINNER OF THE ROBERT F. KENNEDY AWARD

© Sara Barrett

Published by Knopf

Much of *Big Sugar* and nearly all of *The Riverkeeper* originally appeared in *The New Yorker*


GLORIOUS!

Gifts from the Herb Garden
emelie tolley & chris mead

At your bookstore or gift shop, $18.00.

Clarkson Potter/Publishers
The sign of a beautiful gift
A member of The Crown Publishing Group

To properly freeze fish, put the fish in an empty carton, fill the carton with water, and freeze...

THE BEST OF
THE OLD FARMER'S ALMANAC
THE FIRST 200 YEARS
JUDSON HALE
EDITOR

Illustrated • At bookstores now

RANDOM HOUSE

FIGHT WINTER DOLDRUMS

The Ultra-Bright 10,000™ helps you fight the doldrums caused by the shorter, darker days of winter. Just 30 minutes a day helps you increase energy, adjust to shift work, and establish a smooth sleep-wake cycle. University tested. UV-free. Success reported in Scientific American and on ABC 20/20 and NBC Today show. Free Info 1-800-LIGHT-25 or write to MEDIC-LIGHT, Dept. 7, Yacht Club Drive, Lake Hopatcong, NJ 07849

PETER RABBIT PENDANT

Beatrix Potter's Peter Rabbit is brought to life in this sterling pendant with 18" chain crafted by Hand & Hammer. 7/8" $28.00 Postage paid.

Williamsburg Merchants
223 Parkway Drive
Williamsburg, VA 23185
1 (800) 545-4556

© F.W.Co.

HAND & HAMMER SILVERSMITHS

THERE'S STILL TIME

TO GIVE A CUSTOM NEEDLE-ART GIFT CERTIFICATE. Guaranteed delivery of personalized & gift wrapped certificate redeemable for custom-made, ready-to-work and complete color needlepoint kit created from picture chosen by your gift recipient. Unique and unforgettable gift. Provides hours of joyful relaxation & contentment! Finished it becomes an heirloom, suitable for framing. Choose size: S, M, L, XL: $99, 159, 199, 299, ppd. Specify address to be sent Add $9 for next day delivery. Visa/MC.

CUSTOM NEEDLEWORK DESIGNS, INC. BOX 9, ORELAND, PA 19075
800-767-6313 FAX 215-884-6384

and apparently natural that one might almost miss the careful artifice and arrangement and the emblematic meaning of the whole. Thus it may take a while to notice that each of Herbert's pieces has the shape of a meditative inquiry. A question is asked and, if possible, answered; a moral proposed, subtly rooted out, and brought home to us. In this way, Dutch culture comes to speak across the centuries—an example, a contrast, a reproach.

The questions Herbert asks about Dutch art and life are deceptively simple and in themselves slyly illuminating—the benchmark of his style. For instance, in the first essay he wonders why it is that in Holland objects from daily life have been preserved with an "almost religious attention," and in the last essay he reflects upon the nonheroic and pacifist spirit of Dutch painting. In "The Price of Art" he examines the life of the Dutch Masters from the mundane but revealing vantage point of the financial balance sheet. "It is better and more honest," he tells us of that approach, "than the pathos and sentimental sighs favored by authors of *vies romancées* written for tender hearts." In one of his best, and funniest, essays, he follows "the curve of the tulip fever," seeking the hidden causes of the speculative *tulpenwoede* (tulipomania) that swept the usually sober, parsimonious nation in the sixteen-twenties and thirties. He calls tulipomania "an episode inscribed on the margin of Great History," and admits to a strange preference for "presenting follies in the sanctuaries of reason." With a rhetorical question, however, Herbert then turns an isolated botanical craze into a representative historical episode, a chilling allegory: "For doesn't the affair we have described remind us of other, more dangerous follies of humanity that consist in the irrational attachment to a single idea, a single symbol, or a single formula for happiness?"

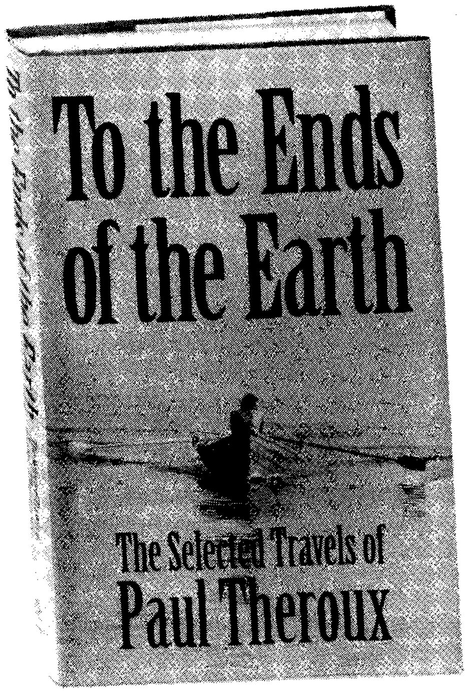
Herbert's essay on Gerard Terborch, subtitled "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie," tries to get at the nature of a painter who seems strikingly idiosyncratic and without precursors and at the same time a product of the Dutch-burgher world. It also serves as a companion piece to the title essay, which investigates the mysterious life and work of the painter known as Torrentius, whom he calls "the Orpheus of the still life." An enigmatic figure, possibly a Rosicrucian, with a Socratic bent and a scandalous reputation as a libertine, Torrentius was, Herbert points out, the unhappy precursor of the Marquis de Sade, the nineteenth-century *poètes maudits*, and the Surrealists. Herbert particularly admires the discreet ambiguity, ironic playfulness, and veiled eroticism that he finds in both Terborch and Torrentius: the way their respective masterpieces, "Fatherly Admonition" and "Still Life with a Bridle," appear utterly decorous on the surface even as they suggest secret and illicit symbolic meanings.

Herbert is not the first to point out that Terborch's well-known painting, ostensibly presenting a domestic scene in which a father admonishes his daughter, who has her back turned, while his wife averts her gaze, has in it emblematic elements suggesting that in actuality a soldier may be offering a coin to a haughty young woman while an older woman, perhaps a procuress, stares down into a glass of wine. The paradox of "Fatherly Admonition," Herbert notes, "consists in showing a morally reprehensible event with irreproachable decorations, saturated with virtue and nobility." He finds a parallel intellectual subtlety at work in the only painting by Torrentius to have survived. "Still Life with a Bridle," painted on a nearly round panel and dated 1614, is a representational work that creates an oversized, surrealistic effect by placing a group of objects at eye level against an impenetrable black background. A sharp, almost clinical light from an undesignated source illuminates a long-spouted pewter pitcher, a chain bridle, and a large earthenware jug. In front of the bridle, a half-filled glass goblet and two porcelain pipes with their bowls turned down are resting on a sheet of music. The inscription on the music page indicates that the work is a hymn to restraint, but as Herbert unpacks the symbolism, interpreting the represented objects and rethinking the inscription, it becomes evident, he suggests, that the painting "should be understood as an apparent allegory of moderation, while in reality, in an intricately camouflaged way, it is the praise of a man liberated from bonds, uncommon, standing high above the crowd of petty philistines." In reading Herbert's analysis of these paintings, one thinks of how he has ironically circumvented the censors in his own poems, mastering the art of ambiguity, suggesting radically different meanings simultaneously.

IN "The Embarrassment of Riches" Simon Schama convincingly argues that the specifically Dutch problem in the seventeenth century was "how to create a moral order *within* a terrestrial paradise." What is it about the Dutch situation in the golden age that seems so usefully resonant and precisely moving to Herbert—a poet who, after all, in the voice of Mr. Cogito speaks of returning to the "stony bosom /of his homeland" and of being "alone /in the treasure-house /of all misfortunes"? Certainly Herbert is not alone in his admiration of a tiny bourgeois republic that was long ago so politically, economically, and culturally progressive. "In the Europe of the seventeenth century, torn by religious wars, it was an unusual, universally admired asylum of freedom, tolerance, and prosperity," he says. In the wealth of details and observations that Herbert presents about the newly Protestant, newly independent capitalist state, with its growing national consciousness and its strong set of humanistic values, three things seem exemplary and worth stressing: the Dutch love for objects, for paintings, and for freedom. How he weaves these three apparently disparate aspects of Dutch reality together tells us in what way and to what extent the golden age represents for him a moral code and an image of civilization.

The Dutch middle class had a consuming, sometimes inordinate interest in the things of this world. "We know the Dutch loved objects, the worldly reward for industriousness and saving," Herbert reports. They were intensely proud of the material domain that they inhabited and obsessively cleaned and cared for. To put the matter in a somewhat larger frame, they had what the Dutch historian J. H. Huizinga called an "unshakable faith in the reality and importance of all earthly things." Their pride was bound up with their possessions be-

PAUL THEROUX
selects the best of his travel writings



From the best-selling author of *The Great Railway Bazaar, The Old Patagonian Express,* and *Riding the Iron Rooster*...Ninety-four vivid adventures, from the Trans-Siberian Express to the New York subway system.

"Theroux at his best."
—*Eastern Daily Press*

"First-class armchair traveling."
—*Sunday Telegraph*

At bookstores now

RANDOM HOUSE

NordicPower...
The Intelligent Alternative

	NordicPower™	Other In-Home Strength Trainers
Price	$399	up to $1,500
Range of Motion	Ergonomically designed to rotate around your body's joints	Movement does not parallel your joints natural motion
Resistance System	Easy to adjust Trac-Tech Resistance System™	Straps or Steel Plates
Efficiency	2-Way Directional Resistance works 2 muscle groups at the same time	1-way resistance works one muscle group
Portability	60 lbs.; folds for easy storage	up to 200 lbs.

The choice is clear. Only NordicTrack could have designed a strength trainer with so many benefits for so small a price. With NordicPower you get a superior workout, unmatched by other strength trainers on the market today.

Try NordicPower in the convenience of your home for 30 days without risk or obligation.

Who else but NordicTrack could have developed a strength trainer this good?

NordicPOWER™

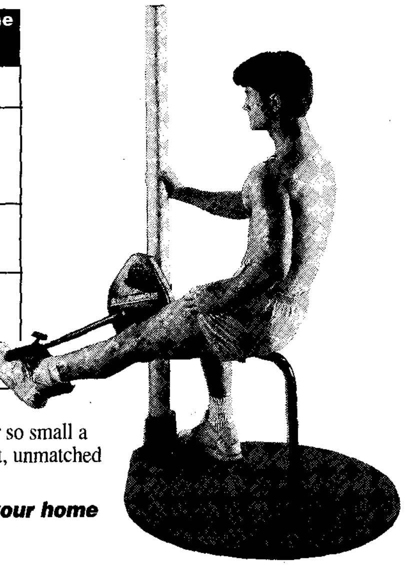
Call 1-800-468-4423 EXT. 693L1

NordicTrack, 141 Jonathan Blvd. N., Dept. 693L1, Chaska, MN 55318

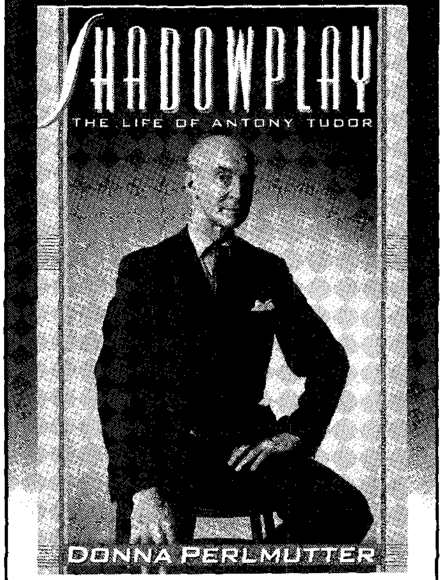
Act Now!
$25 OFF!
Offer good through 12/31/91

©1991 NordicTrack, Inc., A CML Company

All rights reserved.



“Fills one of the lamentable gaps in dance history....



Thorough, engrossing and wickedly informative, it should be read by all interested in the past, present and even future of Anglo-American ballet.” —Clive Barnes
VIKING
Penguin USA
Perfect for holiday giving, at bookstores now

“OWEN IS THE McPHEE OF SHEETROCK, THE GIBBON OF GROUTING, THE PROUST OF PAINT. ONLY HE'S FUNNY, TOO.”—ESQUIRE
A *New Yorker* contributor thoroughly plumbs the mysteries of paint, lumber, wallboard, and more.
THE WALLS AROUND US
THE THINKING PERSON'S GUIDE TO HOW A HOUSE WORKS
DAVID OWEN
At bookstores now, or call 1-800-733-3000
VILLARD BOOKS
A Division of Random House, Inc.

The Perfect Gift Book
NEW YORK CITY MUSEUMS
by Betty Ross
◆ Covers 60 museums and historic houses
◆ Lists 122 art galleries and 37 museums and historic houses
◆ Ideal for residents and visitors
Available at Barnes & Noble Booksellers Since 1873

PAUL REST ◆ FINE ART
Charles M. Russell
Originals
707-823-1823 • 800-333-9278 • Fax: 707-823-9338
8463 Peachland Avenue • Sebastopol, California 95472
By Appointment Only

cause they were, in Huizinga's words, “firmly convinced of the substantiality of things.” The external world they lived in, however, was perilously surrounded by water and subject to disastrous floods—far more liquid and mutable, less stable and solid, than it appeared. Herbert quotes the French Romantic novelist Benjamin Constant: “This brave nation lives with all that it possesses on a volcano, the lava of which is water.” It is as if in their devotion to the substantive and material the Dutch were trying to nail down the world, to fix it in place. One function of realistic visual art was to multiply reality, to catch things before they floated away or evaporated. Herbert writes, “The attachment to things was so great that pictures and portraits of objects were commissioned as if to confirm their existence and prolong their lives.”

The Dutch liked paintings of all sorts, but they had a special appetite for native landscapes and townscapes, individual and group portraits, floral paintings and still-lifes—scenes of everyday life. History paintings and religious scenes certainly existed, and were valued highly, but they were minority modes. The burgher audience adored *genre paintings*—representations of its own world. Fromentin, Herbert's nineteenth-century guide, astutely remarks that the Dutch seemed to take the right to their own school of painting as one of the stipulations of the 1609 treaty with the Spanish. Seventeenth-century travellers to the Netherlands repeatedly commented on the wide popularity of Dutch painting in Dutch life. Herbert notes that it was not uncommon to find one or two hundred paintings in an average affluent, or even less affluent, bourgeois household. There were paintings hanging in town halls and other civic buildings, in offices, orphanages, taverns. One astonished traveller reported seeing an immense number of paintings at the annual Rotterdam fair. Herbert muses that “the very fact of exhibiting them among stalls, clucking chickens, mooing cattle, junk, vegetables, fish, farm products, and household objects must have seemed very peculiar, and was difficult for an average visitor to understand.” In point of fact, paintings could be found hanging almost anywhere except in churches. The chief patronage of homegrown Dutch art came neither from the Reformed Church nor from the Court at The Hague but from merchants and shopkeepers, civic officials, small traders, and artisans.

In general, painting in the Netherlands was treated as a craft, its value unquestioned, its place in society universally recognized. “The question why art exists did not occur to anyone,” Herbert writes, “because a world without paintings was simply inconceivable.” Paintings were cheap and prevalent. Artists belonged to the Guild of St. Luke, the patron saint of painters, and were subject to and protected by local regulations. Guild membership in no way guaranteed their success or spared them financial difficulties, and, indeed, a depressingly large number, though by no means all, suffered severe economic hardships. Painters often used their own work as currency, and almost anything could be paid for with paintings. Herbert notes, “Loans were secured by pledging paintings; debts (card debts as well) were paid with them, cobblers', butchers', bakers', and tailors' bills were settled with paintings.” And, further, with paintings “it was possible to pay off a house, buy a horse, and give a dowry to a daughter if the master did not possess any other wealth.”

Despite the expansive middle-class market (and the Dutch were the first to give us an art market where paintings were not only aesthetic objects but a source of capital and speculation), the supply outstripped the demand, and consequently painters tended to specialize in particular subjects. For example, Hobbema concentrated on forest scenes and Willem van de Velde on maritime ones, de Hooch focussed on bourgeois interiors and courtyards, the architectural painter Saenredam rendered church interiors and topographical views. Painters also took on all kinds of extra employment, which they did not consider beneath them, to make ends meet. Herbert is especially moved by the craftsmanship and the humility of the Dutch painters, and in contrasting that time with ours he reaches a fever pitch of eloquence: “The old masters—all of them without exception—could repeat after Racine, ‘We work to please the public.’ Which means they believed in the purposefulness of their work and the possibility of interhuman communication. They affirmed visible reality with an inspired scrupulousness and childish seriousness, as if the order of the world and the revolution of the stars, the permanence of the firmament, depended on it." Herbert's praise of the lovely naïveté of the Dutch Masters is reminiscent of something he once told an interviewer—that the primary enemy of culture is not censorship but nihilism.

The Dutch painters created a kind of realism, but it is not quite accurate to say, as Fromentin does, that for fifty years they simply painted the portrait of Dutch society. The Old Masters had what might be called representational values, but they were not, strictly speaking, naturalists; that is, they organized what they made for visual, emblematic, or symbolic ends. One notorious example is Ruisdael's "The Jewish Cemetery," so much admired by Goethe, in which the artist romantically painted into the background nonexistent ruins and a dark wooded landscape. A bouquet of flowers by Bosschaert often includes types that bloom at different times of the year—symbolic of the fleeting nature of life—and an exquisitely rendered church by de Witte turns out to be a composite of several buildings. Yet the Dutch painters obviously placed a very high value on "realistic" surfaces. Their reticence and their impartiality were profound, and they were deeply engaged in the problem of what Svetlana Alpers, in her book on Dutch art, appropriately labels "the art of describing" and the "display of representational craft." Part of what speaks to forcefully and resolutely to Herbert is the Dutch artists' struggle to represent daily life, landscapes with man-made objects in them, ordinary things arrested in time and space.

In his own poems Herbert has repeatedly shown what he calls a "rapacious love of the concrete," a determination to see things as they are, to give them their proper names. "At last the fidelity of things opens our eyes," he declares in his poem "Stool." To the poet who has suffered under, and seen the collapse of, several shameful ideologies, the commitment to concrete particulars stands as a fundamental contrast and direct alternative to the cant and half-truths of human beings. Thus he asserts in the poem "Pebble,"

Come meet America's favorite poets

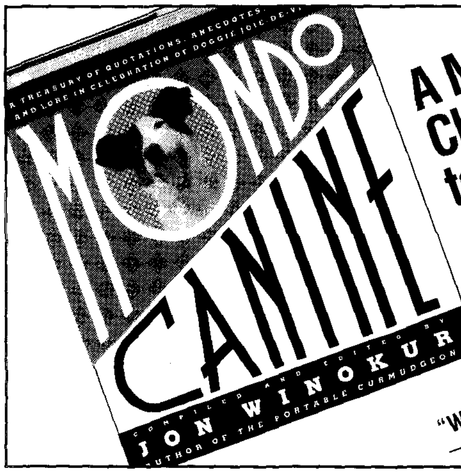
This rewarding introduction to American poetry gathers 247 works by six major American poets in a volume that is both a lively anthology and a handsome gift edition. Essays by Joel Conarroe illuminate each poet's life and works.

Bettmann
WALLACE STEVENS
Amherst College
EMILY DICKINSON
Bettmann
WALT WHITMAN
Ecco Press
WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS
Jones Library
ROBERT FROST
Yale University
LANGSTON HUGHES

SIX AMERICAN POETS
AN ANTHOLOGY EDITED BY JOEL CONAROE

A Main Selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club

At bookstores now RANDOM HOUSE


A TREASURY OF QUOTATIONS, ANECDOTES, AND LORE IN CELEBRATION OF DOGGIE JOIE-DE-VIVRE
MONDO CANINE
COMPILED AND EDITED BY JON WINOKUR
AUTHOR OF THE PORTABLE CURMUDGEON

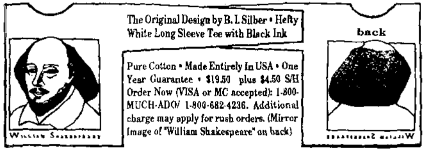
A Mondo Christmas to All

Mondo Canine is the perfect holiday gift for anyone who's ever experienced the sublime companionship of a dog. Jon Winokur, author of *The Portable Curmudgeon*, celebrates doggie joie-de-vivre in this rich and funny treasury of quotations, anecdotes, essays, and lore.

"Waggish...an irresistible grab bag."
—*Chicago Sun-Times*

At bookstores now
DUTTON
Penguin USA

SHAKESPEARE'S BACK!!
(And Front Too for only $19.50)



The Original Design by B. L Silber • Hefty White Long Sleeve Tee with Black Ink

Pure Cotton • Made Entirely In USA • One Year Guarantee • $19.50 plus $4.50 S/H Order Now (VISA or MC accepted): 1-800-MUCH-ADO/ 1-800-682-4236. Additional charge may apply for rush orders. (Mirror Image of "William Shakespeare" on back)

COCKTAIL PIANO

An audio cassette featuring 20+ all-time favorites from the 30's and 40's. Beautiful solo piano performances of songs like, "As Time Goes By", "These Foolish Things", and "Misty" will take you back to that time. This soft, elegant piano music is perfect for dining and makes a great personal or corporate gift. Send $9.95 + $2.00 Postage to:

JIM HASKINS 432 Iliaina St., Kailua, HI 96734

NATIONAL BEST-SELLER

"A remarkable first novel..."
—*New York Times Book Review*

"Highly original...beautiful, individual stories, stitched into a profoundly moving whole." —*Los Angeles Times*

HOW TO MAKE AN AMERICAN QUILT

A NOVEL BY
WHITNEY OTTO

VILLARD BOOKS
A Division of Random House, Inc.

“Pounce on it!”
— *Mouse and Garden*

French for Cats
All the French Your Cat Will Ever Need

Illustration: Gary Zamchick

Henri de la Barbe
(Henry Beard)
Only $9.95 at bookstores now
VILLARD BOOKS
A Division of Random House, Inc.

YOU'RE SPENDING TOO MUCH FOR BOOKS.

We're America's #1 Book Sale Catalog. And we offer the lowest prices, largest selection and quickest delivery of quality publisher's overstocks, hard-to-find imports, exclusive reprints plus CDs, cassettes and videos. The savings? Up to 80%! Write for a free catalog:

Barnes & Noble
Booksellers Since 1873
Dept. 866K, 126 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10011

Give someone a big hug and *A Cheerful Heart.*

$10.00,
now at your bookstore or gift shop.

A Cheerful Heart
A collection of thoughts, poems, sentiments, and recipes to share with those you love
BY BARBARA MILO OHRBACH

Clarkson Potter/Publishers
The sign of a beautiful gift
A member of The Crown Publishing Group

OCTAVIO PAZ *The Besieged*
A deluxe, signed book by Nobel laureate **Octavio Paz**. Prose poem printed from hand-set type on Rives paper. Frontispiece color etching by Mexican Master **Gunther Gerzso**. 26 pages, Edition of 200. Bound and slipcased. $450.
HINE EDITIONS 1 (800) 572-7224

HOTEL AIGLE NOIR
77300 FONTAINEBLEAU
Tél. (1) 64 22 32 65
1 (800) 879 54 89
A classic French hotel en route to the south and the Loire Valley. Golf and other packages offered year-round. — Paris : 35 miles — Orly : 22 miles — Ch. de Gaulle : 45 miles

“The pebble / is a perfect creature / equal to itself / mindful of its limits,” and “its ardour and coldness / are just and full of dignity.” He confesses:

> I feel a heavy remorse
> when I hold it in my hand
> and its noble body
> is permeated by false warmth
>
> —Pebbles cannot be tamed
> to the end they will look at us
> with a calm and very clear eye

His radically understated style is a specific corollary to the quest for things-in-themselves.

Yet Herbert's strong aesthetic preference for transparency has sometimes misled readers and critics alike. For all his professed love of the concrete, he isn't a phenomenological poet per se; on the contrary, he is supremely a poet of thought, self-questioning, philosophically self-conscious—a tragic post-Cartesian attracted to Erasmus. As the Carpenters point out in their introduction to “Report from the Besieged City,” many of Herbert's poems address the issues and problems of accurate description—or, as he puts it at the end of one poem, “Don't be surprised / we don't know how to describe the world /and only speak to things affectionately by their first names.” Herbert's lyrics often return to the textual and ethical problems involved in inscribing and psychologizing experience, in trying to write down the fluctuating external world and be faithful not only to what we know but also to what we don't know. Thus an “uncertain clarity” becomes his primary representational value.

In the title essay Herbert acknowledges that there is something tactless and naïve in trying to write about painting, in trying to describe a visual mode by verbal means—an activity, Witold Gombrowicz once wryly told him, that should be left to “scientific” historians of art. Herbert admits, “I know well, too well, all the agonies and vain effort of what is called description, and also the audacity of translating the wonderful language of painting into the language—as voluminous, as receptive as hell—in which court verdicts and love novels are written.” Why, then, has he not been able to restrain himself? Because through the medium of painting he found a world where “concepts sprouted only from things,” and he could at last speak “the simple language of the elements.” Most characteristically, he declares, “How good that the deadly abstractions had not drunk all the blood of reality to the end.”

Herbert readily admits to an inability to describe paintings adequately or to convince anyone that a particular work is a masterpiece—especially one such as “Still Life with a Bridle,” which, he says, “art historians have not confirmed . . . with their word of honor.” He goes on, “I myself do not know how to translate my stifled shout when I first stood face-to-face with the ‘Still Life’ into comprehensible language, nor the joyous surprise, the gratitude that I was endowed beyond measure, the soaring act of rapture.” Yet there are few writers who have given us such strikingly perceptive accounts of the naked encounter with a work of art, one's first, visceral response to a painting as to a person, the way a viewer can feel addressed and beckoned across a room, mesmerized, gripped. Herbert describes this inner state as “a suddenly awakened intense curiosity, sharp concentration with the senses alarmed, hope for an adventure and consent to be dazzled.” At times, it seems that Herbert longs to become one of the seventeenth-century painters he admires, and use a purer medium than language; at the very least, he seeks the clarifying directness that he finds in the Old Masters. He could be speaking about any one of a hundred Dutch painters when he writes that Mr. Cogito “valued concrete objects / standing quietly in space” and “he chose /what depends /on earthly measures and judgment.”

It is not uncommon for historians to stress the simplicity, the pragmatism, and, some would say, the unimaginative worldliness of seventeenth-century Dutch society, but, as far as I know, Herbert is the only writer to have authoritatively linked the Dutch attachment to material objects, and the specific nature of Dutch painting as well, to a basic, matter-of-fact devotion to freedom. Yet freedom was perhaps the first, unstated tenet of Dutch society, and travellers from other parts of Europe commented repeatedly on how much personal and collective freedom they found in the emerging country. During the eighty years in which the Dutch fought their war of liberation from the Spanish, they also invented a national culture, and through it all they were surprisingly peace-loving and non-militaristic. Their dislike of force was well known. Herbert writes, "For the Dutch, war was not a beautiful craft, an adventure of youth or the crowning of a man's life. They undertook it without exaltation but also without protest, as one enters a struggle with an element. . . . What was most important was to save: to protect, to spare, and carry from the storm a sane head and one's belongings."

The Dutch are so exemplary to Herbert that when he documents cases of intolerance and persecution, like the shameful charge of impiety brought against Torrentius, they seem all the worse because they take place in "enlightened Holland." *Tulpenwoede* seems all the more poignant because it happens against the backdrop of a tolerant, freedom-loving society. Freedom in Dutch culture was socially ingrained, primarily by custom and secondarily by law. In the seventeenth century, as in our own, freedom was in most places no more than a theoretical concept, a vague abstraction, a subject for political treatises. "But for the Dutch it was something as simple as breathing, looking, and touching objects," Herbert writes. "It did not need to be defined or beautified. This is why there is no division in their art between what is great and what is small, what is important and unimportant, elevated and ordinary." In effect, Herbert is giving us a defense of democratic art in a golden age: an argument for an aesthetic and moral order.

Who has not stood in the great museums and marvelled at the mysterious dailiness of Dutch art, at the scrupulous care and dazzling virtuosity of its makers? Who has not been stopped by its meticulous surfaces and glittering objects, that absorbing northern light? Reading Herbert's essays and apocrypha, one remembers landscapes with enormous skies, seascapes, and waterlogged canals. One thinks of market and tavern scenes, conversation pieces, kitchen paintings. The calm and stillness of Sundays, women combing their children's hair, families making music. Suitors in black coats, young women in white dresses poring over letters. Regents and lacemakers, a man and a woman seated at a virginal, a goldfinch chained to a perch. A spiral staircase by Dou, a tile floor by de Hooch, a patterned table covering by Vermeer. The sheen of apples in a colorful bowl, flowers in a terra-cotta vase. Ordinary objects radiating in space, discrete and luminous, as if speaking for themselves. The light falling across textured maps and open windows, interior courtyards and receding hallways, doors that play ingeniously with interiors and exteriors, with illusions of space, with what is forever inside and outside the house. A clock stopped in mid-beat, a voice in mid-sentence. Still-life with books. Still-life with a bridle.

—EDWARD HIRSCH

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

TALKING IT OVER, by Julian Barnes (Knopf; $21). The principal narrators of this novel are Stuart, a young London banker; his new wife, Gillian, an art restorer; and Oliver, a charming, feckless aesthete who is Stuart's best friend. Using these three distinct voices, each speaking directly to the reader-confidant and each unreliable in its own way, Mr. Barnes sets his story of a contemporary love triangle spinning merrily along. The game begins as comic theatre, with mutually incongruous versions of the same events presented in turn. Stolid, colorless Stuart has his conventional-minded repertoire of clichés and self-deprecatory insight, and Gillian has a wary, detached sense of contentment, while Oliver, who falls in love with Gillian on the day she marries Stuart, is a full-blown linguistic dandy, a veritable fountain of humorous aperçus and genial ridicule. The author is not merely a dazzling entertainer, however; he is a no-nonsense moralist as well, and is as dexterous with the darker elements of betrayal and pain as with the farcical mechanics of love and clashing temperaments.

MARIETTE IN ECSTASY, by Ron Hansen (HarperCollins; $20). The unrequited lover in this exotic romance is a beautiful young girl; the objects of her passion are Jesus and the upstate New York convent to which, in 1906, she aspires (and where her sister, twenty years older, is the mother superior). There is also a mystery story here, the mystery being whether Mariette, the lover, is in earnest, is seeking attention, is in league with the Devil, or is insane. Even though we are privy to some of her thoughts, everything about her remains ambiguous: she an-

Blue Note
WORLD'S FINEST JAZZ CLUB & RESTAURANT
131 WEST 3rd ST. • N.Y.C. • TEL 475-8592

Tony Winning Queen of R&B
RUTH BROWN
Tues Dec 17 to Sun Dec 22 at 9 & 11:30pm
CELEBRATE NEW YEAR'S EVE
Dec 31 st at The Blue Note
An Acoustic Evening with
THE MANHATTAN TRANSFER
Plus "To Nat "King" Cole with Love"
MONTY ALEXANDER & JAMES MOODY
(will also perform Dec 24-29 at 9 & 11:30)
Plus special comedy show-Call club for details

NOW IN PHILADELPHIA
2100 Spring Street
Philadelphia, PA
215-557-6555

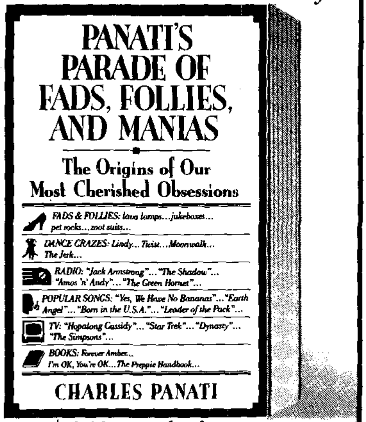
ART OF THE INUIT AND NORTHWEST COAST INDIAN
ART SPACE
GALLERY

We don't just give you a place to put your money...WE GIVE YOU A PLACE TO PUT YOUR VALUES. Since 1973, The South Shore Bank of Chicago has revived struggling communities by making millions in loans for housing rehabilitation, small businesses and nonprofit organizations. ■ *A MIRACLE?* No. Just a bank doing what banks were created to do: show faith in good, hard-working people. ■ For information on opening a CD, money market, IRA, savings or checking account call 1-800-NOW-SSBK.
South Shore Bank
What banking was meant to be.
71ST & JEFFERY BLVD., CHICAGO, IL 60649
MEMBER FDIC

ANTIGUA
Long Bay
HOTEL
"CLASSIC CARIBBEAN CHARISMA"
Brochure: **Ralph Locke Islands, Inc.**
Call: 800/223-1108 Nationwide & Canada
or call your Travel Agent

Charles Panati brings back flagpole sitting and Ouija boards,

Little Egypt and Little Richard, the turkey trot and the bunny hop, Nehru jackets and go-go boots, and *hundreds of other pop culture* crazes and trends—from the 1890s to the 1990s. A "delightful compendium . . . invaluable."
—*Newsday*



PANATI'S PARADE OF FADS, FOLLIES, AND MANIAS

The Origins of Our Most Cherished Obsessions

FADS & FOLLIES: lava lamps…jukeboxes… pet rocks…zoot suits…

DANCE CRAZES: Lindy…Twist…Moonwalk… The Jerk…

RADIO: "Jack Armstrong"…"The Shadow"… "Amos 'n' Andy"…"The Green Hornet"…

POPULAR SONGS: "Yes, We Have No Bananas"…"Earth Angel"…"Born in the U.S.A."…"Leader of the Pack"…

TV: "Hopalong Cassidy"…"Star Trek"…"Dynasty"… "The Simpsons"…

BOOKS: Forever Amber… I'm OK, You're OK…The Preppie Handbook…

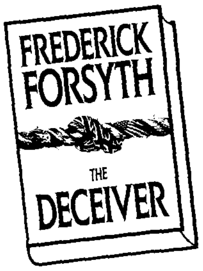
CHARLES PANATI

$13.00 paperback

HarperPerennial
A Division of HarperCollins*Publishers*
Also available from HarperCollins*CanadaLtd.*

BOOKS ON TAPE®

World's Largest Selection of Audio Books



- **Best Sellers on Cassette**
- **Full-length Rentals**
- **Call for Free Brochure**

Box 7900-N, Newport Beach, CA 92658

Reg. U.S. Pat. & T.M. Off.

(800) 626-3333

KEY-READ® music for bright people in a hurry

Play Piano Classics Within Hours

The music in the efficient notation that enables beginners to sight-read unsimplified Chopin, Bach, and Beethoven. Used in many Canadian public schools. $49.95 for instruction video, 100 p. book of Key-Read music including Moonlight Sonata, & catalogue.

Performance Publications, Inc.
P.O. Box 292, Thornhill, Ontario, Canada, L3T 3N3
VISA 416-882-5905

nounces at the start that she wants to be a saint, though she is admonished to have *no* higher ambition than being a worthy nun; and she writes letter after passionate letter to her confessor, though the "you" she addresses is perhaps also her God. None of the mysteries are neatly resolved—and the biggest one may be the degree to which one finds oneself passionately yearning for the miraculous.

GENERAL

BACKLASH: THE UNDECLARED WAR AGAINST AMERICAN WOMEN, by Susan Faludi (Crown; $24). The author recalls the nineteen-eighties as a decade of efforts to cancel the gains American women have made, particularly in the area of economic opportunity. She starts by scrutinizing some widely publicized studies that "proved" that career women had a poor chance of marrying, or that single women were miserable neurotics, or that high-powered working mothers were abandoning their jobs for the home; none of these were based on intellectually respectable research, but the press paid little attention to that fact, even when the authors retracted their claims. She finds that much of the anti-woman propaganda comes from the New Right—from fundamentalist movements—and that Reagan Administration policies harmed working women, especially poor working women, and helped spread clichés that made feminists the villains. Ms. Faludi is thorough and conscientious; she debunks the generalizations of "trend journalism" with firsthand reporting and precise statistics, and the result is wholly convincing and more than a little alarming.

TROLLOPE: A BIOGRAPHY, by N. John Hall (Oxford; $30). A satisfyingly full treatment of the life and work of Anthony Trollope, most of whose forty-seven novels are still in print and continue to command a loyal following. At nineteen, Trollope, a son of the travel writer Fanny Trollope, was a self-admitted idler, a "hobbledehoy" and girl chaser with no visible future. A clerkship in the London Post Office, and a subsequent transfer to Ireland, changed his course: while he was a civil servant there, he wrote his first novel, which was published when he was thirty-one. Year after year, novels and short fiction appeared, to increasingly appreciative audiences. He was a blunt man, gregarious and kindhearted, who could put people off by his aggressive, opinionated conversation. He wrote about ordinary people in ordinary circumstances, and some critics considered him non-intellectual. Henry James, however, called him a man of genius, and wrote that he was "one of the most trustworthy, though not one of the most eloquent, of the writers who have helped the heart of man to know itself."

DEADLINE: A MEMOIR, by James Reston (Random House; $25). The only trouble with this autobiography is that it's too short; the three-page taste that Mr. Reston gives of a year (1933-34) as travelling secretary and publicity director for the Cincinnati Reds condenses enough material for a whole book. He eventually moved out of sportswriting into reporting national and international affairs, of course, joining the New York *Times* in London in September, 1939, just in time to start reporting the Second World War. He headed the *Times* Washington bureau from 1953 to 1968, and then, after a spell as the paper's executive editor, wrote a column until his recent retirement. His book tells us about the arts and crafts of newsgathering; about his colleagues of the press; about statesmen and politicians, foreign and domestic, he has known and written about over the last fifty years. Reston's temperament—equal parts curiosity, earnestness, and sophistication—makes him the perfect reporter. It also makes this a delightful book.

NOTE: "Stepping Westward: The Long Search for Home in the Pacific Northwest," by Sallie Tisdale, has been published by Holt ($21.95). Some of the contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker.*

•

Gamow's fame as a physicist began with his theory which explained the radioactive alpha particle decay of atomic nuclei. In his cosmological studies he is known for the "big band" theory of the origin of the universe.—*Program for the George Gamow Memorial Lectures at the University of Colorado.*

Also known as the Glenn Miller Hypothesis.

When you're traveling abroad, it's nice to hear a familiar voice.

Bobbi Corley
AT&T Operator
Pittsburgh, PA

The language may be difficult.
The food may be different.
The customs may be unfamiliar.
But making a phone call back to the States can be easy.

Just dial the special *AT&T* ***USADirect***® access number for the country you're in.

Within seconds, you're in touch with an *AT&T Operator* in the U.S. who can help you complete your call.

Use your *AT&T Calling Card* or call collect. And not only can you minimize hotel surcharges, but you can also save with our international rates.

Only *AT&T* ***USADirect*** *Service* puts you in easy reach of an *AT&T Operator* from over 75 countries around the world.

And it's just another way that AT&T is there to help you from practically anywhere in the world.

So call **1 800 874-4000 Ext. 415** for a free information card listing *AT&T* ***USADirect*** access numbers.

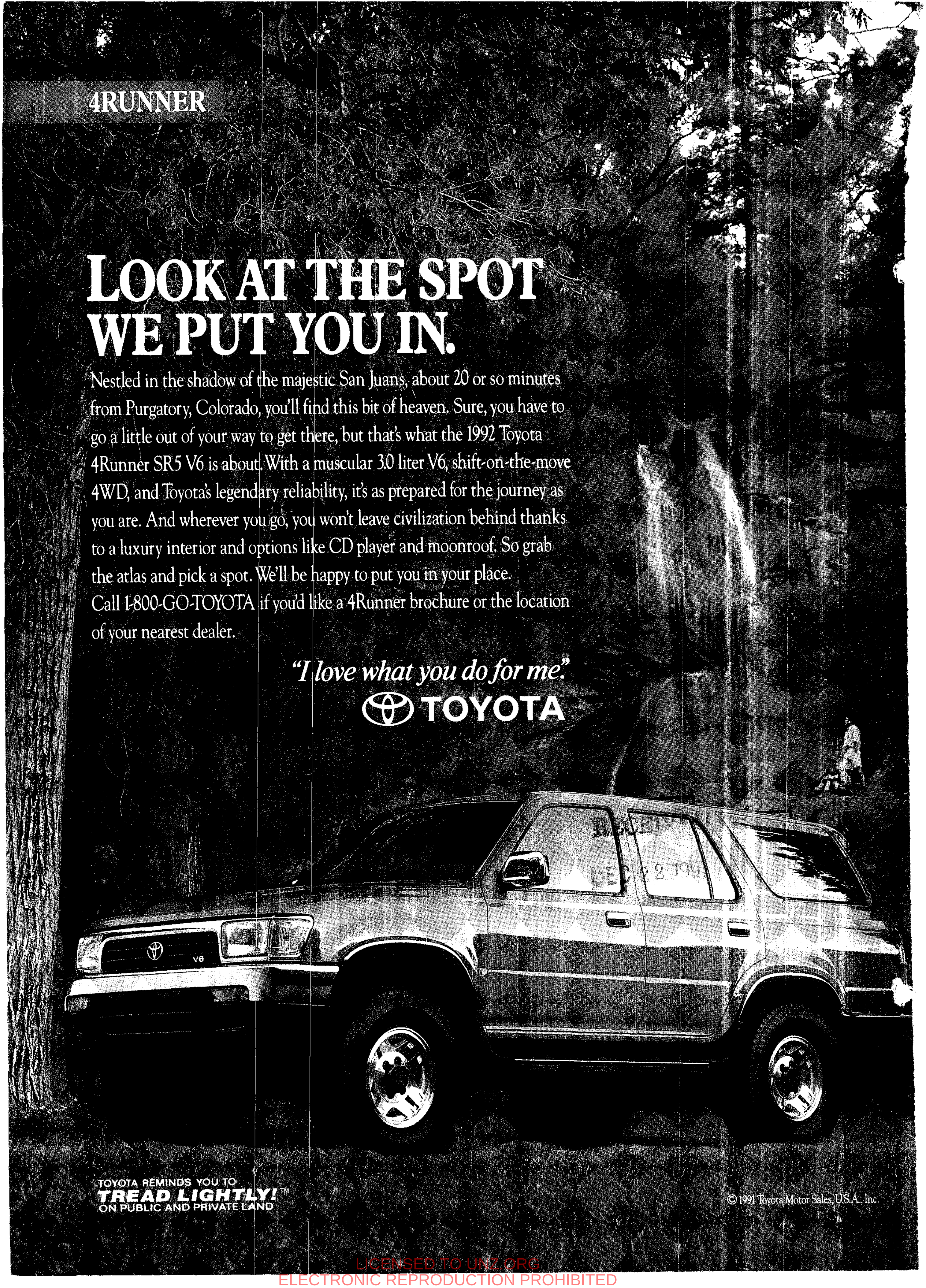
And see how making a phone call from distant lands can become familiar territory.

AT&T USADirect Service.

Your express connection to AT&T service.

AT&T
The right choice.

© 1990 AT&T



4RUNNER

LOOK AT THE SPOT WE PUT YOU IN.

Nestled in the shadow of the majestic San Juans, about 20 or so minutes from Purgatory, Colorado, you'll find this bit of heaven. Sure, you have to go a little out of your way to get there, but that's what the 1992 Toyota 4Runner SR5 V6 is about. With a muscular 3.0 liter V6, shift-on-the-move 4WD, and Toyota's legendary reliability, it's as prepared for the journey as you are. And wherever you go, you won't leave civilization behind thanks to a luxury interior and options like CD player and moonroof. So grab the atlas and pick a spot. We'll be happy to put you in your place. Call 1-800-GO-TOYOTA if you'd like a 4Runner brochure or the location of your nearest dealer.

"I love what you do for me."

TOYOTA

TOYOTA REMINDS YOU TO **TREAD LIGHTLY!**™ ON PUBLIC AND PRIVATE LAND

© 1991 Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc.

RECEIVED DEC 22 199